# WORKS

of

# SHAKESPEARE,

Volume the second:

containing,

Measure for Measure;
The Comedy of Errors;
Much Ado about Nothing;
Love's Labour's loft.

LONDON:

Printed for J. and R. Tonson in the Strand.

WORKS

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# MEASURE

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for

MEASURE.

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Some Thomas Towns

## Persons represented.

Vincentio, Duke of Vienna. Angelo, \ Noblemen of Vienna; Deputies Escalus, S in the Duke's Absence. Claudio, a young Gentleman. Lucio, a Fantastick: two other like Gentlemen. Thomas, and Peter, Friars. a Justice. Provoft. Elbow, a simple Constable. Froth, a foolish Gentleman. Clown, Servant to Mistress Overdone. Abhorson, an Executioner. Barnardine, a dissolute Prisoner. Servant to Angelo. a Messenger.

Isabella, Sister to Claudio. Mariana, betroth'd to Angelo. Julietta, below'd of Claudio. Francisca, a Nun. Mistress Overdone, a Bawd.

Lords, Gentlemen, Varrius, and others, Attendants upon the Duke, and the Deputies; Guards, Officers, Citizens, &c.

Scene, Vienna.

# MEASURE for MEASURE.

## ACT I.

SCENE I. A Room in the Duke's Palace. Enter Duke, ESCALUS, and Attendants.

Duke. Escalus,— Esca. My lord.

Duke. Of government the properties to unfold, Would seem in me to affect speech and discourse; Since I am not to know, that your own science Exceeds, in that, the lists of all advice My strength can give you: Then no more remains, But that to your sufficiency, as your worth is able, And let them work. The nature of our people, Our city's institutions, and the terms For common justice, you are as pregnant in As art and practice hath enriched any That we remember: There ‡ is our commission, From which we would not have you warp.—Call hither, I say, bid come before us Angelo.— [Exit an Attendant. What sigure of us think you he will bear?

For you must know, we have with special soul Elected him our absence to supply; Lent him our terror, dress him with our love; And given his deputation all the organs Of our own power: What think you of it?

Esca. If any in Vienna be of worth To undergo such ample grace and honour,

It is lord Angelo.

Enter ANGELO.

Duke. Look where he comes.

ANGE. Always obedient to your grace's will,

I come to know your pleasure.

Duke. Angelo, There is a kind of character in thy life, That, to the observer, doth thy history Fully unfold: Thy felf and thy belongings Are not thine own fo proper, as to wafte Thy felf upon thy virtues, they on thee: Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do; Not light them for themselves: for if our virtues Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd, But to fine iffues: nor nature never lends The fmallest scruple of her excellence, But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines Herfelf, the glory of a creditor, Both thanks and use. But I do bend my speech To one that can my part in him advertise: tendering the Commission. Hold therefore, Angelo: In our remove, be thou at full our felf; Mortality and mercy in Vienna Live in thy tongue and heart: Old Escalus,

Though first in question, is thy secondary: Take thy commission.

Ange. Now, good my lord,
Let there be some more test made of my metal,
Before so noble and so great a figure
Be stamp'd upon't.

Duke. No more evasion:
We have with a leaven'd and prepared choice
Proceeded to you; therefore take \(\pm\) your honours.
Our haste from hence is of so quick condition,
That it prefers itself, and leaves unquestion'd
Matters of needful value: We shall write to you,
As time and our concernings shall importune,
How it goes with us; and do look to know
What doth befal you here. So, fare you well:
To the hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your commissions.

ANGE. Yet, give leave, my lord, That we may bring you fomething on the way.

Duke. My haste may not admit it;
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
With any scruple: your scope is as mine own;
So to inforce, or qualify the laws,
As to your soul seems good: Give me your hand;
I'll privily away: I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes:
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause, and aves vehement;
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion,
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

ANGE. The heavens give fafety to your purposes! Esca. Lead forth, and bring you back in happiness!

Duke. I thank you: Fare you well.

[Exeunt Duke and Attendants.

Esca. I shall desire you, fir, to give me leave To have free speech with you; and it concerns me To look into the bottom of my place:

A power I have; but of what strength and nature

I am not yet instructed.

ANGE. 'Tis fo with me: Let us withdraw together, And we may foon our fatisfaction have Touching that point.

Esca. I'll wait upon your honour.

Exeunt.

#### SCENE II. A Street.

Enter Lucio, and two Gentlemen.

Luci. If the duke, with the other dukes, come not to composition with the king of Hungary, why then all the dukes fall upon the king.

1. Gen. Heaven grant us it's peace, but not the king

of Hungary's!

2. Gen. Amen.

Luci. Thou conclud'st like the fanctimonious pirate, that went to fea with the ten commandments, but fcrap'd one out of the table.

2. Gen. Thou shalt not steal? Luci. Ay, that he raz'd.

1. Gen. Why, 'twas a commandment to command the captain and all the rest from their functions; they put forth to fleal: There's not a foldier of us all, that, in the thanksgiving before meat, does relish the petition well that prays for peace.

2. Gen. I never heard any foldier dislike it.

Luci. I believe thee; for, I think, thou never wast

where grace was faid.

2. Gen. No? a dozen times at least.

1. Gen. What, in metre?

Luci. In any proportion? or in any language?

1. Gen. I think, or in any religion?

Luci. Ay! why not? Grace is grace, despight of all controversy: As for example; Thou thy self art a wicked villain, despight of all grace.

1. Gen. Well, there went but a pair of sheers be-

tween us.

Luci. I grant; as there may between the lists and the velvet: Thou art the list.

1. Gen. And thou the velvet: thou art good velvet; thou'rt a three-pil'd piece, I warrant thee: I had as lief be a list of English kersey, as be pil'd, as thou art pil'd, for a French velvet. Do I speak feelingly now?

Luci. I think thou dost; and, indeed, with most painful feeling of thy speech: I will, out of thine own confession, learn to begin thy health; but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee.

1. Gen. I think, I have done my felf wrong; have I not?

2. Gen. Yes, that thou hast; whether thou art tainted, or free.

Enter Bawd, at a distance.

Luci. Behold, behold, where madam Mitigation comes! I have purchaf'd as many diseases under her roof, as come to—

2. Gen. To what, I pray?

Luci. Judge.

A

2. Gen. To three thousand dolours a year.

1. Gen. Ay, and more.

Luci. A French crown more.

1. Gen. Thou art always figuring diseases in me:

but thou art full of error; I am found.

Luci. Nay, not, as one would fay, healthy; but fo found, as things that are hollow: thy bones are hollow; impiety has made a feast of thee.

1. Gen. How now? [to the Bawd.] Which of your

hips has the most profound sciatica?

Bawd. Well, well; there's one yonder arrested, and carry'd to prison, was worth five thousand of you all.

2. Gen. Who's that, I pr'ythee?

Bawd. Marry, fir, that's Claudio, fignior Claudio.

1. Gen. Claudio to prison! 'tis not fo.

Bawd. Nay, but I know 'tis fo: I faw him arrested; faw him carry'd away; and, which is more, within these three days his head's to be chop'd off.

Luci. But, after all this fooling, I would not have

it fo: Art thou fure of this?

Baswd. I am too fure of it: and it is for getting

madam Julietta with child.

Luci. Believe me, this may be: he promis'd to meet me two hours fince; and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

2. Gen. Besides, you know it draws something near

to the speech we had to such a purpose.

1. Gen. But most of all agreeing with the proclama-

Luci. Away; let's go learn the truth of it.

Exeunt Lucio, and Gentlemen.
Barud. Thus, what with the war, what with the

Bawd. Thus, what with the war, what with the fweat, what with the gallows, and what with poverty,

#### Enter Clown.

I am custom-shrunk. How now? what's the news with you?

Clow. Yonder man is carry'd to prison.

Bawd. Well, what has he done?

Clow. A woman.

Bawd. But what's his offence?

Clow. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

Bawd. What, is there a maid with child by him? Clow. No; but there's a woman with maid by him:

You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

Bawd. What proclamation, man?

Clow. All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be pluck'd down.

Bawd. And what shall become of those in the city? Clow. They shall stand for feed: they had gone down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.

Bawd. But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs

be pull'd down?

Clow. To the ground, mistress.

Bawd. Why, here's a change indeed in the commonwealth! What shall become of me?

Clow. Come; fear not you: good counsellors lack no clients: though you change your place, you need not change your trade; I'll be your tapster still: Courage; there will be pity taken on you: you that have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you will be consider'd.

Bawd. What's to do here, Thomas tapster? Let's with-

draw.

Clow. Here comes fignior Claudio, led by the provost to prison: and there's madam Juliet. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. The Same.

Enter Provost, CLAUDIO, Juliet, and Officers; Lucio, and the two Gentlemen, following.

CLAU. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to the Bear me to prison, where I am committed. [world?

Prov. I do it not in evil disposition, But from lord Angelo by special charge.

CLAU. Thus can the demi-god, authority,
Make us pay down for our offence by weight.
The words of heaven: On whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, so: yet still 'tis just. [straint?

Luci. Why, how now, Claudio? whence comes this re-CLAU. From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty:

As surfeit is the father of much fast, So every scope by the immoderate use Turns to restraint: Our natures do pursue, Like rats that raven down their proper bane, A thirsty evil; and, when we drink, we dye.

Luci. If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I would send for certain of my creditors: And yet, to say the truth, I had as lief have the soppery of freedom, as the morality of imprisonment. What's thy offence, Claudio?

CLAU. What, but to speak of, would offend again.

Luci. What is it? murder?

CLAU. No.

Luci. Lechery?

CLAU. Call it fo.

Prov. Away, fir, you must go.

CLAU. One word, good friend: \_

Lucio, a word with you.

Luci. A hundred, if they'll do you any good : \_

22 mortality

Is lechery so look'd after?

CLAV. Thus stands it with me, Upon a true contract,
I got possession of Julietta's bed;
You know the lady; she is fast my wife,
Save that we do the denunciation lack
Of outward order: this we came not to,
Only for propagation of a dower
Remaining in the coffer of her friends;
From whom we thought it meet to hide our love,
'Till time had made them for us. But it chances,
The stealth of our most mutual entertainment,
With character too gross, is writ on Juliet.

Luci. With child, perhaps? CLAU. Unhappily, even fo.

And the new deputy now for the duke,—
Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness;
Or whether that the body publick be
A horse whereon the governor doth ride,
Who, newly in the seat, that it may know
He can command, lets it straight feel the spur:
Whether the tyranny be in his place,
Or in his eminence that fills it up,
I stagger in:—But this new governor
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties
Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by the wall
So long, that nineteen zodiacks have gone round,
And none of them been worn; and, for a name,
Now puts the drowsy and neglected act
Freshly on me: 'tis surely for a name.

Luci. I warrant, it is: and thy head stands so tickle on thy shoulders, that a milkmaid, if she be in love, may sigh it off. Send after the duke, and appeal to him.

CLAU. I have done so, but he's not to be found.

I pr'ythee, Lucio, do me this kind service:
This day my sister should the cloister enter,
And there receive her approbation:
Acquaint her with the danger of my state;
Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends
To the strict deputy; bid herself assay him,
I have great hope in that: for in her youth
There is a prone and speechless dialect,
Such as moves men; besides, she hath prosperous art,
When she will play with reason and discourse,
And well she can persuade.

Luci. I pray she may: as well for the encouragement of the like, which else would stand under grievous imposition; as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be forry should be thus foolishly lost at a game

of tick-tack. I'll to her.

CLAU. I thank you, good friend Lucio. Luci. Within two hours,— CLAU. Come, officer, away.

[Exit.

### SCENE IV. A Cell.

Enter Duke, and Friar Thomas.

Duke. No, holy father, throw away that thought; Believe not that the dribbling dart of love Can pierce a compleat bosom: why I desire thee To give me fecret harbour, hath a purpose More grave and wrinkl'd than the aims and ends Of burning youth.

Friar. May your grace speak of it?

Duke. My holy fir, none better knows than you How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd;

And held in idle price to haunt affemblies,
Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery keeps.
I have deliver'd to lord Angelo
(A man of stricture, and firm abstinence)
My absolute power and place here in Vienna,
And he supposes me travel'd to Poland;
For so I have strew'd it in the common ear,
And so it is receiv'd: Now, pious sir,
You will demand of me, why I do this.

Friar. Gladly, my lord.

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Duke. We have strict statutes, and most biting laws, (The needful bits and curbs for head-strong steeds) Which for these sourteen years we have let sleep; Even like an o'er-grown lion in a cave, That goes not out to prey: Now, as fond fathers Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch Only to stick it in their children's sight, For terror, not to use; in time the rod Becomes more mock'd than fear'd: so our decrees, Dead to insliction, to themselves are dead; And liberty plucks justice by the nose; The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart Goes all decorum.

Friar. It rested in your grace
To unloose this ty'd-up justice, when you pleas'd:
And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd,
Than in lord Angelo.

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful:
Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope,
'Twould be my tyranny to strike, and gall them,
For what I bid them do: For we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permissive pass,

12 weeds 13 flip

And not the punishment. Therefore, indeed, my father, I have on Angelo impos'd the office: Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike home; And yet my nature never in the fight, To do it flander: And to behold his fway, I will, as 'twere a brother of your order, Visit both prince and people: therefore, I pr'ythee, Supply me with the habit, and instruct me How I may formally in person bear me Like a true friar. More reasons for this action. At our more leisure, shall I render you; Only this one, - Lord Angelo is precise; Stands at a guard with envy; scarce confesses That his blood flows, or that his appetite Is more to bread than stone: Hence shall we see, If power change purpose, what our feemers be.

SCENE V. The Entrance of a Nunnery.

Enter ISABELL, and FRANCISCA a Nun.

ISAB. And have you nuns no farther priviledges?

FRAN. Are not these large enough?

ISAB. Yes, truly: I speak not as desiring more;

But rather wishing a more strict restraint Upon the sisterhood, votarists of saint Clare.

Luci. [within] Ho! Peace be in this place! Is AB. Who's that which calls?

FRAN. It is a man's voice: Gentle Isabella,
Turn you the key, and know his business of him;
You may, I may not; you are yet unsworn:
When you have vow'd, you must not speak with men,
But in the presence of the prioress:
Then if you speak, you must not show your face;

5 do in slander 24 the votarists

Or, if you show your face, you must not speak.

He calls again; I pray you, answer him. [veils.

Isab. Peace, and prosperity! Who is't, that calls?

Enter Lucio.

Luci. Hail, virgin, if you be; as those cheek-roses Proclaim you are no less! Can you so stead me, As bring me to the fight of Isabella, A novice of this place, and the fair sister To her unhappy brother Claudio?

Is AB. Why her unhappy brother? let me ask; The rather, for I now must make you know I am that Isabella, and his fifter.

Luci. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets you: Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.

Is AB. Woe me! For what?

Luci. For that, which, if myself might be the judge, He should receive his punishment in thanks: He hath got his friend with child.

Is AB. Sir, make me not your story.

Luci. May, 'tis true :

en,

I would not (though 'tis my familiar fin With maids to feem the lapwing, and to jest, Tongue far from heart) play with all virgins so: I hold you as a thing ensky'd, and fainted; By your renouncement an immortal spirit; And to be talk'd with in sincerity, As with a faint.

Is AB. You do blaspheme the good, in mocking me. Luci. Do not believe it. Fewness and truth, 'tis thus: Your brother and his lover have embrac'd: As those that feed grow full; as blossoming time Doth from the seedness the bare fallow bring

32 That from. Do. brings

To teeming foyson; even so her plenteous womb Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.

Is AB. Some one with child by him? My cousin Juliet?

Luci. Is she your cousin?

Is AB. Adoptedly; as school-maids change their names, By vain though apt affection.

Luci. She it is.

Is AB. O, let him marry her. Luci. This is the point.

The duke is very strangely gone from hence; Bore many gentlemen, myself being one, In hand, and hope of action: but we do learn, By those that know the very nerves of state, His givings-out were of an infinite distance From his true-meant defign: Upon his place, And with full line of his authority, Governs lord Angelo: A man, whose blood Is very fnow-broth; one who never feels The wanton stings and motions of the fense; But doth rebate and blunt it's natural edge With profits of the mind, study and fast. He (to give fear to use and liberty, Which have, for long, run-by the hideous law, As mice by lions) hath pick'd out an act, Under whose heavy fense your brother's life Falls into forfeit: he arrests him on it; And follows close the rigour of the statute, To make him an example: all hope is gone, Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer To foften Angelo: and that's my pith Of business betwixt you and your poor brother. ISAB. Doth he fo feek his life?

<sup>14</sup> giving-out 20 blunt his naturall

Luci. Has censur'd him Already; and, as I hear, the provost hath A warrant for his execution.

Is AB. Alas, what poor ability's in me To do him good?

Luci. Assay the power you have. Is AB. My power! Alas, I doubt,—

Luci. Our doubts are traitors;

And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt: Go to lord Angelo;
And let him learn to know, when maidens fue,
Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as truly theirs
As they themselves would owe them.

ISAB. I'll fee what I can do.

Luci. But speedily.

Is AB. I will about it straight;
No longer staying, but to give the mother
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you:
Commend me to my brother: soon at night
I'll send him certain word of my success.

Luci. I take my leave of you. Is AB. Good fir, adieu.

[Exeunt.

## ACT II.

SCENE I. A Hall in Angelo's House. Enter Angelo, Escalus, and a Justice; Provost, Officers, and others, attending.

ANGE. We must not make a scare-crow of the law; Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,

And let it keep one shape, 'till custom make it Their perch, and not their terror.

Esca. Ay, but yet Let us be keen, and rather cut a little, Than fall, and bruise to death: Alas, this gentleman, Whom I would fave, had a most noble father: Let but your honour know (whom I believe To be most strait in virtue) and consider This, In the working of your own affections, Had time coher'd with place, or place with wishing, Or that the resolute acting of your blood Could have attain'd the effect of your own purpose, Whether you had not fome time in your life Err'd in this point which now you censure him for, And pull'd the law upon you.

ANGE. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus, Another thing to fall. I not deny, The jury, passing on the prisoner's life, May, in the fworn twelve, have a thief or two Guiltier than him they try: What's open made to justice, That justice seises on: What know the laws, That thieves do pass on thieves? 'Tis very pregnant, The jewel that we find, we stoop, and take it, Because we see it; but what we do not see, We tread upon, and never think of it. You may not so extenuate his offence, For I have had fuch faults; but rather tell me, When I that cenfure him do fo offend, Let mine own judgment pattern out my death, And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must dye. Esca. Be it as your wisdom will.

ANGE. Where is the provost?

<sup>9</sup> That in II of our blood

Prov. Here, if it like your honour.

ANGE. See that Claudio

Be executed by nine to-morrow morning:

Bring him his confessor, let him be prepar'd;

For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage.

Esca. Well, heaven forgive him! and forgive us all! Some rise by fin, and some by virtue fall: Some run from brakes of justice, answer none; And some condemned for a fault alone.

Enter Elbow, Froth, Clown, Officers, &c. Elbo. Come, bring them away: if these be good people in a common-weal, that do nothing but use their abuses in common houses, I know no law: bring

ANGE. How now, fir! What's your name? and what's the matter?

ELBO. If it please your honour, I am the poor duke's constable, and my name is Elbow; I do lean upon justice, fir, and do bring in here before your good honour two notorious benefactors.

ANGE. Benefactors? Well; what benefactors are

they? are they not malefactors?

ÉLBO. If it please your honour, I know not well what they are: but precise villains they are, that I am sure of; and void of all prophanation in the world, that good christians ought to have.

Esca. This comes off well here's a wise officer-ANGE. Go to; What quality are they of? Elbow is your name? Why dost thou not speak, Elbow?

Clow. He cannot, fir; he's out at elbow.

ANGE. What are you, fir?

9 of Ice, and answere

ELBO. He, fir? A tapster, fir; parcel bawd; one that serves a bad woman; whose house, fir, was, as they say, pluck'd down in the suburbs; and now she professes a hot-house, which, I think, is a very ill house too.

Esca. How know you that?

ELBO. My wife, fir, whom I detest before heaven and your honour,—

Esca. How! thy wife?

ELBO. Ay, fir; whom, I thank heaven, is an honest woman;

Esca. Dost thou detest her therefore?

ELBO. I fay, fir, I will detest my self also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.

Esca. How dost thou know that, constable?

ELBO. Marry, fir, by my wife; who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accus'd in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanness there.

Esca. By the woman's means?

ELBO. Ay, fir, by mistress Overdone's means: but as she spit in his face, so she defy'd him.

Clow. Sir, if it please your honour, this is not fo.

Elbo. Prove it before these varlets here, thou ho-

nourable man, prove it.

Esc. [to Ange.] Do you hear how he misplaces? Clow. Sir, she came in great with child; and longing (faving your honours' reverence) for stew'd pruins; sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three-pence; your honours have seen such dishes; they are not China dishes, but very

good dishes.

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Esca. Go to, go to; no matter for the dish, fir.

Clow. No, indeed, fir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right: but, to the point: As I say, this mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being greatbelly'd, and longing, as I said, for pruins; and having but two in the dish, as I said, master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly; \_\_ for, as you know, master Froth, I could not give you three-pence again:

FROTH. No, indeed.

Clow. Very well: you being then, if you be remember'd, cracking the stones of the foresaid pruins;

FROTH. Ay, fo I did, indeed.

Clow. Why, very well: I telling you then, if you be remember'd, that fuch a one, and fuch a one, were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you;

FROTH. All this is true.

Clow. Why, very well then:

Esca. Come, you are a tedious fool: to the purpose: What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of? come me to what was done to her.

Clow. Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

Esca. No, fir, nor I mean it not.

Clow. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honour's leave: And I beseech you, look into master Froth here, sir; a man of sourscore pound a year; whose father dy'd at Hallowmas: — Was't not at Hallowmas, master Froth?

FROTH. All-hallond eve.

Clow. Why, very well; I hope, here be truths: — He, fir, fitting, as I fay, in a lower chair, fir, \_'twas in the bunch of grapes, where, indeed, you have a delight to fit, Have you not?

FROTH. I have so; because it is an open room, and

good for winter.

Clow. Why, very well then; I hope, here be truths.

ANGE. This will last out a night in Russia,

When nights are longest there: I'll take my leave, And leave you to the hearing of the cause; Hoping you'll find good cause to whip them all.

Esca. I think no less: Good morrow to your lordship.

Now, fir, come on: What was done to Elbow's wife, once more?

Clow. Once, fir? there was nothing done to her once. Elbo. I beseech you, fir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

Clow. I beseech your honour, ask me.

Esca. Well, fir; What did this gentleman to her? Clow. I befeech you, fir, look in this gentleman's face: \_Good master Froth, look upon his honour; 'tis for a good purpose: \_Doth your honour mark his face?

Esca. Ay, fir, very well.

Clow. Nay, I befeech you, mark it well.

Esca. Well, I do fo.

Clow. Doth your honour fee any harm in his face?

Esca. Why, no.

Clow. I'll be suppos'd upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him: Good then; If his face be the worst thing about him, how could master Froth do

the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour.

Esca. He's in the right, constable: What say you to it? ELBO. First, an it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his mistress is a respected woman.

Clow. By this hand, fir, his wife is a more respected

person than any of us all.

ELBO. Variet, thou ly'ft; thou ly'ft, wicked variet: the time is yet to come, that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

Clow. Sir, she was respected with him before he

marry'd with her.

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be do EscA. Which is the wiser here? justice, or iniqui-

ty? \_ Is this true?

ELBO. O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her before I was marry'd to her? — If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor duke's officer: — Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

Esca. If he took you a box o'the ear, you might

have your action of flander too.

ELBO. Marry, I thank your good worship for it: What is't your worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked caitiff?

Esca. Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him, that thou would'st discover if thou could'st, let him continue in his courses, 'till thou know'st what they are.

ELBO. Marry, I thank your worship for it: \_ Thou

feest, thou wicked varlet, now, what's come upon thee; thou art to continue now, thou varlet, thou art to continue.

Esca. Where were you born, friend?

FROTH. Here in Vienna, fir.

Esca. Are you of fourfcore pounds a year?

FROTH. Yes, an't please you, fir.

ESCA. So. — What trade are you of, fir? Clow. A tapfter; a poor widow's tapfter.

Esca. Your mistress's name? Clow. Mistress Overdone.

Esca. Hath she had any more than one husband?

Clow. Nine, fir; Overdone by the last.

Esc.A. Nine!—Come hither to me, master Froth: Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters; they will draw you, master Froth, and you will hang them: Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

FROTH. I thank your worship: For mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouse, but I am

drawn in.

Esca. Well; no more of it, master Froth: farewel. \_ Come you hither to me, master tapster: What's your name, master tapster?

Clow. Pompey. Esca. What else? Clow. Bum, fir.

Esca. Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you; so that, in the beastliest sense, you are Pompey the great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you colour it in being a tapster; Are you not? come, tell me true; it shall be the better for you.

Clow. Truly, fir, I am a poor fellow, that would live. Esca. How would you live, Pompey? by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? is it a lawful trade?

Clow. If the law would allow it, fir.

Esca. But the law will not allow it, Pompey; nor it shall not be allow'd in Vienna.

Clow. Does your worship mean to geld and splay all the youth in the city?

Esca. No, Pompey.

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Clow. Truly, fir, in my poor opinion, they will to't then: If your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

Esca. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell

you: it is but heading and hanging.

Clow. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together, you'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads: if this law hold in Vienna ten years, I'll rent the fairest house in it after three-pence a bay: If you live to see this come to

pass, say, Pompey told you so.

Esc.A. Thank you, good Pompey: and, in requital of your prophefy, hark you,—I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever, no, not for dwelling where you do; if I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Cæsar to you; in plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipt: so, for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

Cloav. I thank your worship for your good counsel; but I shall follow it, as the slesh and fortune shall

better determine.

Whip me? No, no: let carman whip his jade; The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade.

Esca. Come hither to me, master Elbow; come hither, master constable: How long have you been in this place of constable?

Elbo. Seven year and a half, fir.

Esc.A. I thought, by the readiness in the office, you had continu'd in it some time; You say, seven years together?

ELBO. And a half, fir.

Esca. Alas, it hath been great pains to you! they do you wrong to put you so oft upon't: Are there not

men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

ELBO. Faith, fir, few of any wit in such matters: as they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them; I do it for some piece of mony, and go through with all.

Esca. Look you, bring me in the names of some fix or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

ELBO. To your worship's house, fir?

Esc.A. To my house: Fare you well. \_What's o'clock, think you?

Just. Eleven, fir.

Esca. I pray you, go home to dinner with me.

Just. I humbly thank you.

Esca. It grieves me for the death of Claudio: But there's no remedy.

Just. Lord Angelo is severe. Esca. It is but needful:

Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so; Pardon is still the nurse of second woe:

But yet, \_ Poor Claudio ! \_ There's no remedy. \_

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# SCENE II. A Room in the same.

Enter a Servant, and Provost.

Serv. He's hearing of a cause; he will come straight:

I'll tell him of you.

Prov. Pray you do. [Exit Serv.] I'll know His pleasure; may be, he'll relent: Alas, He hath but as offended in a dream! All fects, all ages smack of this vice; and he To dye for it!

Enter ANGELO.

Ange. Now, what's the matter, provost?

Prov. Is it your will Claudio shall dye to-morrow?

Ange. Did not I tell thee, yea? had'st thou not order?

Why dost thou ask again?

Prov. Left I might be too rash: Under your good correction, I have seen, When, after execution, judgment hath Repented o'er his doom.

ANGE. Go to; let that be mine: Do you your office, or give up your place, And you shall well be spar'd.

Prov. I crave your honour's pardon. What shall be done, fir, with the groaning Juliet?

She's very near her hour.

ANGE. Dispose of her

To some more fitter place; and that with speed.

Re-enter Servant.

Serw. Here is the fifter of the man condemn'd, Desires access to you.

ANGE. Hath he a fister?

Prov. Ay, my good lord, a very virtuous maid; And to be shortly of a sisterhood,

If not already.

ANGE. Well, let her be admitted. \_\_ [Exit Servant. See you the fornicatres be remov'd; Let her have needful, but not lavish means; There shall be order for it.

Enter ISABELLA, and Lucio.

Prov. Save your honour! [your will?

ANGE. Stay a little while. You're welcome: What's

ISAB. I am a woful fuitor to your honour,

Please but your honour hear me.

ANGE. Well, what's your fuit?

Is AB. There is a vice, that most I do abhor, And most desire should meet the blow of justice; For which I would not plead, but that I must; For which I must not plead, but that I am At war, 'twixt will, and will not.

ANGE. Well; the matter?

Is AB. I have a brother is condemn'd to dye: I do befeech you, let it be his fault, And not my brother.

Prov. Heaven give thee moving graces!

ANGE. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it!

Why, every fault's condemn'd, ere it be done:

Mine were the very cypher of a function,

To find the faults, whose fine stands in record,

And let go by the actor.

IsAB. O just, but severe law!

I had a brother then. Heaven keep your honour!

Luci. Give't not o'er so: to him again, intreat him,
Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown;

27 To fine the

You are too cold: if you should need a pin, You could not with more tame a tongue desire it: To him, I fay, not seem, error that a not set ils, vd.W.

Is A B. Mutt he needs dye? set the read of the A.

ANGE. Maiden, no remedy.

Is AB. Yes; I do think that you might pardon him, And neither heaven, nor man, grieve at the mercy.

And I will not do'tw diseased live nearly versen and

Is AB. But can you, if you would? The Work and oaked

ANGE. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.

Is AB. But might you do't, and do the world no wrong, If fo your heart were touch'd with that remorfe As mine is to him? I fam of mid him add ad blood al

ANGE: He's fentenc'd; 'tis too late. 1. 2.21

Luci. You are too cold. has not bearing ton a off

ISAB. Too late? why, no; I, that do speak a word, May call it back again: Well, believe this, No ceremony that to great ones 'longs, Not the king's crown, nor the deputed fword, The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe, Become them with one half fo good a grace As mercy does: have mend 1

If he had been as you, and you as he, You would have flipt, like him; but he, like you, lad aniwer'd for his de Would not have been fo ftern.

Ange. Pray you, be gone.

Is AB. I would to heaven I had your potency, And you were Isabell! should it then be thus? No; I would tell what 'twere to be judge, And what a prisoner.

Luci. Ay, touch him: there's the vein. ANGE. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,

And you but wafte your words. A shape and san no

Is A B. Alas, alas!

Why, all the fouls that were, were forfeit once;

And he, that might the vantage best have took,

Found out the remedy: How would you be,

If he, which is the top of judgment, should

But judge you, as you are? O, think on that;

And mercy then will breath within your lips,

Like man new made.

Ange. Be you content, fair maid; It is the law, not I, condemns your brother: Were he my kinsman, brother, or my fon, It should be thus with him; he must dye to-morrow. [him;

Is AB. To-morrow? o, that's sudden! Spare him, spare He's not prepar'd for death! Even for our kitchens We kill the fowl of season; shall we serve heaven With less respect than we do minister To our gross selves? Good, good my lord, bethink you; Who is it that hath dy'd for this offence? There's many have committed it.

Luci. Ay, well said. [slept: Ange. The law hath not been dead, though it hath Those many had not dar'd to do that evil, If he, the first that did the edict instringe, Had answer'd for his deed: now 'tis awake; Takes note of what is done; and, like a prophet, Looks in a glass, that shews what suture evils (Or new, or by remissness new conceiv'd, And so in progress to be hatch'd and born) Are now to have no successive degrees, But, ere they live, to end.

Is AB. Yet shew some pity.

condemne 28 Either now, or 31 But here they

ANGE. I shew it most of all, when I show justice: For then I pity those I do not know, Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall; And do him right, that, answering one foul wrong, Lives not to act another. Be fatisfy'd; Your brother dyes to-morrow; be content.

Is AB. So you must be the first, that gives this sentence; And he, that suffers: O, it is excellent To have a giant's strength; but it is tyranous To use it like a giant.

Luci. That's well faid.

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Is AB. Could great men thunder,
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet;
For every pelting petty officer [der:—
Would use his heaven for thunder; nothing but thunMerciful heaven,
Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak
Than the soft myrtle: o, but man, proud man,
(Drest in a little brief authority;
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
His glassy essence) like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As makes the angels weep; who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal.

Lucz O. to him, to him, wench: he will release.

Luci. O, to him, to him, wench: he will relent;

He's coming; I perceive't.

Prov. Pray heaven the win him!

Is AB. We cannot weigh our brother with yourself: Great men may jest with saints: 'tis wit in them; But, in the less, foul prophanation.

Luci. Thou'rt i'the right, girl; more o'that.

29 with our felfe,

Is AB. That in the captain's but a choleric word, Which in the foldier is flat blasphemy.

Luci. Art avis'd o'that? more on't.

ANGE. Why do you put these fayings upon me?

Is AB. Because authority, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skins the vice o'the top: Go to your bosom;
Knock there; and ask your heart, what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault: if it confess
A natural guiltiness, such as is his,

Let it not found a thought upon your tongue.

Against my brother's life.

ANGE. " She speaks; and 'tis"

"Such fense, that my fense breeds with it." Fare you well.

Is AB. Gentle my lord, turn back.

ANGE. I will bethink me: Come again to-morrow.

ISAB. Hark how I'll bribe you: Good my lord, turn

ANGE. How! bribe me?

[back.

Is AB. Ay, with such gifts, that heaven shall share with Luci. You had mar'd all else. [you.

Is AB. Not with fond shekles of the tested gold, Or stones, whose rates are either rich or poor As fancy values them: but with true prayers, That shall be up at heaven, and enter there, Ere sun-rise; prayers from preserved souls, From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate To nothing temporal.

ANGE. Well; come to me to-morrow.

Luci. Go to; 'tis well; away.

Is AB. Heaven keep your honour fafe!
ANGE. "Amen:"

" For I am that way going to temptation,"

"Where prayers cross."

Is AB. At what hour to-morrow Shall I attend your lordship?

ANGE. At any time 'fore noon.

Is AB. Save your honour!

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Exeunt Provost, Lucio, and Isabella. ANGE. From thee; even from thy virtue!\_ What's this? what's this? Is this her fault, or mine? The tempter, or the tempted, who fins most? Ha! Not she; nor doth she tempt: but it is I, That lying, with the violet, in the fun, Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower, Corrupt with virtuous feason. Can it be, That modesty may more betray our sense Than woman's lightness? having waste ground enough, Shall we desire to raze the fanctuary, And pitch our evils there? O, fie, fie! What dost thou? or what art thou, Angelo? Dost thou desire her foully, for those things That make her good? O, let her brother live: Thieves for their robbery have authority, When judges steal themselves. What, do I love her, That I desire to hear her speak again, And feast upon her eyes? what is't I dream on? O cunning enemy, that, to catch a faint, With faints dost bait thy hook! most dangerous Is that temptation, that doth goad us on To fin in loving virtue: never could the strumpet, With all her double vigour, art and nature, Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid Subdues me quite: \_\_\_\_ Ever 'till now, When men were fond, I fmil'd, and wonder'd how.

<sup>11</sup> lying by the

SCENE III. A Room in a Prison.

Enter Duke, babited like a Friar; and Provost.

Duke. Hail to you, provost! so, I think, you are.

Prov. I am the provost: What's your will, good friar?

Duke. Bound by my charity, and my blest order,

I come to visit the afflicted spirits

Here in the prison: do me the common right
To let me see them; and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
To them accordingly.

Prov. I would do more than that, if more were need-

Enter JULIET.

Look, here comes one; a gentlewoman of mine,
Who falling in the flames of her own youth,
Hath blifter'd her report: She is with child;
And he that got it, fentenc'd: a young man,
More fit to do another such offence,
Than dye for this.

Duke. When must he dye?

Prov. As I do think, to-morrow. — I have provided for you; [to Juli.] stay a while, And you shall be conducted.

Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the fin you carry? Juli. I do; and bear the shame most patiently.

Duke. I'll teach you how you shall arraign your con-And try your penitence, if it be found, [science; Or hollowly put on.

Juli. I'll gladly learn.

Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?

Juli. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him. Duke. So then, it feems, your most offenceful act

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Was mutually committed.

JULI. Mutually.

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Duke. Then was your fin of heavier kind than his.

Juli. I do confess it, and repent it, father.

Duke. 'Tis meet so, daughter: But lest you do repent As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,— Which forrow is always toward ourselves, not heaven; Showing we would not spare heaven, as we love it, But as we stand in fear,—

Juli. I do repent me, as it is an evil;

And take the shame with joy.

Duke. There reft.

Your partner, as I hear, must dye to-morrow, And I am going with instruction to him:

So grace go with you! Benedicite! [Exit.

Juli. Must dye to-morrow! \_ O injurious love, That respites me a life whose very comfort Is still a dying horror!

Prov. 'Tis pity of him.

Exeunt.

## SCENE IV. A Room in Angelo's House. Enter Angelo.

ANGE. When I would pray and think, I think and pray To several subjects: heaven hath my empty words; Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue, Anchors on Isabell: heaven is in my mouth, As if I did but only chew it's name; And in my heart, the strong and swelling evil Of my conception: The state, whereon I study'd, Is like a good thing, being often read, Grown fear'd und tedious; yea, my gravity, Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,

Could I, with boot, change for an idle plume,
Which the air beats for vain: O place! o form!
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tye the wiser souls
To thy false seeming? Blood, thou art blood:
Let's write good angel on the devil's horn,

Enter Servant.

'Tis not the devil's creft: — How now? who's there?

Serv. One Isabell, a fifter, desires access to you.

ANGE. Teach her the way. [Exit Serv.] O heavens!

Why does my blood thus muster to my heart;

Making both it unable for itself,

And dispossessing all my other parts

Of necessary fitness?

So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons;

Come all to help him, and so stop the air

By which he should revive: and even so

The general subject to a well-wish'd king

Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness

Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love

Must needs appear offence. —

Enter ISABELLA.

How now, fair maid?

Is AB. I am come to know your pleasure. [please me, ANGE. That you might know it, would much better Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother cannot live.

ISAB. Even so? \_ Heaven keep your honour! ANGE. Yet may he live a while; and, it may be,

As long as you, or I: Yet he must dye.

ISAB. Under your sentence?

ANGE. Yea.

Isas. When, I beseech you? that in his reprieve,

Longer, or shorter, he may be so sitted

That his soul sicken not.

ANGE. Ha! Fie, these filthy vices! It were as good To pardon him that hath from nature stolen A man already made, as to remit Their fawey sweetness, that do coin heaven's image In stamps that are forbid: 'tis all as easy Falsely to take away a life true made, As to put mettle in restrained means To make a false one.

Is AB. 'Tis fet down so in heaven, but not in earth.

ANGE. Say you so? then I shall poze you quickly.

Which had you rather, That the most just law

Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him,

Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness,

As she that he hath stain'd?

ISAB. Sir, believe this,

I had rather give my body than my foul.

ANGE. I talk not of your foul; Our compell'd fins Stand more for number than account.

Is AB. How fay you?

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ANGE. Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can speak Against the thing I say. Answer to this,—
I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life:
Might there not be a charity in sin,
To save this brother's life?

Is AB. Please you to do't,
I'll take it as a peril to my foul,
It is no fin at all, but charity.

ANGE. Pleas'd you to do't, at peril of your foul, Were equal poize of fin and charity.

<sup>14</sup> life, and to 20 then for accompt

Is AB. That I do beg his life, if it be fin, Heaven, let me bear it! you, granting of my fuit, If that be fin, I'll make it my morn prayer To have it added to the faults of mine, And nothing of your answer.

ANGE. Nay, but hear me:

Your sense pursues not mine: either you are ignorant, Or seem so craftily; and that's not good.

ISAB. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,

But graciously to know I am no better.

ANGE. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright, When it doth tax itself: as these † black masks Proclaim an enshield' beauty ten times louder Than beauty could display'd. — But mark me; To be received plain, I'll speak more gross: Your brother is to dye:

ISAB. So.

ANGE. And his offence is so, as it appears Accountant to the law upon that pain:

ISAB. True.

Ange. Admit no other way to fave his life,
(As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
But in the loss of question) that you his sister,
Finding yourself desir'd of such a person,
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-binding law; and that there were
No earthly mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasures of your body
To this supposed, or else let him suffer;
What would you do?

ISAB. As much for my poor brother, as myself:

8 crafty; 27 all-building 30 else to let

That is, Were I under the terms of death,
The impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death, as to a bed
That longing I have been sick for, ere I'd yield
My body up to shame.

ANGE. Then must your brother dye.

Isab. And 'twere the cheaper way:

Better it were a brother dy'd at once,

Then that a sister, by redeeming him,

Should dye for ever.

ANGE. Were not you then as cruel as the sentence

That you have slander'd so?

Is AB. An ignominious ransom, and free pardon, Are of two houses: lawful mercy, sure, Is nothing kin to foul redemption.

ANGE. You feem'd of late to make the law a tyrant; And rather prov'd the sliding of your brother

A merriment than a vice.

Is AB. O, pardon me, my lord; it oft falls out, To have what we would have, we speak not what we mean: I something do excuse the thing I hate, For his advantage that I dearly love.

ANGE. We are all frail.

Is AB. Else let my brother dye, If not a feodary, but only he, Owe, and succeed to, weakness.

ANGE. Nay, women are frail too.

Is AB. Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves; Which are as easy broke as they make forms. Women? — Help, heaven! — men their creation mar In profiting by them: Nay, call us ten times frail; For we are soft as our complexions are,

<sup>13</sup> Isa, Ignominy in ransome 26 succeed thy weaknesse

And credulous to false prints.

And from this testimony of your own sex, (Since, I suppose, we are made to be no stronger Than faults may shake our frames) let me be bold, I do arrest your words; Be that you are, That is, a woman; if you be more, you're none; If you be one, (as you are well express'd By all external warrants) shew it now, By putting on the destin'd livery.

Is AB. I have no tongue but one: gentle my lord, Let me intreat you, speak the former language.

ANGE. Plainly conceive, I love you.

ISAB. My brother did love Juliet;

And you tell me, that he shall dye for it.

ANGE. He shall not Isabell, if you give me love. Is AB. I know, your virtue hath a licence in't, Which seems a little souler than it is,

To pluck on others.

ANGE. Believe me, on mine honour,

My words express my purpose.

Isab. Ha! little honour to be much believ'd, And most pernicious purpose! Seeming! feeming! I will proclaim thee, Angelo, look for't: Sign me a present pardon for my brother, Or, with an out-stretcht throat, I'll tell the world Aloud, what man thou art.

ANGE. Who will believe thee, Isabell?
My unfoil'd name, the austereness of my life,
My vouch against you, and my place i'the state,
Will so your accusation overweigh,
That you shall stifle in your own report,

And fmell of calumny. I have begun; And now I give my fenfual race the rein: Fit thy confent to my sharp appetite; Lay by all nicety, and prolixious blushes, That banish what they sue for; redeem thy brother, By yielding up thy body to my will; Or else he must not only die the death, But thy unkindness shall his death draw out To ling'ring fufferance: answer me to-morrow, Or, by the affection that now guides me most, I'll prove a tyrant to him: As for you, Say what you can; my false o'erweighs your true. Exit Angelo.

ISAB. To whom should I complain? Did I tell this, Who would believe me? O perilous mouths, That bear in them one and the felf-same tongue Either of condemnation or approof! Bidding the law make court'fy to their will; Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite, To follow as it draws! I'll to my brother: Though he hath fallen by prompture of the blood, Yet hath he in him fuch a mind of honour, That had he twenty heads to tender down On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up, Before his fifter should her body stoop To fuch abhor'd pollution. Then, Isabell, live chast; and, brother, dye: More than our brother is our chastity. I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request; And fit his mind to death, for his foul's rest.

## ACT III.

SCENE I. A Room in the Prison. Enter Duke, and CLAUDIO; Provost, at a distance, attending.

Duke. So then you hope of pardon from lord Angelo?

CLAU. The miserable have no other medicine,
But only hope:

I have hope to live, and am prepar'd to dye.

Duke. Be absolute for death; either death, or life, Shall thereby be the fweeter. Reason thus with life, If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art, Servile to all the skiey influences That do this habitation, where thou keep'ft, Hourly afflict: meerly, thou art death's fool; For him thou labour'ft by thy flight to shun, And yet run'st toward him still: Thou art not noble; For all the accommodations, that thou bear'ft, Are nurf'd by baseness: Thou'rt by no means valiant; For thou dost fear the fost and tender fork Of a poor worm: Thy best of rest is sleep; And that thou oft provok'ft; yet grofly fear'ft Thy death, which is no more: Thou art not thyself; For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains That iffue out of dust: Happy thou art not; For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get; And what thou hast, forget'st: Thou art not certain; For thy complexion shifts to strange effects, After the moon: If thou art rich, thou'rt poor;

<sup>17</sup> That dost this 27 exists

For, like an ass, whose back with ingots bows, Thou bear'ft thy heavy riches but a journey, And death unloads thee: Friend haft thou none; For thine own bowels, which do call thee fire, The meer effusion of thy proper loins, Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum, For ending thee no fooner: Thou haft nor youth, nor age; But, as it were, an after-dinner's fleep, Dreaming on both: for all thy bleffed youth Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms Of palsy'd eld; and when thou art old, and rich, Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty, To make thy riches pleasant. What's in this, That bears the name of life? Yet in this life Lye hid more thousand deaths: yet death we fear, That makes these odds all even.

CLAU. I humbly thank you.

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To fue to live, I find, I feek to dye;
And, seeking death, find life: Let it come on. [company!

Is AB. [within] What, ho! Peace here; grace, and good

Prov. Who's there? Come in: the wish deserves a wel-

Enter Isabella. [come. Duke. Dear fir, ere long I'll visit you again.

CLAU. Most holy fir, I thank you.

Is AB. My business is a word or two with Claudio. [fister. Prov. And very welcome. Look, signior, here's your

Duke. Provost, a word with you. [drawing him aside.

Prov. As many as you please.

Duke. Bring me to stand where I may be conceal'd Yet hear them speak.

[Exeunt Duke, and Provost. CLAU. Now, fister, what's the comfort?

<sup>6</sup> farpego 13 what's yet in 29 v. Note,

Is AB. Why, as all comforts are, most good indeed: Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven, Intends you for his swift embassador; Where you shall be an everlasting ledger: Therefore your best appointment make with speed; To-morrow you set on.

CLAU. Is there no remedy?

Is AB. None, but such remedy, as, to save a head, To cleave a heart in twain.

CLAU. But is there any? Tob bon bons is semonal.

Is AB. Yes, brother, you may live;
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you 'till death.

CLAU. Perpetual durance? Is bristand store bed sail

Is AB. Ay, just, perpetual durance; a restraint, Though all the world's vastidity you had, To a determin'd scope.

CLAU. But in what nature?

Is AB. In such a one, as you, confenting to't, Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear, And leave you naked.

CLAU. Let me know the point.

Is AB. O, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake, Lest thou a severous life should'st entertain, And six or seven winters more respect. Than a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou dye? The sense of death is most in apprehension; And the poor beetle, that we tread upon, In corporal sufferance sinds a pang as great As when a giant dyes.

CLAU. Why give you me this shame?

17 Through

Think you I can a resolution fetch From flowery tenderness? If I must dye, I will encounter darkness as a bride, And hug it in mine arms.

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Is AB. There spake my brother; there my father's grave Did utter forth a voice! Yes, thou must dye: Thou art too noble to conserve a life In base appliances. This outward-sainted deputy,—Whose settl'd visage and deliberate word Nips youth i'the head, and sollies doth emmew As falcon doth the fowl,—is yet a devil; His silth within being cast, he would appear A pond as deep as hell.

CLAU. The princely Angelo?

Is AB. O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'st body to invest and cover
In princely gards! Dost thou think, Claudio,
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou might'st be free'd?

CLAU. O heavens! it cannot be.

Is AB. Yes, he would give thee, for this rank offence, So to offend him still: This night's the time That I should do what I abhor to name, Or else thou dy'st to-morrow.

CLAU. Thou shalt not do't.

Is AB. O, were it but my life, I'd throw it down for your deliverance As frankly as a pin.

CLAU. Thanks, dear Isabell.

Is AB. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow. CLAU. Yes. — Has he affections in him, That thus can make him bite the law by the nose,

21 giv't thee; from this

Vol. II.

D

When he would 'force it? Sure, it is no fin; Or of the deadly feven it is the least.

Is AB. Which is the least?

CLAU. If it were damnable, he, being so wise, Why, would he for the momentary trick Be perdurably fin'd? \_ O Isabell!

ISAB. What fays my brother? CLAU. Death is a fearful thing. ISAB. And shamed life a hateful.

CLAU. Ay, but to dye, and go we know not where;
To lye in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bath in siery sloods, or to reside
In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendant world; or to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawless and incertain thought,—
Imagine howling,—'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ach, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

Is AB. Alas, alas!

CLAU. Sweet fister, let me live: What fin you do to fave a brother's life, Nature dispenses with the deed so far, That it becomes a virtue.

Is AB. O you beast!
O faithless coward! O dishonest wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?

going.

Is't not a kind of incest, to take life
From thine own sister's shame? What should I think?
Heaven shield, my mother play'd my father fair!
For such a warped slip of wilderness
Ne'er issu'd from his blood. Take my defiance;
Dye; perish: might but my bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed:
I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,
No word to save thee.

CLAU. Nay, hear me, Isabell.

ISAB. O, fie, fie, fie!

Thy fin's not accidental, but a trade: Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd: 'Tis best that thou dy'st quickly.

CLAU. O, hear me, Isabella.

Re-enter Duke.

Duke. Vouchfafe a word, young fifter, but one word.

Is AB. What is your will?

Duke. Might you dispense with your leisure, I would by and by have some speech with you: the satisfaction I would require is likewise your own benefit.

Is AB. I have no superfluous leisure; my stay must be stolen out of other assairs: but I will attend you a while.

Duke. Son, I have over-hear'd what hath paff'd between you and your fifter. Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her; only he hath made an affay of her virtue, to practise his judgment in the difposition of natures: she, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial, which he is most glad to receive: I am confessor to Angelo,

and I know this to be true; therefore prepare yourself to death: Do not falsify your resolution with hopes that are fallible: to-morrow you must dye; go to your knees, and make ready.

CLAU. Let me ask my fister pardon. I am so out

of love with life, that I will fue to be rid of it.

Duke. Hold you there: Farewel. [Exit CLAUDIO. Re-enter Provost.

Provoft, a word with you.

Prov. What's your will, father?

Duke. That now you are come, you will be gone: leave me a while with the maid; my mind promises with my habit, no loss shall touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time. [Exit Provost.

Duke. The hand, that hath made you fair, hath made you good: the goodness, that is cheap in beauty, makes beauty brief in goodness; but grace, being the soul of your complexion, shall keep the body of it ever fair. The assault, that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath convey'd to my understanding; and, but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo: How will you do to content this substitute, and to save your brother?

Is AB. I am now going to resolve him: I had rather my brother dye by the law, than my fon should be unlawfully born. But, o, how much is the good duke deceiv'd in Angelo! if ever he return, and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government.

Duke. That shall not be much amiss: yet, as the

<sup>2</sup> not fatisfie your

matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation; he made trial of you only. Therefore fasten your ear on my advisings; to the love I have in doing good, a remedy presents itself: I do make mysfelf believe, that you may most uprighteously do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no stain to your own gracious person; and much please the absent duke, if, peradventure, he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.

Is AB. Let me hear you speak farther: I have spirit to do any thing that appears not foul in the truth

of my spirit.

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Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. Have you not heard speak of Mariana the sister of Frederick, the great soldier, who miscarry'd at sea?

ISAB. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. Her should this Angelo have marry'd; was affianc'd to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wreck'd at sea, having in that perished vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark how heavily this befel to the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage dowry; with both, her combinate husband, this well-seeming Angelo.

IsAB. Can this be so? Did Angelo so leave her?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dry'd not one of them with his comfort; swallow'd his vows whole, pretending, in her, discoveries of dishonour: in few, bestow'd her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake; and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

ISAB. What a merit were it in death, to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live! \_ But how out of this can she avail!

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heal: and the cure of it not only faves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

Is AB. Shew me how, good father.

Duke. This fore-named maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection; his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly: Go you to Angelo; answer his requiring with a plausible obedience; agree with his demands to the point; only refer yourself to this advantage, - first, that your stay with him may not be long; that the time may have all shadow and silence in it; and the place answer to convenience: This being granted in course, now follows all: we shall advise this wronged maid to flead up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompence: and here, by this, is your brother faved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt depu-

<sup>26</sup> courfe, and now

ty scaled: the maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof: What think you of it?

ISAB. The image of it gives me content already; and, I trust, it will grow to a most prosperous per-

fection.

Duke. It lyes much in your holding up: Haste you speedily to Angelo; if for this night he intreat you to his bed, give him promise of fatisfaction: I will presently to faint Luke's; there at the moated grange resides this dejected Mariana: at that place call upon me; and dispatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

ISAB. I thank you for this comfort: Fare you well, good father. Exeunt.

## SCENE II. Street before the Prison. Enter Clown, ELBOW, and Officers;

Duke meeting them.

ELBO. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and fell men and women like beafts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white baffard.

Duke. O heavens! what fluff is here?

Clow. 'Twas never merry world, fince, of two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worser allow'd by order of law a fur'd lamb-skin gown to keep him warm; and fur'd with fox-skins too, to signify, that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing.

Elbo. Come your way, fir: \_ Bless you, good fa-

<sup>28</sup> of Law; a fur'd gowne to keepe him warme; and fur'd with Foxe and Lamb-skins too,

ther friar.

Duke. And you, good brother father: What offence

hath this man made you, fir?

ELBO. Marry, fir, he hath offended the law; and, fir, we take him to be a thief too, fir; for we have found upon him, fir, a strange pick-lock, which we

have fent to the deputy.

Duke. Fie, firrah; a bawd, a wicked bawd! The evil that thou causest to be done, That is thy means to live: Do thou but think What 'tis to cram a maw, or cloath a back, From such a filthy vice: say to thyself,— From their abominable and beastly touches I drink, I eat, array my self, and live; Canst thou believe thy living is a life, So slinkingly depending? Go, mend, mend.

Clow. Indeed, it does flink in some fort, fir: but

yet, fir, I would prove-

Duke. Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs for fin, Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, officer; Correction and instruction must both work,

Ere this rude beast will prosit.

ELBO. He must before the deputy, sir; he has given him warning: the deputy cannot abide a whore-master: if he be a whore-monger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as some would seem to be, Free from our faults, as from faults seeming free!

Enter Lucio.

ELBO. His neck will come to your waste, a cord, sir. Clow. I spy comfort; I cry bail: here's a gentle-

<sup>24</sup> cate away my 16 mend, goe mend 29 faults from

man, and a friend of mine.

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Luci. How now, noble Pompey? what, at the wheels of Casar? art thou led in triumph? What, is there none of Pigmalion's images, newly made woman, to had now, for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting it clutch'd? what reply? ha? what fay'st thou to this tune, matter, and method? Is't not drown'd i' th' last rain? ha? what say'st thou, trot? is the world as it was, man? Which is the way? is it sad, and sew words? or how? the trick of it?

Duke. Still thus, and thus! still worse!

Luci. How doth my dear morfel, thy miltress? procures she still? ha?

Clow. Troth, fir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub.

Luci. Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it must be so: ever your fresh whore, and your powder'd bawd: an unshun'd consequence; it must be so: Art going to prison, Pompey?

Clow. Yes, faith, fir.

Luci. Why, 'tis not amis, Pompey: farewel: go; fay, I fent thee thither. For debt, Pompey? or how?

ELBO. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Luci. Well, then imprison him: if imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his right; bawd is he, doubtless, and of antiquity too; bawd born. Farewel, good Pompey: Commend me to the prison, Pompey: You will turn good husband now, Pompey; you will keep the house.

Clow. I hope, fir, your good worship will be my bail. Luci. No, indeed, will I not, Pompey, it is not

the wear; I will pray, Pompey, to encrease your bondage: if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more: Adieu, trusty Pompey. \_ Bless you, friar.

Duke. And you.

Luci. Doth Bridget paint fill, Pompey? ha?

Elbo. Come your ways, fir, come. Clow. You will not bail me then, fir?

Luci. Then, Pompey? nor now. \_What news abroad, friar; what news?

Elbo. Come your ways, fir, come.

[Exeunt Clown, Elbow, and Officers. Luci. Go to kennel, Pompey, go.\_What news, friar,

of the duke?

Duke. I know none; Can you tell me of any?

Luci. Some fay, he is with the emperor of Russia; other some, he is in Rome: But where is he, think you?

Duke. I know not where: but wherefoever, I wish

him well.

Luci. It was a mad fantastical trick of him, to steal from the state, and usurp the beggery he was never born to: Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence; he puts transgression to't.

Duke. He does well in't.

Luci. A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him: fomething too crabbed that way, friar.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and feverity must cure it.

Luci. Yes, in good footh, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well ally'd: but it is impossible to

extirpe it quite, friar, 'till eating and drinking be put down. They say, this Angelo was not made by man and woman, after the downright way of creation; Is it true, think you?

Duke. How should he be made then?

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Luci. Some report, a sea-maid spawn'd him: some, that he was begot between two stock-sishes: But it is certain, that, when he makes water, his urine is congeal'd ice; that I know to be true: and he is not a motion generative, that's infallible.

Duke. You are pleasant, fir; and speak apace.

Luci. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a cod-piece to take away the life of a man? Would the duke that is absent have done this? ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have pay'd for the nursing a thousand: he had some feeling of the sport; he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the absent duke much detracted

for women; he was not inclin'd that way.

Luci. O, fir, you are deceiv'd. Duke. 'Tis not possible.

Luci. Who? not the duke? yes, your beggar of fifty; and his use was, to put a ducat in her clack-dish: the duke had crotchets in him: He would be drunk too; that let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong, furely.

Luci. Sir, I was an inward of his: A fly fellow was the duke: and, I believe, I know the cause of his withdrawing.

<sup>3</sup> after this downe- 21 detected 30 a shye fellow

Duke. What, I pr'ythee, might be the cause?

Luci. No, pardon; 'tis a fecret must be lock'd within the teeth and the lips: but this I can let you understand,—The greater file of the subject held the duke to be wise:

Duke. Wise? why, no question but he was.

Luci. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking; the very stream of his life, and the business he hath helmed, must, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation: let him be but testimony'd in his own bringings forth, and he shall appear, to the envious, a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier: Therefore, you speak unskilfully; or, if your knowledge be more, it is much darken'd in your malice.

Luci. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

Luci. Come, fir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, fince you know not what you speak. But, if ever the duke return, (as our prayers are he may) let me desire you to make your answer before him: if it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it; I am bound to call upon you, and, I pray you, you name?

Luci. Sir, my name is Lucio; well known to the duke.

Duke. He shall know you better, fir, if I may live to report you.

20 with deare love

Luci. I fear you not.

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Duke. O, you hope the duke will return no more; or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite: but, indeed, I can do you a little harm: You'll forswear this again?

Luci. I'll be hang'd first: thou art deceiv'd in me, friar. But no more of this: Can'st thou tell if Clau-

dio dye to-morrow, or no?

Duke. Why should he dye, fir?

Luci. Why? for filling a bottle with a tun-dish. I would the duke, we talk of, were return'd again: this ungenitur'd agent will unpeople the province with continency; sparrows must not build in his house-eaves, because they are lecherous: The duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answer'd, he would never bring them to light; 'Would he were return'd! marry, this Claudio is condemned for untrussing. Farewel, good friar; I pr'ythee, pray for me. The duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on fridays; he's now past it: yea, and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt brown bread and garlick; say, that I said so. Farewel.

[Exit Lucio.

Duke. No might nor greatness in mortality Can censure scape; back-wounding calumny The whitest virtue strikes; What king so strong, Can tye the gall up in the slanderous tongue? But who comes here?

Enter Escalus, Provost, Bawd, and Officers. Escal. Go, away with her to prison. Bawd. Good my lord, be good to me; your honour

20 past it, yet (and I

is accounted a merciful man: good my lord.

Esc.A. Double, and treble admonition, and still forfeit in the same kind? this would make mercy swear and play the tyrant.

Prov. A bawd of eleven years continuance, may it

please your honour.

Bawd. My lord, this is one Lucio's information against me: mistress Kate Keep-down was with child by him in the duke's time, he promis'd her marriage; his child is a year and a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob; I have kept it myself, and see how he goes about to abuse me.

Esc.A. That fellow is a fellow of much license: \_
let him be called before us. \_ Away with her to
prison: \_ Go to; no more words. [Exeunt Bawd, and
Officers.] Provost, my brother Angelo will not be alter'd, Claudio must dye to-morrow; let him be furnish'd with divines, and have all charitable preparation: if my brother wrought by my pity, it should not
be so with him.

Prov. So please you, this friar hath been with him, and advis'd him for the entertainment of death.

Esc.A. Good even, good father. Duke. Blifs and goodness on you!

Esca. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this country, though my chance is now To use it for my time: I am a brother Of gracious order, late come from the see In special business from his holiness.

Esca. What news abroad i'the world?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it:

novelty is only in request; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is vertuous to be constant in any undertaking: there is scarce truth enough alive, to make societies secure; but security enough, to make fellowships accurst: Much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the duke?

EscA. One, that, above all other strifes, contended

especially to know himself.

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Duke. What pleasure was he given to?

ESCA. Rather rejoicing to fee another merry, than merry at any thing which profess'd to make him rejoice: a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous; and let me desire to know, how you find Claudio prepar'd? I am made to understand, that you have lent him visitation.

Duke. He professes to have received no finister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice: yet had he framed to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life; which I, by my good leisure, have discredited to him, and now is he resolv'd to dye.

Esca. You have pay'd the heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have labour'd for the poor gentleman, to the extreamest shore of my modesty; but my brother justice have I found so severe, that he hath forc'd me to tell him, he

is indeed justice.

Duke. If his own life answer the straitness of his

and as it

proceeding, it shall become him well; wherein if he chance to fail, he hath sentenc'd himself.

Esca. I am going to visit the prisoner: Fare you

well.

Duke. Peace be with you!

Exeunt Escalus, and Provost. He, who the fword of heaven will bear, should be as holy as severe; pattern in himfelf to know; grace to fland, and virtue go; more nor less to others paying, than by felf-offences weighing: Shame to him, whose cruel striking kills for faults of his own liking! twice treble shame on Angelo, to weed my vice, and let his grow! O, what may man within him hide, though angel on the outward fide! how may likeness made in crimes, making practice on the times, draw with idle spiders' strings most pond'rous and substantial things! Craft against vice I must apply: with Angelo to-night shall lye his old betrothed, but despis'd; fo difguise shall, by the difguis'd,

[Exit.

ACT IV.
SCENE I. A Room in Mariana's House.

pay with falsehood false exacting, and perform an old contracting.

21 To draw

## Enter MARIANA, and a Boy who fings.

Song. Take, o, take those lips away, that so sweetly were forsworn; and those eyes, the break of day, lights that do mislead the morn: but my kisses bring again,

feals of love, but seal'd in vain.

seal'd in vain.

Mari. Break off thy fong, and haste thee quick away; Here comes a man of comfort, [Exit Boy.] whose advice Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.

Enter Duke.

I cry you mercy, fir; and well could wish, You had not found me here so musical: Let me excuse me, and believe me so,— My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe.

Duke. 'Tis good: though musick oft hath such a charm, To make bad, good; and good provoke to harm. I pray you, tell me, hath any body inquir'd for me here to-day? much upon this time, have I promis'd here to meet.

MARI. You have not been inquir'd after: I have fat here all the day.

Enter ISABELLA.

Duke. I do conftantly believe you: the time is come, even now. I shall crave your forbearance a little; may be, I will call upon you anon for some advantage to yourself.

MARI. I am always bound to you. Duke. Very well met, and welcome.

[Exit.

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What is the news from this good deputy?

Is AB. He hath a garden circummur'd with brick,
Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd;
And to that vineyard is a planched gate,
That makes his opening with this † bigger key:
This † other doth command a little door,
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads;
There have I made my promise to call on him,
Upon the heavy middle of the night.

Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find this way?

Is AB. I have ta'n a due and wary note upon't;

With whispering and most guilty diligence,

In action all of precept, he did show me

The way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other tokens

Between you 'greed, concerning her observance?

Isab. No, none; but only a repair i' the dark;

And that I have possest him, my most stay

Can be but brief: for I have made him know

I have a servant comes with me along,

That stays upon me; whose persuasion is,

I come about my brother.

Duke. 'Tis well born up.

I have not yet made known to Mariana
A word of this: \_\_ What ho! within! come forth.

Re-enter MARIANA.

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid; She comes to do you good.

ISAB. I do desire the like.

Duke. Do you persuade yourself that I respect you?

MARI. Good friar, I know you do, and I have found it.

Duke. Take then this your companion by the hand,

Who hath a story ready for your ear:
I shall attend your leisure; but make haste,
The vaporous night approaches.

MARI. Wilt please you walk afide?

[Exeunt Women.

Duke. O place and greatness, millions of false eyes
Are stuck upon thee! volumes of report
Run with these false and most contrarious quests
Upon thy doings! thousand 'scapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dream,
And rack thee in their fancies! \_\_Welcome: How agreed?

Re-enter Isabell, and Mariana.

Is AB. She'll take the enterprise upon her, father, If you advise it.

Duke. It is not my consent,

But my intreaty too.

Is AB. Little have you to fay, When you depart from him, but, foft and low, Remember now my brother.

MARI. Fear me not.

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Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all:
He is your husband on a pre-contract:
To bring you thus together, 'tis no fin;
Sith that the justice of your title to him
Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let us go:
Our corn's to reap; for yet our tilth's to sow. [Exeum.

SCENE II. A Room in the Prison. Enter Provoft, and Clown.

Prov. Come hither, firrah: Can you cut off a man's head?

Clow. If the man be a batchelor, fir, I can: but

9 escapes 26 our Tithes to

if he be a marry'd man, he's his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

Prov. Come, fir, leave me your fnatches, and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to dye Claudio and Barnardine: Here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper: if you will take it on you to affish him, it shall redeem you from your gyves; if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unpity'd whipping; for you have been a notorious bawd.

Clow. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd, time out of mind; but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman: I would be glad to receive fome infruction from my fellow partner.

Prov. What ho, Abhorson! Where's Abhorson there?

Enter Abhorson.

Авно. Do you call, fir?

Prov. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you tomorrow in your execution: if you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, use him for the present, and dismiss him: he cannot plead his estimation with you, he hath been a bawd.

ABHO. A bawd, fir? fie upon him! he will discredit

our mystery.

Prov. Go to, fir; you weigh equally; a feather will turn the scale. [Exit Provost.

Clow. Pray, fir, by your good favour, (for, furely, fir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look) do you call, fir, your occupation a mystery?

Авно. Ау, fir, a mystery.

Clow. Painting, fir, I have heard fay, is a myftery; and your whores, fir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery: but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hang'd, I can not imagine.

ABHO. Sir, it is a mystery.

Clow. Proof.

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Abho. Every true man's apparel fits your thief: If it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough: so every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Are you agreed?

Clow. Sir, I will ferve him: for I do find, your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd; he doth oftner ask forgiveness.

Prov. You, firrah, [to Abho.] provide your block

and your axe, to-morrow four o'clock.

ABHO. Come on, bawd; I will instruct thee in my

trade; follow.

Clow. I do desire to learn, fir; and, I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare: for, truly, fir, for your kindness, I owe you a good turn.

Prov. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio:

[Exeunt Clown, and ABHORSON.

One has my pity; not a jot the other, Being a murtherer, though he were my brother.

Enter CLAUDIO.

20 Theefe. Clo. If it 26 y'are.

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death;
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow
Thou must be made immortal. Where's Barnardine?
CLAU. As fast lock'd up in sleep, as guiltless labour,

When it lyes starkly in the traveller's bones;

He will not wake.

Prov. Who can do good on him? [what noise? Well, go, prepare yourfelf. [Knocking within.] But, hark! Heaven give your spirits comfort! [Exit CLAU.] By and I hope it is some pardon, or reprieve, [by: \_\_ For the most gentle Claudio. \_ Welcome, father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. The best and wholesomest spirits of the night Invellop you, good provost! Who call'd here of late?

Prov. None, fince the curfeu rung.

Duke. Not Isabell?

Prov. No.

Duke. They will then, ere't be long. Prov. What comfort is for Claudio?

Duke. There's fome in hope. Prov. It is a bitter deputy.

Duke. Not so, not so; his life is parallel'd Even with the stroke and line of his great justice; He doth with holy abstinence subdue That in himself, which he spurs on his power To qualify in others: were he meal'd With that which he corrects, then were he tirannous; But this being so, he's just. Now are they come.

[Knocking again: Provost goes to the Door. This is a gentle provost; Seldom, when The steeled jailer is the friend of men. \_\_\_

How now? what noise? that spirit's possest with haste,

That wounds the unshifting postern with these strokes.

Prov. There must he stay, until the officer

Arise to let him in; he is call'd up. [Speaking to one at the Door; after which he comes forward.

Duke. Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,

But he must dye to-morrow?

Prov. None, fir, none.

Duke. As near the dawning, provost, as it is, You shall hear more ere morning.

Prov. Happily,

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You fomething know; yet, I believe, there comes No countermand; no fuch example have we: Besides, upon the very siege of justice, Lord Angelo hath to the publick ear Profess'd the contrary.

Enter a Messenger.

Duke. This is his man.

Prov. And here comes Claudio's pardon.

Mess. My lord hath fent you this  $\dagger$  note; and by me this further charge, That you swerve not from the smallest article of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumstance. Good morrow; for, as I take it, it is almost day.

Prov. I shall obey him. [Exit Messenger.

Duke. This is his pardon; purchaf'd by fuch fin, For which the pardoner himself is in: Hence hath offence his quick celerity, When it is born in high authority:

When vice makes mercy, mercy's fo extended,

That, for the fault's love, is the offender friended. \_\_\_\_ Now, fir, what news?

Prov. I told you: Lord Angelo, belike, thinking me

unfifting 17 his Lords man

remiss in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted putting on: methinks, strangely; for he hath not us'd it before.

Duke. Pray you, let's hear.

Prov. [reads.] Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock; and, in the afternoon, Barnardine: for my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head sent me by five: Let this be truly performed; with a thought, that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril.

What fay you to this, fir?

Duke. What is that Barnardine, who is to be executed in the afternoon?

Prov. A Bohemian born; but here nurst up and bred:

one that is a prisoner nine years old.

Duke. How came it, that the absent duke had not either deliver'd him to his liberty, or executed him? I have heard, it was ever his manner to do so.

Prov. His friends still wrought reprieves for him: And, indeed, his fact, 'till now in the government of

lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.

Duke. It is now apparent?

Prov. Most manifest, and not deny'd by himself.

Duke. Hath he born himself penitently in prison? how seems he to be touch'd?

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken fleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.

Duke. He wants advice.

Prov. He will hear none: he hath evermore had the liberty of the prison; give him leave to escape hence, he would not: drunk many times a day, if not many days intirely drunk: we have very oft awak'd him, as if to carry him to execution, and shew'd him a seeming warrant for it; it hath not moved him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, provost, honesty and constancy: if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but, in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay myself in hazard. Claudio, whom here † you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo who hath sentenc'd him: To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but sour days respit; for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy.

Prov. Pray, fir, in what? Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack, how may I do it? having the hour limited; and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine order, I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide: Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head born to Angelo.

Prov. Angelo hath feen them both, and will discover the favour.

Duke. O, death's a great disguiser: and you may add to it,—Shave the head, and tye the beard; and say, it was the desire of the penitent to be so barb'd before

his death: you know, the course is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

Prov. Pardon me, good father; it is against my

oath.

Duke. Were you fworn to the duke, or to the deputy?

Prov. To him, and to his substitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if the duke avouch the justice of your dealing?

Prov. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet fince I fee you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor persuasion, can with ease attempt you, I will go surther than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you: Look you, sir, here † is the hand and seal of the duke; You know the character, I doubt not, and the signet is not strange to you?

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the duke; you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure; where you shall find, within these two days he will be here: This is a thing that Angelo knows not: for he this very day receives letters of strange tenor; perchance, of the duke's death; perchance, entering into some monastery; but, by chance, nothing of what is writ. Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd: Put not yourself into amazement, how these things should be: all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head: I will give him a present shrift, and advise him for a

better place. Yet you are amaz'd; but this † shall absolutely resolve you. Come away; it is almost clear dawn.

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#### SCENE III. Another Room in the same. Enter Clown.

Clow. I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our house of profession: one would think, it were mistress Overdone's own house, for here be many of her old customers. First, here's young master Rash: he's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, ninescore and seventeen pounds; of which he made five marks, ready money: marry, then, ginger was not much in request, for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one master Caper, at the fuit of master Three-pile the mercer, for some four suits of peach-colour'd fatten, which now peaches him a Then have we here young Dizy, and young master Deep-vow, and master Copper-spur, and master Starve-lackey the rapier and dagger man, and young Drop-heir that kill'd lufty Pudding, and master Forthright the tilter, and brave master Shoo-tye the great traveller, and wild Half-can that stab'd Pots, and, I think, forty more; all great doers in our trade, and are now for the lord's fake.

#### Enter ABHORSON.

ABHO. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

Clow. Master Barnardine! you must rise and be hang'd, master Barnardine.

ABHO. What ho, Barnardine!

BARN. [within.] A pox o'your throats! Who makes that noise there? what are you?

Clow. Your friends, fir; the hangman: You must be so good, fir, to rise and be put to death.

BARN. Away, you rogue, away; I am fleepy.

ABHO. Tell him, he must awake, and that quickly too.

Clow. Pray, master Barnardine, awake 'till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

ABHO. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Clow. He is coming, fir, he is coming; I hear his straw rustle.

ABHO. Is the axe upon the block, firrah? Clow. Very ready, fir.

Enter BARNARDINE.

BARN. How now, Abhorson? what's the news with you?

ABHO. Truly, fir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant's come.

BARN. You rogue, I have been drinking all night,

I am not fitted for't.

Clow. O, the better, fir; for he that drinks all night, and is hang'd betimes in the morning, may sleep the founder all the next day.

Enter Duke.

ABHO. Look you, fir, here comes your ghostly father; Do we jest now, think you?

Duke. Sir, Induced by my charity, and hearing How hastily you are to depart, I am come

To advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

BARN. Friar, not I; I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets: I will not

confent to dye this day, that's certain.

Duke. O, fir, you must: and therefore, I beseech you, Look forward on the journey you shall go.

BARN. I fwear, I will not dye to-day for any man's persuasion.

Duke. But hear you,-

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BARN. Not a word: if you have any thing to fay to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to-day.

[Exit BARNARDINE.

Duke. Unfit to live, or dye: O gravel heart! \_\_\_\_ After him, fellows; bring him to the block.

[Exeunt Clown, and ABHORSON.

Enter Provost.

Prov. Now, fir, how do you find the prisoner? Duke. A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death; And, to transport him in the mind he is, Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the prison, father,
There dy'd this morning of a cruel fever
One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate,
A man of Claudio's years; his beard, and head,
Just of his colour; What if we do omit
'This reprobate, 'till he were well inclin'd,
And satisfy the deputy with the visage
Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

Duke. O, 'tis an accident that heaven provides! Dispatch it presently; the hour draws on Prefix'd by Angelo: See, this be done, And sent according to command; whiles I Persuade this rude wretch willingly to dye.

Prov. This shall be done, good father, presently. But Barnardine must dye this afternoon:

And how shall we continue Claudio,
To save me from the danger that might come,
If he were known alive?

Duke. Let this be done,—Put them In fecret holds, both Barnardine and Claudio: Ere twice the fun hath made his journal greeting To the under generation, you shall find Your fafety manifested.

Prov. I am your free dependant. [gelo. Duke. Quick then, dispatch, and send the head to An[Exit Provost.

Now will I write letters to Angelo,—
The provost he shall bear them,—whose contents
Shall witness to him, I am near at home;
And that, by great injunctions, I am bound
To enter publickly: him I'll desire
To meet me at the consecrated fount,
A league below the city; And from thence,
By cold gradation, and weal-balanc'd form,
We shall proceed with Angelo.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Here † is the head; I'll carry it myself. Duke. Convenient is it: Make a swift return; For I would commune with you of such things, That want no ear but yours.

Prov. I'll make all speed. [Exit Provost.

Is AB. [within.] Peace, ho, be here!

Duke. The tongue of Isabell: She's come to know If yet her brother's pardon be come hither: But I will keep her ignorant of her good, To make her heavenly comforts of despair, When it is least expected.

7 To yond generation

#### Enter ISABELLA.

Is AB. Ho, by your leave. [ter.

Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious daugh-

ISAB. The better, given me by fo holy a man. Hath yet the deputy fent my brother's pardon?

Duke. He hath releaf'd him, Isabell, from the world;

His head is off, and fent to Angelo.

IsAB. Nay, but it is not fo.

Duke. It is no other:

In your close patience, daughter, shew your wisdom.

Is AB. O, I will to him, and pluck out his eyes.

Duke. You shall not be admitted to his fight. Is AB. Unhappy Claudio! Wretched Isabell!

Injurious world! Most damned Angelo!

Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot: Forbear it therefore; give your cause to heaven. Mark what I fay; which you shall surely find, By every syllable, a faithful verity:

The duke comes home to-morrow; nay, dry your eyes;

One of our convent, and his confessor,

Gives me this instance: already he hath carry'd Notice to Escalus and Angelo;

Who do prepare to meet him at the gates, [dom There to give up their power: If you can, pace your wis-In that good path that I would wish it go;

And you shall have your bosom on this wretch, Grace of the duke, revenges to your heart,

And general honour.

Is AB. I am directed by you.

Duke. This † letter then to friar Peter give; 'Tis that he fent me of the duke's return: Say, by this token, I desire his company

At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause, and yours, I'll perfect him withal; and he shall bring you Before the duke; and to the head of Angelo Accuse him home and home: For my poor self, I am combined by a sacred vow, And shall be absent. Wend you with this letter: Command these fretting waters from your eyes With a light heart; trust not my holy order, If I pervert your course. \_ Who's here?

Enter Lucio.

Luci. Good even!
Friar, where is the provost?
Duke. Not within, fir.

Luci. O pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine heart, to fee thine eyes fo red: thou must be patient: I am fain to dine and sup with water and bran; I dare not for my head fill my belly; one fruitful meal would set me to't: But, they say, the duke will be here to-morrow. By my troth, Isabell, I lov'd your brother: if the old fantastical duke of dark corners had been at home, he had lived.

[Exit ISABELLA. Dake. Sir, the duke is marvellous little beholding to your reports; but the best is, he lives not in them.

Luci. Friar, thou knowest not the duke so well as I do: he's a better woodman than thou tak'st him for.

Duke. Well, you'll answer this one day: Fare ye well.

Luci. Nay, tarry; I'll go along with thee: I can

tell thee pretty tales of the duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already, fir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.

Luci. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

Duke. Did you fuch a thing?

Luci. Yes, marry, did I: but I was fain to forfwear it; they would else have marry'd me to the rotten medlar.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honest: Rest

you well.

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Luci. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end: if bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it: Nay, friar, I am a kind of bur, I shall stick.

[Exeunt.

#### SCENE IV. A Room in Angelo's House. Enter Angelo, and Escalus.

Esca. Every letter he hath writ hath disvouch'd other.

ANGE. In most uneven and distracted manner: his actions shew much like to madness; Pray heaven, his wisdom be not tainted? And why meet him at the gates, and re-deliver our authorities there?

Esca. I guess not.

ANGE. And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his entring, that, if any crave redress of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

Esca. He shews his reason for that: to have a dispatch of complaints; and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

ANGE. Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaim'd: Betimes i'the morn, I'll call you at your house:

21 re-liver

Vol. II.

Give notice to fuch men of fort and suit As are to meet him.

Esc.A. I shall, fir: Fare you well.

Exit ESCALUS. ANGE. Good night. \_\_ This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant And dull to all proceedings. A deflower'd maid! And by an eminent body, that enforc'd The law against it! But that her tender shame Will not proclaim against her maiden loss, How might she tongue me? Yet reason dares her? no; For my authority bears a credent bulk, That no particular fcandal once can touch. But it confounds the breather. He should have liv'd, Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous fenfe, Might, in the times to come, have ta'en revenge, By so receiving a dishonour'd life, With ranfom of fuch shame. 'Would yet he had liv'd! Alack, when once our grace we have forgot, Nothing goes right; we would, and we would not.

> SCENE V. Fields without the Gate. Enter Duke, and Friar Peter.

Duke. These † letters at fit time deliver me.
The provost knows our purpose, and our plot.
The matter being asoot, keep your instruction,
And hold you ever to our special drist;
Though sometimes you do blench from this to that,
As cause doth minister. Go, call at Flavius' house,
And tell him where I stay: give the like notice
To Valentinus, Rowland, and to Crassus,
And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate;
But send me Flavius sirst.

<sup>11</sup> beares of a 28 Flavia's 30 Valencius

Friar. It shall be speeded well.

Enter VARRIUS.

[Exit.

Duke. I thank thee, Varrius; thou hast made good haste: Come, we will walk: There's other of our friends Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius. [Exeunt.

### SCENE VI. Street near the Gate. Enter ISABELLA, and MARIANA.

Is AB. To speak so indirectly, I am loth; I would say the truth; but to accuse him so, That is your part: yet I'm advis'd to do it; He says, to 'vailful purpose.

MARI. Be rul'd by him.

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Is AB. Besides, he tells me, that, if peradventure He speak against me on the adverse side, I should not think it strange; for 'tis a physick, That's bitter to sweet end.

MARI. I would, friar Peter—
ISAB. O, peace; the friar is come.

Enter Friar Peter.

Friar. Come, I have found you out a stand most sit, Where you may have such vantage on the duke, He shall not pass you: Twice have the trumpets sounded; The generous and gravest citizens Have hent the gates, and very near upon The duke is entring; therefore hence, away. [Exeunt.

### ACT V.

SCENE, The City Gate.

A State with Chairs under it: Crowds
of Citizens, Luc10, Provost, Officers, &c. attending:

MARIANA veil'd, ISABELL, and Friar Peter, at their Stand. Enter, at opposite Doors, Duke, VARRIUS; ANGELO, ESCALUS; and their Trains.

Duke. My very worthy cousin, fairly met: \_\_\_\_\_\_Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to fee you. Anc. Esc. Happy return be to your royal grace! Duke. Many and hearty thankings to you both. We have made inquiry of you; and we hear Such goodness of your justice, that our foul Cannot but yield you forth to publick thanks, Fore-running more requital.

Ange. You make my bonds still greater. [it, Duke. O, your desert speaks loud; and I should wrong To lock it in the wards of covert bosom, When it deserves, with characters of brass, A forted residence, 'gainst the tooth of time And razure of oblivion: Give me your hand, And let the subject see, to make them know That outward courtesses would fain proclaim Favours that keep within. \_ Come, Escalus; You must walk by us on our other hand; \_ And good supporters are you.

Peter, and Isabella, come forward. [him. Friar. Now is your time; speak loud, and kneel before Isab. Justice, o royal duke! vail your regard Upon a wrong'd, I would fain have said, a maid! O worthy prince, dishonour not your eye By throwing it on any other object, 'Till you have heard me in my true complaint, And given me justice, justice, justice, justice! [brief: Duke. Relate your wrongs; In what? By whom? be

<sup>18</sup> Give we your

Here is lord Angelo shall give you justice; Reveal yourself to him.

Is AB. O worthy duke, You bid me feek redemption of the devil; Hear me yourself; for that which I must speak Must either punish me, not being believ'd,

Or wring redress from you: hear me, o, hear me, here.

ANGE. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm:

She hath been a suitor to me for her brother,

Cut off by course of justice; Is AB. Course of justice!

ANGE. And she will speak most bitterly, and strange.

Is AB. Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak:
That Angelo's forsworn; Is it not strange?
That Angelo's a murtherer; Is't not strange?
That Angelo is an adulterous thief,

An hypocrite, a virgin-violater; Is it not strange, and strange?

Duke. Nay, it is ten times strange.

Is AB. It is not truer he is Angelo,

Than this is all as true as it is strange:

Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth

To the end of reckoning.

Duke. Away with her: \_ Poor foul, She speaks this in the infirmity of sense.

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Isab. O prince, I no conjure thee, as thou believ'ft. There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madness; make not impossible
That which but seems unlike: 'tis not impossible,
But one, the wicked'st caitist on the ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute,

11 By course

As Angelo; even fo may Angelo, In all his dressings, characts, titles, forms, Be an arch-villain: believe it, royal prince; If he be less, he's nothing; but he's more, Had I more name for badness.

Duke. By mine honesty,
If she be mad (as I believe no other)
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,
Such a dependancy of thing on thing,
As e'er I heard in madness.

Is AB. O gracious duke, Harp not on that; nor do not banish reason For inequality: but let your reason serve To make the truth appear, where it seems hid; And hide the false, seems true.

Duke. Many, that are not mad, Have, fure, more lack of reason. What would you fay?

Is AB. I am the fifter of one Claudio, Condemn'd upon the act of fornication To lose his head; condemn'd by Angelo: I, in probation of a fifterhood, Was fent to by my brother; one Lucio As then the messenger:

Luci. That's I, an't like your grace: I came to her from Claudio, and desir'd her To try her gracious fortune with lord Angelo, For her poor brother's pardon.

IsAB. That's he, indeed.

Duke. You were not bid to speak.

Luci. No, my good lord; Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

Duke. I wish you now then;

Pray you, take note of it:

And, when you have a business for yourself, Pray heaven, you then be perfect.

Luci. I warrant your honour.

Duke. The warrant's for yourfelf; take heed to it.

Is AB. This gentleman told somewhat of my tale: Luci. Right.

Duke. It may be right; but you are in the wrong To speak before your time. \_ Proceed.

ISAB. I went

To this pernicious caitiff deputy:

Duke. That's somewhat madly spoken.

Is AB. Pardon it;

The phrase is to the matter.

Duke. Mended again: \_ Proceed.

Is AB. In brief,—to fet the needless process by, How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd, How he refell'd me, and how I reply'd, (For this was of much length)—the vile conclusion I now begin with grief and shame to utter: He would not, but by gift of my chast body To his concupiscible intemperate lust, Release my brother; and, after much debatement, My sisterly remorse consutes mine honour, And I did yield to him: but the next morn betimes, His purpose forseiting, he sends a warrant For my poor brother's head.

Duke. This is most likely.

Is AB. O, that it were as like as it is true! [thou speak'st; Duke. By heaven, fond wretch, thou know'st not what Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour, In hateful practice: First, his integrity

<sup>15</sup> againe : the matter : proceed 26 furfetting

Stands without blemish: next, it imports no reason, That with fuch vehemency he should pursue Faults proper to himself: if he had so offended, He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself, And not have cut him off: Some one hath fet you on; Confess the truth, and say by whose advice Thou cam'ft here to complain.

ISAB. And is this all? Then, o you bleffed ministers above, Keep me in patience; and, with ripen'd time, Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up In countenance! \_ Heaven shield your grace from woe,

As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbelieved go!

Duke. I know, you'd fain be gone: \_ An officer! To prison with her: \_ Shall we thus permit A blafting and a fcandalous name to fall On him fo near us? This needs must be a practice: Who knew of your intent, and coming hither?

Is AB. One that I would were here, friar Lodowick. Duke. A ghostly father, belike: \_ Who knows that Lodo-Luci. My lord, I know him; 'tis a medling friar; wich? I do not like the man: had he been lay, my lord, For certain words he spake against your grace

In your retirement, I had fwing'd him foundly. Duke. Words against me? this' a good friar, belike!

And to fet on this wretched woman here

Against our substitute! \_ Let this friar be found. Luci. But yesternight, my lord, she and that friar

I saw them at the prison: a sawcy friar,

A very fcurvy fellow.

Friar. Blest'd be your royal grace! I have flood by, my lord, and I have heard Your royal ear abus'd: First, hath this woman
Most wrongfully accus'd your substitute;
Who is as free from touch or soil with her,
As she from one ungot.

Duke. We did believe no less.

Know you that friar Lodowick, which she speaks of? Friar. I know him for a man divine and holy; Not scurvy, nor a temporary medler, As he's reported by this gentleman; And, on my trust, a man that never yet Did, as he vouches, misreport your grace.

Luci. My lord, most villanously; believe it.

Friar. Well, he in time may come to clear himself;
But at this instant he is sick, my lord,
Of a strange sever: upon his meer request,
(Being come to knowledge that there was complaint
Intended 'gainst lord Angelo) came I hither,
To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true, and salse; and what he with his oath,
And all probation, will make up full clear,
Whensoever he's convented. First, for this woman,
(To justify this worthy nobleman,
So vulgarly and personally accus'd)
Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,

Duke. Good friar, let's hear it. \_

'Till she herself confess it.

Officers bear off ISABELLA; and MARIANA comes forward.

Do you not smile at this, lord Angelo? — O heaven, the vanity of wretched fools! — Give us some seats. — Come, cousin Angelo; In this I will be partial; be you judge

32 I'll be impartiall

Of your own cause. \_ Is this the witness, friar? First, let her shew her face; and, after, speak.

MARI. Pardon, my lord; I will not shew my face,

Until my husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you marry'd?

MARI. No, my lord.

Duke. Are you a maid? MARI. No, my lord.

Duke. Widow then?

MARI. Neither, my lord.

Duke. What, are you nothing then? Neither maid, widow, nor wife?

Luci. My lord, she may be a punk; for many of them Are neither maid, widow, nor wife. [cause

Duke. Silence that fellow: \_ I would he had some To prattle for himself.

Luci. Well, my lord.

MARI. My lord, I do confess, I ne'er was marry'd; And I confess, besides, I am no maid:

I have known my husband; yet my husband knows not That ever he knew me.

Luci. He was drunk then, my lord; it can be no better.

Duke. For the benefit of filence, 'would thou wert fo too.

Luci. Well, my lord.

Duke. This is no witness for lord Angelo.

MARI. Now I come to't, my lord: She, that accuses him of fornication, In felf-fame manner doth accuse my husband; And charges him, my lord, with fuch a time, When I'll depose I had him in mine arms,

9 A widow

With all the effect of love.

ANGE. Charges she more than me?

MARI. Not that I know of.

Duke. No? you fay, your husband.

MARI. Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo; Who thinks, he knows that he ne'er knew my body, But knows, he thinks, that he knows Isabell's.

ANGE. This is a strange abuse: \_ Let's see thy face.

MARI. My husband bids me; now I will unmask. \_

This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,

Which, once thou fwor'ft, was worth the looking on: This is the hand, which, with a vow'd contract,

Was fast belock'd in thine: this is the body That took away the match from *Isabell*,

And did supply thee at thy garden-house In her imagin'd person.

Duke. Know you this woman?

Luci. Carnally, she says. Duke. Sirrah, no more.

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Luci. Enough, my lord.

And, five years fince, there was fome speech of marriage Betwixt myself and her: which was broke off, Partly, for that her promised proportions Came short of composition; but, in chief, For that her reputation was disvalu'd In levity: since which time, of sive years, I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her, Upon my faith and honour.

MARI. Noble prince, [breath, As there comes light from heaven, and words from As there is fense in truth, and truth in virtue,

I am affianc'd this man's wife, as strongly
As words could make up vows: and, my good lord,
But tuesday night last gone, in his garden-house,
He knew me as a wife: As this is true,
Let me in safety raise me from my knees;
Or else for ever be confixed here,
A marble monument!

ANGE. I did but smile till now;
Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice,
My patience here is touch'd: I do perceive,
These poor informal women are no more
But instruments of some more mightier member,
That sets them on: Let me have way, my lord,
To find this practice out.

Duke. Ay, with my heart; And punish them even to your

And punish them even to your height of pleasure. —
Thou soolish friar; and thou pernicious woman,
Compact with her that's gone! think'st thou, thy oaths,
Though they would swear down each particular faint,
Were testimonies against his worth and credit
That's seal'd in approbation? — You, lord Escalus,
Sit with my cousin; lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuse, whence 'tis deriv'd. —
There is another friar, that set them on;
Let him be sent for.

Friar. 'Would he were here, my lord; for he, indeed, Hath fet the women on to this complaint: Your provost knows the place where he abides, And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go, do it instantly. \_\_ [Exit Provost. And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin, Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,

Do with your injuries as feems you best, In any chastisement: I for a while Will leave you; but stir not you, 'till you have well Determined upon these slanderers.

Esc. A. My lord, we'll do it throughly. [Exit Duke. Escalus, and Angelo, seat themselves. Signior Lucio, did not you say, you knew that friar Lo-

dowick to be a dishonest person.

Luci. Cucullus non facit monachum: honest in nothing, but in his cloths; and one that hath spoke most vil-

lanous speeches of the duke.

Esca. We shall intreat you to abide here 'till he come, and inforce them against him: \_ We shall find this friar a notable fellow.

Luci. As any in Vienna, on my word.

Esca. Call that same Isabell here once again; [to an Attendant.] I would speak with her: \_Pray you, my lord, give me leave to question; you shall see how I'll handle her.

Luci. Not better than he, by her own report.

Esca. Say you?

Luci. Marry, fir, I think, if you handl'd her privately, she would fooner confess; perchance, publickly she'll be asham'd.

Re-enter Officers, with Isabella; and Provost, with the Duke in his Friar's Habit.

Esca. I will go darkly to work with her.

Luci. That's the way; for women are light at midnight.

Esca. Come on, mistress; [to Isab.] here's a gentle-woman denies all that you have said.

Luci. My lord, here comes the rascal, I spoke of;

here with the provost.

Esc.A. In very good time: speak not you to him, 'till we call upon you.

Luci. Mum.

Esca. Come, fir; Did you fet these women on to flander lord Angelo? they have confess'd you did.

Duke. 'Tis false.

Esca. How! know you where you are?

Duke. Respect to your great place! and let the devil Be sometime honour'd for his burning throne: \_\_ Where is the duke? 'tis he should hear me speak.

Esca. The duke's in us; and we will hear you speak;

Look you fpeak justly.

Duke. Boldly, at least: \_ But, o, poor fouls, Come you to feek the lamb here of the fox? Good night to your redrefs: Is the duke gone? Then is your cause gone too. The duke's unjust, Thus to retort your manifest appeal; And put your trial in the villain's mouth, Which here you come to accuse.

Luci. This is the rascal; this is he, I spoke of.

Esca. Why, thou unreverend, and unhallow'd friar!

Is't not enough, thou hast suborn'd these women

To accuse this worthy man; but, in foul mouth,

And in the witness of his proper ear,

To call him villain?

And then to glance from him to the duke himself; To tax him with injustice? \_\_ Take him hence; To the rack with him: \_\_We'll towze you joint by joint, But we will know this purpose: What, unjust?

Duke. Be not so hot; the duke
Dare no more stretch this singer of mine, than he

30 know his purpose

Dare rack his own; his subject am I not,
Nor here provincial: My business in this state
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna;
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble,
'Till it o'er-run the stew: laws for all faults;
But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong statutes
Stand like the forseits in a barber's shop,
As much in mock as mark.

Esca. Slander to the state:\_

Away with him to prison.

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vil

k:

ANGE. What can you vouch against him, signior Lucio? Is this the man that you did tell us of?

Luci. 'Tis he, my lord. \_ Come hither, goodman

bald-pate; Do you know me?

Duke. I remember you, fir, by the found of your voice; I met you at the prison, in the absence of the duke.

Luci. O, did you so? And do you remember what you said of the duke?

Duke. Most notedly, fir.

Luci. Do you so, sir? And was the duke a sleshmonger, a sool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

Duke. You must, fir, change persons with me, ere you make that my report: you, indeed, spoke so of him; and much more, much worse.

Luci. O thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck

thee by the nose, for thy speeches?

Duke. I protest, I love the duke, as I love myself.

ANGE. Hark how the villain would close now, after his treasonable abuses.

Esca. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withal:

Away with him to prison; \_ Where is the provost? \_ Away with him to prison; lay bolts enough upon him: let him speak no more: Away with those giglots too, and with the other confederate companion.

Duke. Stay, fir; stay a while. [10 the Provost.

ANGE. What, resists he? \_ Help him, Lucio.

Luci. Come, fir; come, fir; come, fir: foh, fir: Why, you bald - pated, lying rascal! you must be hooded, must you? show your knave's visage, with a pox to you! show your sheep-biting face, and be hang'd an hour! Will't not off?

[pulls the Hood off, and discovers him. Duke. Thou art the first knave, that e'er made a First, provost, let me bail these gentle three: \_ [duke.\_ Sneak not away, fir; [to Luci.] for the friar, and you, Must have a word anon: \_ lay hold on him.

Luci. This may prove worse than hanging. [down, Duke. What you have spoke, [to Esca.] I pardon; sit you We'll borrow place of him; \_ Sir, by your leave.

[thrusts Angelo from his Chair, and seats himself in it. Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence, 'That yet can do thee office? if thou hast, Rely upon it, 'till my tale be heard, And hold no longer out.

ANGE. O my dread lord,
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,
To think I can be undiscernable,
When I perceive, your grace, like power divine,
Hath look'd upon my passes: Then, good prince,
No longer session hold upon my shame,
But let my trial be mine own confession;
Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,

<sup>13</sup> mad'ft a

Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, Mariana:

Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?

ANGE. I was, my lord.

Duke. Go, take her hence, and marry her instantly. Do you the office, friar; which consummate, Return him here again: \_ Go with him, provost.

[Exeunt Provost, Friar, ANGELO, and MARIANA. Esca. My lord, I am more amaz'd at his dishonour,

Than at the strangeness of —

Duke. Come hither, Isabell:

Your friar is now your prince; As I was then Advertising, and holy to your business, Not changing heart with habit, I am still Attorney'd at your service.

Is AB. O, give me pardon,
That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd

Your unknown fovereignty.

Duke. You are pardon'd, Isabell:
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.
Your brother's death, I know, fits at your heart;
And you may marvel, why I obscur'd myself,
Labouring to save his life, and would not rather
Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power,
Than let him so be lost: o most kind maid,
It was the quick celerity of his death,
Which I did think with slower foot came on,
That brain'd my purpose: But, peace be with him!
That life is better life, past fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear: make it your comfort,
So happy is your brother.

Re-enter Provost, Friar, Angelo, and Mariana.

Isab. I do, my lord. Duke. For this new-marry'd man, approaching here, Whose falt imagination yet hath wrong'd Your well-defended honour, you must pardon For Mariana's fake: But as he adjudg'd your brother, (Being criminal, in double violation Of facred chaftity; and in promise breach, Thereon dependant for your brother's life) The very mercy of the law cries out Most audible, even from his proper tongue, An Angelo for Claudio, death for death: Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure; Like doth quit like, and Measure still for Measure. Then, Angelo, thy fault's thus manifested; Which though thou would'ft deny, denies thee vantage: We do condemn thee to the very block Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like haste; \_ Away with him.

MARI. O my most gracious lord,

I hope, you will not mock me with a husband!

Duke. It is your husband mock'd you with a husband:

Confenting to the fafe-guard of your honour,

I thought your marriage fit; else imputation,

For that he knew you, might reproach your life,

And choak your good to come: for his possessions,

Although by confiscation they are ours,

We do enstate and widow you withal,

To buy you a better husband.

MARI. O my dear lord, / I crave no other, nor no better man.

Duke. Never crave him; we are definitive.

MARI. Gentle my liege — [kneels to bim.

7 and of promise

Duke. You do but lose your labour;

Away with him to death. \_ Now, fir, [to Luci.] to you.

MARI. O my good lord! \_ Sweet Isabell, take my part;

Lend me your knees, and all my life to come

I'll lend you, all my life to do you fervice.

Duke. Against all sense you do importune her; Should she kneel down, in mercy of this fact, Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break, And take her hence in horror.

MARI. Isabell.

Sweet Isabell, do yet but kneel by me;
Hold up your hands, fay nothing, I'll speak all.
They say, best men are molded out of faults;
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad: so may my husband.
O, Isabell! will you not lend a knee?

Duke. He dies for Claudio's death.

Is AB. Most bounteous sir, [kneels. Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd, As if my brother liv'd: I partly think, A due sincerity govern'd his deeds, 'Till he did look on me; since it is so, Let him not dye: My brother had but justice, In that he did the thing for which he dy'd: For Angelo, His act did not o'er-take his bad intent;

And must be bury'd but as an intent, That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no subjects; Intents, but meerly thoughts.

MARI. Meerly, my lord.

Duke. Your suit's unprofitable; stand up, I say. \_\_ I have bethought me of another fault: \_\_

Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded At an unusual hour?

Prov. It was commanded fo.

Duke. Had you a special warrant for the deed?

Prov. No, my good lord; it was by private message.

Duke. For which I do discharge you of your office:

Give up your keys.

Prov. Pardon me, noble lord:
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not;
Yet did repent me, after more advice:
For testimony whereof, one in the prison,
That should by private order else have dy'd,
I have reserv'd alive.

Duke. What's he?

Prov. His name is Barnardine.

Duke. I wish thou had'st done so by Claudio. Go, fetch him hither; let me look upon him.

[Exit Provost.

Esca. I am forry, one so learned and so wise As you, lord Angelo, have still appear'd, Should slip so grossy, both in the heat of blood And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.

And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart, That I crave death more willingly than mercy; 'Tis my deserving, and I do intreat it.

Re-enter Provost, with BARNARDINE; CLAUDIO behind, and JULIETTA, both muffl'd up.

Duke. Which is that Barnardine?

Prov. This, my good Lord.

Duke. There was a friar told me of this man: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_ Sirrah, thou art faid to have a stubborn foul,

That apprehends no further than this world,
And squar'st thy life according: Thou'rt condemn'd:
But, for those earthly faults, I quit them all;
And pray thee take this mercy to provide
For better times to come: \_\_ Friar, advise him;
I leave him to your hand. \_\_ What muffl'd fellow's that?
Prov. This is another prisoner, that I sav'd,

Who should have dy'd when Claudio lost his head;

As like almost to Claudio, as himself.

[unmuffles, and discovers bim. Duke. If he be like your brother, [to Isab.] for his fake Is he too pardon'd; And, for your lovely fake, Give me your hand, and fay you will be mine, He is my brother too: But fitter time for that. By this, lord Angelo perceives he's fafe; Methinks, I fee a quick'ning in his eye: \_\_\_ Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well: Look that you love your wife; her worth worth yours.\_\_ I find an apt remission in myself: And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon; \_\_ You, firrah, [to Luci.] that knew me for a fool, a coward, One all of luxury, an ass, a madman; Wherein have I deserved so of you, That you extol me thus?

Lucr. Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according to the trick: if you will hang me for it, you may; but I had rather it would please you I might be

whip'd.

Duke. Whip'd first, fir, and hang'd after. — Proclaim it, provost, round about the city; If any woman, wrong'd by this lewd fellow, (As I have heard him swear himself, there's one Whom he begot with child) let her appear, And he shall marry her: the nuptial finish'd,

Let him be whip'd, and hang'd.

Luci. I befeech your highness, do not marry me to a whore! your highness said even now, I made you a duke; good my lord, do not recompence me, in making me a cuckold!

Duke. Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her. Thy slanders I forgive; and therewithal Remit thy other forseits: \_ Take him to prison,

And fee our pleasure herein executed.

Luci. Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to death,

Whiping, and hanging.

Duke. Sland'ring a prince deserves it. \_\_ var at all She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you restore. Joy to you, Mariana! \_\_love her, Angelo; I have confess'd her, and I know her virtue. Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness: There's more behind, that is more gratulate. Thanks, provost, for thy care, and secrecy; We shall imploy thee in a worthier place: Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home The head of Ragozine for Claudio's; The offence pardons itself. \_ Dear Isabell, I have a motion much imports your good; Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline, What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine: So bring us to our palace; where we'll show What's yet behind, that's meet you all should know. Exeunt.

Solinus, Dass of Epholics Egeon, an old Steedens of system Antiphilas Syraculaus, J. Janes, and Suns a COMEDY Angelo, a Galdhaid Balchandr, a John cham. Officer, Service to to ERRORS.

Deven other Office Course, Garrier Mc.

Sept. Roberts.

Luciana, ker Siller:

Adriana, Wife to Analohilus Epherian :

## Persons represented.

Solinus, Duke of Ephesus.
Egeon, an old Merchant of Syracuse.
Antiphilus Syracusan, Twins, and Sons to Antiphilus Ephesian, Egeon and Emilia.
Dromio Syracusan, Twins likewise, and Atten-Dromio Ephesian, dants upon the Brothers.
Doctor Pinch, a Conjurer.
Angelo, a Goldsmith.
Balthazar, a Merchant.
two other Merchants, Jailer,
Officer, Servant to Adriana.

Emilia, Wife to Egeon, living an Abbess in Ephesus. Adriana, Wife to Antiphilus Ephesian: Luciana, her Sister: Luce, her Maid.

Divers other Officers, Citizens, Guards, &c.

Scene, Ephesus.

Comen of British

# enter find only to in bluter, created by The COMEDY of ERRORS.

condicion di to die.

# ACT I.

SCENE I. Ephefus. A publick Place. Enter Duke, attended; EGEON, Failer, Officers, &c.

EGE. Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall; And, by the doom of death, end woes and all. Duke. Merchant of Syracusa, plead no more; I am not partial, to infringe our laws: The enmity and discord, which of late Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke To merchants our well-dealing countrymen,-Who, wanting gilders to redeem their lives, Have feal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods,-Excludes all pity from our threat'ning looks. For, fince the mortal and intestine jars "Twixt thy feditious countrymen and us, It hath in folemn fynods been decreed, Both by the Syracusans and ourselves, To admit no traffick to our adverse towns: Nay, more, If any, born at Epbesus,

Be seen at Syracusan marts and fairs, Again, if any, Syracusan born, Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies, His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose; Unless a thousand marks be levied, To quit the penalty, and to ransom him: Thy substance, valu'd at the highest rate, Cannot amount unto a hundred marks; Therefore, by law thou art condemn'd to dye.

EGE. Yet this my comfort, when your words are done,

My woes end likewise with the evening fun.

Duke. Well, Syracusan, say, in brief, the cause Why thou departed it from thy native home; And for what cause thou cam'st to Epbesus.

EGE. A heavier talk could not have been impos'd, Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable: Yet, that the world may witness, that my end Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence, I'll utter what my forrow gives me leave. In Syracusa was I born; and wed Unto a woman, happy but for me, And by me too, had not our hap been bad. With her I liv'd in joy; our wealth increaf'd By prosperous voyages I often made To Epidamnum, 'till my factor's death; And he great store of goods at random leaving Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse: From whom my absence was not fix months old, Before herself (almost at fainting, under The pleasing punishment that women bear) Had made provision for her following me, And foon, and fafe, arrived where I was.

at any Sira- 26 randone

There had she not been long, but she became A joyful mother of two goodly fons; And, which was strange, the one so like the other, As could not be diffinguish'd but by names. That very hour, and in the felf-fame inn, A poor mean woman was delivered Of fuch a burthen, male twins, both alike: Those, for their parents were exceeding poor, I bought, and brought up to attend my fons. My wife, not meanly proud of two fuch boys, Made daily motions for our home-return: Unwilling I agreed; alas, too foon. We came aboard: A league from Epidamnum had we fail'd, Before the always-wind-obeying deep Gave any tragick instance of our harm: But longer did we not retain much hope; For what obscured light the heavens did grant Did but convey unto our fearful minds A doubtful warrant of immediate death; Which though myself would gladly have embrac'd, Yet the incessant weepings of my wife, Weeping before for what she saw must come, And piteous plainings of the pretty babes, That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear, Forc'd me to feek delays for them and me. And this it was, for other means was none.

The failors fought for fafety by our boat,

My wife, more careful for the latter born, Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,

And left the ship, then finking-ripe, to us:

Such as fea-faring men provide for storms;

To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other:
The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fixt,
Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast;
Which floating straight, obedient to the stream,
Was carry'd towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
Dispers'd those vapours that offended us;
And, by the benefit of his wish'd light,
The seas waxt calm, and we discovered
Two ships from far making amain to us,
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this:
But ere they came,—O, let me say no more;
Gather the sequel by that went before.

Duke. Nay, forward, old man, do not break off fo;

For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

EGE. Q, had the gods done so, I had not now Worthily term'd them merciless to us!

For, ere the ships could meet by twice sive leagues, We were encounter'd by a mighty rock;

Which being violently born upon,

Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst,

So that, in this unjust divorce of us,

Fortune had left to both of us alike

What to delight in, what to sorrow for.

Her part, poor soul, seeming as burdened

With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,

Was carry'd with more speed before the wind;

And in our sight they three were taken up

By sishermen of Corinth, as we thought.

At length, another ship had seiz'd on us;

6 And floating 22 borne up upon

And, knowing whom it was their hap to fave,
Gave helpful welcome to their shipwreckt guests;
And would have reft the sishers of their prey,
Had not their bark been very slow of fail,
And therefore homeward did they bind their course.
Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss;
That by missortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell sad stories of mine own mishaps.

Duke. And, for the fake of them thou forrow'ft for,

Do me the favour to dilate at full

What hath befall'n of them, and thee, till now. EGE. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,

At eighteen years became inquisitive
After his brother; and importun'd me,
That his attendant (for his case was like,
Rest of his brother, but retain'd his name)
Might bear him company in the quest of him:
Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see,
I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.
Five summers have I spent in farthest Greece,
Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,
And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus;
Hopeless to find, yet loth to leave unsought
Or that, or any place that harbours men.
But here must end the story of my life;
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live.

Duke. Hapless Egeon, whom the fates have mark'd To bear the extremity of dire mishap!

Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,

Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,

Which princes, would they, may not disannul,

My foul should sue as advocate for thee.
But, though thou art adjudged to the death,
And passed sentence may not be recall'd
But to our honour's great disparagement,
Yet will I savour thee in what I can:
I'll therefore, merchant, limit thee this day
To seek thy help by beneficial help:
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesius;
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
And live; if not, then thou art doom'd to dye:

50, jailer, take him to thy custody.

Jai. I will, my lord.

EGE. Hopeless, and helpless, doth Egeon wend, But to procrastinate his lifeless end. [Exeunt.

### SCENE II. The Same.

Enter Antiphilus Syracufan, Dromio Syracufan, and a Merchant.

Mer. Therefore give out, you are of Epidamnum, Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate. This very day, a Syracusan merchant Is apprehended for arrival here; And, not being able to buy out his life, According to the statute of the town, Dies ere the weary sun set in the west. There is # your money, that I had to keep.

A. S. Go, bear it to the centaur, where we host; And stay there, Dromio, 'till I come to thee. Within this hour it will be dinner time: 'Till that, I'll view the manners of the town, Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings, And then return and sleep within mine inn;

6 Therefore Marchant, Ile 10 if no,

For with long travel I am stiff and weary. Get thee away.

D. S. Many a man would take you at your word, And go indeed, having so good a means.

Exit DROMIO.

A. S. A trufty villain, fir; that very oft, When I am dull with care and melancholy, Lightens my humour with his merry jests. What, will you walk with me about the town, And then go to my inn, and dine with me?

Mer. I am invited, fir, to certain merchants, Of whom I hope to make much benefit, I crave your pardon: foon at five o'clock, Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart, And afterward confort you 'till bed-time; My present business calls me from you now.

A. S. Farewel 'till then: I will go lose myfelf, And wander up and down to view the city.

Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content.

[Exit Merchant.

A. S. He that commends me to mine own content, Commends me to the thing I cannot get. I to the world am like a drop of water, That in the ocean feeks another drop; Who, falling there to find his fellow forth, Unfeen, inquisitive, confounds himfelf: So I, to find a mother, and a brother, In queft of them, unhappy, lose myfelf.

Enter DROMIO Ephesian.

Here comes the almanack of my true date. —

What now? How chance, thou art return'd fo foon?

D. E. Return'd fo foon? rather approach'd too late:

The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit;
The clock hath strucken twelve upon the bell,
My mistress made it one upon my cheek:
She is so hot, because the meat is cold;
The meat is cold, because you come not home;
You come not home, because you have no stomack;
You have no stomack, having broke your fast;
But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
Are penitent for your default to-day.

A. S. Stop in your wind, fir: tell me this, I pray, Where have you left the money that I gave you?

D. E. O, fixpence, that I had o'we'nsday last, To pay the sadler for my mistress' crupper; — The sadler had it, sir, I kept it not.

A. S. I am not in a fportive humour now; Tell me, and dally not, where is the money? We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust So great a charge from thine own custody?

D. E. I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner:
I from my mistress come to you in post;
If I return, I shall be post indeed,
For she will score your fault upon my pate.
Methinks, your maw, like mine, should be your clock,
And strike you home without a messenger.

A. S. Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out of season, Reserve them 'till a merrier hour than this: Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

D. E. To me, fir? why, you gave no gold to me.

A. S. Come on, fir knave, have done your foolishness,
And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.

D. E. My charge was but to bring you from the mart Home to your house, the phænix, sir, to dinner;

23 your cooke

My mistress, and her sister, stays for you.

A. S. Now, as I am a christian, answer me
In what safe place you have dispos'd my money;
Or I shall break that merry sconce of yours,
That stands on tricks when I am undispos'd:
Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me?

D. E. I have some marks of yours upon my pate, Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders, But not a thousand marks between you both: If I should pay your worship those again, Perchance, you will not bear them patiently. [th

A. S. Thy mistress' marks! what mistress, slave, hast D. E. Your worship's wife, my mistress at the phænix; She that doth fast, 'till you come home to dinner, And prays, that you will hye you home to dinner.

A. S. What, will you flout me thus unto my face, Being forbid? There, take you † that, fir knave.

D. E. What mean you, fir? for god's fake, hold your Nay, an you will not, fir, I'll take my heels. [hands: [Exit Dromio.

A. S. Upon my life, by fome device, or other, The villain is o'er-raught of all my money. They fay, this town is full of cozenage; As nimble juglers that deceive the eye, Dark-working forcerers that change the mind, Soul-killing witches that deform the body, Difguised cheaters, prating mountebanks, And many fuch like liberties of fin: If it prove fo, I will be gone the fooner. I'll to the centaur, to go feek this flave; I greatly fear, my money is not fafe.

[Exit.

## ACT II. SCENE I. The same. Enter ADRIANA, and LUCIANA.

ADR. Neither my husband, nor the flave return'd, That in fuch haste I fent to seek his master!

Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.

Luc. Perhaps, some merchant hath invited him, And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner. Good sister, let us dine, and never fret:

A man is master of his liberty:

Time is their master; and, when they see time, They'll go, or come: if so, be patient, sister.

ADR. Why should their liberty than ours be more? Luc. Because their business still lies out o'door. ADR. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill. Luc. O, know, he is the bridle of your will. ADR. There's none but asses will be bridl'd so.

Luc. Why, head-strong liberty is lash'd with woe. There's nothing, situate under heaven's eye, But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky: The beasts, the sishes, and the winged fowls, Are their males' subject, and at their controuls; Men, more divine, the masters of all these, Lords of the wide world, and wild watry seas, Indu'd with intellectual sense and soul, Of more pre-eminence than sish and fowl, Are masters to their semales, and their lords: Then let your will attend on their accords.

Adr. This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

26 Man - - Mafter 27 Lord

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage bed.

ADR. But, were you wedded, you would bear some sway.

Luc. Ere I learn love, I'll practife to obey.

ADR. How if your husband start some otherwhere? Luc. 'Till he come home again, I would forbear.

ADR. Patience, unmov'd, no marvel though she pause; They can be meek, that have no other cause. A wretched foul, bruis'd with adverfity, We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry;

But were we burden'd with like weight of pain, As much, or more, we should ourselves complain: So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee, With urging helpless patience would'a relieve me; But, if thou live to fee like right bereft,

This fool-beg'd patience in thee will be left.

Luc. Well, I will marry one day, but to try: Here comes your man, now is your husband nigh. Enter DROMIO Ephesian.

ADR. Say, is your tardy master yet at hand? D. E. at hand: nay, he is at two hands with me, That my two ears can witness. mind?

ADR. Say, didft thou speak with him? know'st thou his

D. E. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear: Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

Luc. Spake he fo doubtfully, thou couldst not feel

His meaning?

D. E. Nay, he strook so plainly, I Could too well feel his blows; and therewithal So doubtfully, I could scarce understand them.

ADR. But fay, I pr'ythee, is he coming home? It feems, he hath great care to please his wife.

D. E. Why, mistress, sure, my master is horn-mad.

ADR. Horn-mad, thou villain?

D. E. I mean not, cuckold-mad;
But, sure, he is stark mad.

When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,
He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold:

'Tis dinner-time, quoth I; My gold, quoth he:

Your meat doth burn, quoth I; My gold, quoth he:
Will you come home, quoth I? My gold, quoth he;
Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?

The pig, quoth I, is burn'd; My gold, quoth he:
My mistress, sir,—quoth I; Hang up thy mistress;
I know not of thy mistress; out on thy mistress,

Puoth be!

Luc. Quoth who?

D. E. Thy, quoth my master:

I know, quoth he, no house, no wife, no mistres; So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders;
For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

ADR. Go back again, thou flave, and fetch him home. D. E. Go back again, and be new beaten home:

For god's fake, fend fome other messenger.

ADR. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across. D. E. And he will bless that cross with other beating: Between you I shall have a holy head.

ADR. Hence, prating peasant, fetch thy master home.

D. E. Am I fo round with you, as you with me, That like a foot-ball you do fourn me thus? You fourn me hence, and he will fourn me hither; If I last in this service, you must case me in leather.

[Exit Drom10.

Luc. Fie, how impatience loureth in your face!

ADR. His company must do his minions grace, Whilst I at home starve for a merry look. Hath homely age the alluring beauty took From my poor cheek? then, he hath wasted it: Are my discourses dull, barren my wit? If voluble and sharp discourse be mar'd, Unkindness blunts it, more than marble-hard: Do their gay vestments his affections bait? That's not my fault, he's master of my state: What ruins are in me, that can be found By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground Of my deseatures: My decayed fair A sunny look of his would soon repair: But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale, And seeds from home; poor I am but his stale.

Luc. Self-harming jealoufy! fie, beat it hence.

ADR. Unfeeling fools can with fuch wrongs dispence:
I know his eye doth homage otherwhere;
Or else, what lets it but he would be here?
Sister, you know, he promis'd me a chain;
Would that alone alone he would detain,
So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!

I see, the jewel, best enameled,
Will lose his beauty; and though gold bides still,
That others touch, yet often touching will
Wear gold: and e'en so, man, that hath a name,
By falshood and corruption doth it shame.
Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
I'll weep what's lest away, and weeping dye.

Luc. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy!

SCENE II. The Same.

24 v. Note.

Enter Antiphilus Syracufan.

A. S. The gold, I gave to Dromio, is lay'd up Safe at the centaur; and the heedful flave Is wander'd forth, in care to feek me out. By computation, and mine host's report, I could not speak with Dromio, since at first I fent him from the mart: See, here he comes.

Enter DROMIO Syracusan.

How now, fir? is your merry humour alter'd? As you love strokes, so jest with me again.

You know no centaur you receiv'd no gold. Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner. My house was at the phænix. Wast thou mad, That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

D. S. What answer, fir? when spake I such a word? A. S. Ev'n now, ev'n here, not half an hour since.

D. S. I did not fee you fince you fent me hence, Home to the centaur, with the gold you gave me.

A. S. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt, And told'st me of a mistress, and a dinner; For which, I hope, hou selt'st I was displeas'd.

D. S. I am glad to see you in this merry vein: What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.

A. S. Yea, dost thou jeer, and flout me in the teeth? Think'st thou, I jest? Hold, take thou that, and that. [beating him.

D. S. Hold, fir, for god's fake: now your jest is earnest:

Upon what bargain do you give it me?

A. S. Because that I familiarly fometimes Do use you for my fool, and chat with you, Your fauciness will jest upon my love, And make a common of my serious hours. When the fun shines, let foolish gnats make sport; But creep in crannies, when he hides his beams. If you will jest with me, know my aspect, And fashion your demeanour to my looks, Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

D. S. Sconce, call you it? fo you would leave battering, I had rather have it a head: an you use these blows long, I must get a sconce for my head, and insconce it too, or I shall seek my wit in my shoulders. But, I pray, fir, why am I beaten?

A. S. Doft thou not know?

D. S. Nothing, fir; but that I am beaten.

A. S. Shall I tell you why?

D. S. Ay, fir, and wherefore; for, they fay, Every why hath a wherefore. [fore,—

A. S. First, why,— for flouting me: and then, where-For urging it the second time to me.

D. S. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of

When, in the why, and the wherefore, is neither rhime nor reason. \_\_

Well, fir, I thank you.

A. S. Thank me, fir? for what?

D. S. Marry, fir, for this fomething that you gave me for nothing.

A. S. I'll make you amends next, to give you nothing for fomething. But fay, fir, is it dinner-time?

D. S. No, fir; I think, the meat wants that I have.

A. S. In good time, fir, what's that?

D. S. Basting.

A. S. Well, fir, then 'twill be dry.

D. S. If it be, fir, I pray you, eat none of it.

16 Why first

A. S. Your reason?

D. S. Lest it make you cholerick, and purchase me another dry basting.

A. S. Well, fir, learn to jest in good time; There's

a time for all things.

D. S. I durst have deny'd that, before you were so cholerick.

A. S. By what rule, fir?

D. S. Marry, fir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father time himself.

A. S. Let's hear it.

D. S. There's no time for a man to recover his hair, that grows bald by nature.

A. S. May he not do it by fine and recovery?

D. S. Yes, to pay a fine for a periwig, and recover the lost hair of another man.

A. S. Why is time such a niggard of hair to men,

being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

D. S. Because it is a bleffing that he bestows on beasts: And what he hath scanted them in hair, he hath given them in wit.

A. S. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair

than wit.

D. S. Not a man of those, but he hath the wit to lose his hair.

A. S. Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plaindealers without wit.

D. S. The plainer-dealer, the fooner lost: Yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

A. S. For what reason?

D. S. For two; and found ones too.

A. S. Nay, not found, I pray you.

D. S. Sure ones then.

A. S. Nay, not fure, in a thing falfing.

D. S. Certain ones then.

A. S. Name them.

D. S. The one, to fave the money that he spends in tyring; the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.

A. S. You would all this time have prov'd, there is

no time for all things.

D. S. Marry, and did, fir; namely, no time to re-

cover hair loft by nature.

A. S. But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.

D. S. Thus I mend it; Time himself is bald; and, therefore, to the world's end, will have bald followers.

A. S. I knew, 'twould be a bald conclusion: —

But, foft! who wasts us yonder?

Enter ADRIANA, and LUCIANA.

ADR. Ay, ay, Antiphilus, look strange, and frown; Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects, I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.

The time was once, when thou unurg'd would'st vow, That never words were musick to thine ear, That never object pleasing in thine eye, That never touch well-welcome to thy hand, That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste, Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd to thee. How comes it now, my husband, o, how comes it, That thou art then estranged from thy self? Thy self I call it, being strange to me; That, undividable, incorporate, Am better than thy dear self's better part.

6 trying

Ah, do not tear away thy felf from me: For know, my love, as easy may'ft thou fall A drop of water in the breaking gulph, And take unmingl'd thence that drop again, Without addition, or diminishing, As take from me thy felf, and not me too. How dearly would it touch thee to the quick, Should'st thou but hear, I were licentious? And that this body, confecrate to thee, By ruffian luft should be contaminate? Would'ft thou not spit at me, and spurn at me, And hurl the name of husband in my face, And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot brow, And from my false hand cut the wedding ring, And break it with a deep-divorcing yow? I know, thou canft; and therefore, fee, thou do it: I am possest with an adulterate blot, My blood is mingl'd with the crime of luft; For, if we two be one, and thou play falle, I do digest the poison of thy flesh, Being strumpeted by thy contagion. Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed; I live unstain'd, thou undishonoured.

A. S. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not: In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
As strange unto your town, as to your talk;
Who, every word by all my wit being scan'd,

Want wit in all one word to understand. [you; Luc. Fie, brother! how the world is chang'd with When were you wont to use my fister thus? She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

A. S. By Dromio?

23 difdain'd 28 Wants

D. S. By me?

ADR. By thee; and this thou didst return from him,— 'That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows, Deny'd my house for his, me for his wife.

A. S. Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman? What is the course and drift of your compact?

D. S. I, fir? I never faw her 'till this time.

A. S. Villain, thou ly'st; for ev'n her very words Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

D. S. I never spake with her in all my life.

A. S. How can she thus then call us by our names,

Unless it be by inspiration?

ADR. How ill agrees it with your gravity,
To counterfeit thus grosly with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood?
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine;
Whose weakness marry'd to thy stronger state,
Makes me with thy strength to communicate:
If ought possess thee from me, it is dross,
Usurping ivy, briar, or idle moss;
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion,
Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion. [theme:"

A. S. "To me she speaks; she moves me for her

"What, was I marry'd to her in my dream?"

"Or fleep I now, and think I hear all this?"
"What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?"

"Until I know this fure uncertainty,"

"I'll entertain the offer'd fallacy."

Luc. Dromio, go bid the fervants spread for dinner.

D. S. O, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner, This is the fairy land; — o spight of spights! — We talk with goblins, ouphs, and elvish sprights: If we obey them not, this will ensue,

They'll fuck our breaths, or pinch us black and blue.

Luc. Why prat'st thou to thyself, and answer'st not?

Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!

D. S. I am transformed, master, am not I?

A. S. I think, thou art, in mind, and fo am I. D. S. Nay, master, both in mind, and in my shape.

A. S. Thou hast thine own form.

D. S. No, I am an ape.

Luc. If thou art chang'd to ought, 'tis to an ass. D. S. 'Tis true; she rides me, and I long for grass.'Tis so, I am an ass; else it could never be,

But I should know her as well as she knows me.

ADR. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye, and weep,
Whilst man, and master, laughs my woes to scorn. —
Come, sir, to dinner; — Dromio, keep the gate: —
Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day,
And shrive you of a thousand idle pranks: —
Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,
Say, he dines forth, and let no creature enter. —
Come, sister; — Dromio, play the porter well.

A. S. "Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?"
"Sleeping, or waking? mad, or well-advis'd?"

"Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd!"

"I'll fay as they fay, and persever so;"

"And in this mist at all adventures go."

D. S. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

A. S. Ay, and let none enter, left I break thy pate.

<sup>3</sup> Goblins, Owles and Elves 7 thou Dromio, thou 8 I not?

Luc. Come, come, Antiphilus, we dine too late.

## ACT III. SCENE I. The same.

Enter Antiphilus Ephesian, Dromio Ephesian; Angelo, a Goldsmith, and Balthazar, a Merchant.

A. E. Good fignior Angelo, you must excuse us all;
My wife is shrewish, when I keep not hours:
Say, that I linger'd with you at your shop,
To see the making of her carkanet,
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
But here's † a villain, that would face me down,
He met me on the mart; and that I beat him,
And charg'd him with a thousand marks in gold,
And that I did deny my wife and house:
Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by this?

D. E. Pou must fay what you will, fir, but I know what I know;

That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to show:

If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink,

Your own hand - writing would tell you what I think.

A. E. I think, thou art an afs.

D. E. Marry, so it doth appear By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear.

I should kick, being kick'd; and, being at that pass,
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an
ass.

A. E. You are fad, fignior Balthazar: Pray god, our cheer

May answer my good will, and your good welcome here.

Mer. I hold your dainties cheap, fir, and your welcome dear.

A. E. O fignior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish,

A table-full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.

Mer. Good meat, fir, is common, that every churl affords.

A. E. And welcome more common; for that's nothing but words.

Mer. Small cheer, and great welcome, makes a merry feast.

A. E. Ay, to a niggardly host, and more sparing guest:

But though my cates be mean, take them in good part;

Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart. \_\_

But, foft, my door is lock'd; \_ Go, bid them let us in.

D. E. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Ginn! [knocking, and calling loud at the Door.

D. S. [within.] Mome, malt-horse, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch,

Either get thee from the door, or fit down at the hatch:

Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for fuch store,

When one is one too many? go, get thee from the door.

D. E. What patch is made our porter? my master stays in the street.

D. S. Let him walk from whence he came, left he catch cold on's feet.

A. E. Who talks within there? ho, open the door.

D. S. Right, fir, I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore.

A. E. Wherefore? for my dinner; I have not din'd to-day.

D. S. Nor to-day here you must not; come again when you may.

A. E. What art thou, that keep'st me out from the house I owe?

D. S. The porter for this time, fir, and my name is Dromio.

D. E. O villain, thou hast stolen both mine office and my name;

The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame: If thou hadft been Dromio to-day in my place,

Thou would'ft have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an ass.

Mai. [within.] What a coil is there! Dromio, who are those at the gate?

D. E. Let my master in, Luce.

Mai. Faith, no, he comes too late,

And fo tell your master.

D. E. O'lord, I must laugh: \_

Have at you with a proverb, - Shall I fet in my staff?

Mai. Have at you with another; that's, - When? can you tell?

D. S. If thy name be call'd Luce, Luce, thou hast answer'd him well.

A. E. Do you hear, you minion? you'll let us in, I trow?

Mai. I thought to have ask'd you.

D. S. And you faid, no.

D. E. So, come, help; well strook; there was blow for blow.

A. E. Thou baggage, let me in.

Mai. Can you tell for whose fake?

D. E. Master, knock the door hard.

Mai. Let him knock 'till it ake.

A. E. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.

Mai. What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town?

ADR. [within.] Who is that at the door, that keeps all this noise?

D. S. By my troth, your town is troubl'd with unruly boys. [before.

A. E. Are you there, wife? you might have come ADR. Your wife, fir knave! go, get you from the door.

D. E. If you went in pain, master, this knave would go fore.

Gol. Here is neither cheer, fir, nor welcome; we would fain have either.

Mer. In debating which was best, we shall part with neither.

D. E. They fland at the door, master, bid them welcome hither.

<sup>6</sup> I hope ?

A. E. There is fomething in the wind, that we cannot get in.

D. E. You would fay fo, master, if your garments were thin.

Your cake is warm within; you stand here in the cold:

It would make a man mad, to be fo bought and fold.

A. E. Go, fetch me something, I'll break ope the gate.

D. S. Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

D. E. A man may break a word with you, fir; and words are but wind:

Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

D. S. It feems thou want'st breaking; Out upon thee, hind!

D. E. Here's too much, out upon thee; I pray thee, let me in.

D. S. Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.

A. E. Well, I'll break in ; \_Go, borrow me a crow.

D. E. A crow without feather; master, mean you fo? -

For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather:

If a crow help us in, firrah, we'll pluck a crow together.

A. E. Go, get thee gone, fetch me an iron crow. Mer. Have patience, fir, o, let it not be so;

Herein you war against your reputation, And draw within the compass of suspect

5 cake here is 7 mad as a Bucke to

The unviolated honour of your wife. Once this, - Your long experience of her wisdom, Her fober virtue, years, and modesty, Plead on her part some cause to you unknown; And doubt not, fir, but she will well excuse Why at this time the doors are made against you. Be rul'd by me; depart in patience, And let us to the tyger all to dinner: And, about evening, come yourfelf alone, To know the reason of this strange restraint. If by strong hand you offer to break in, Now in the stirring passage of the day, A vulgar comment will be made of it; And that supposed by the common rout Against your yet ungalled reputation, That may with foul intrusion enter in, And dwell upon your grave when you are dead: For flander lives upon fuccession; For ever hous'd, where it once gets possession.

A. E. You have prevail'd; I will depart in quiet, And, in despight of mirth, mean to be merry. I know a wench of excellent discourse,—
Pretty, and witty; wild, and, yet too, gentle,—
There will we dine: this woman that I mean, My wise (but, I protest, without desert)
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal;
To her will we to dinner. Get you home,
And setch the chain,—by this, I know, 'tis made,—
Bring it, I pray you, to the porcupine,
For there's the house; that chain will I bestow (Be it for nothing but to spite my wise)
Upon mine hostess there: good sir, make haste:—

<sup>2</sup> of your wisdome 4 on your part

Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,
I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.
Gol. I'll meet you at that place some hour hence.
A. E. Do so; This jest shall cost me some expence.

SCENE II. The fame.

Enter Luciana, and Antiphilus Syracufan. Luc. And may it be, that you have quite forgot A husband's office? shall, Antiphilus, Even in the fpring of love, thy love-springs rot? Shall love, in building, grow fo ruinous? If you did wed my fifter for her wealth, [ness: Then, for her wealth's fake, use her with more kind-Or, if you like elfewhere, do it by stealth; Muffle your false love with some shew of blindness: Let not my fifter read it in your eye; Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator; Look fweet, speak fair, become disloyalty, Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger: Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted; Teach fin the carriage of a holy faint; Be fecret false; What need she be acquainted? What simple thief brags of his own attaint? 'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed, And let her read it in thy looks at board: Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed; Ill deeds are doubl'd with an evil word.

Being compact of credit, that you love us; Though others have the arm, shew us the sleeve; We in your motion turn, and you may move us. Then, gentle brother, get you in again;

Alas, poor women! make us but believe,

Comfort my fister, chear her, call her wife:

When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.

A. S. Sweet mistres, (what your name is else, I know not;
Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine)

Less, in your knowledge, and your grace, you show not, Than our earth's wonder; more than earth divine. Teach me, dear creature, how to think, and speak;

Lay open to my earthy gross conceit,
Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
The folded meaning of your words' deceit.
Against my soul's pure truth why labour you,

To make it wander in an unknown field?

Are you a god? would you create me new?

Transform me then, and to your power I'll yield.

But if that I am I, then, well I know,
Your weeping fifter is no wife of mine;
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe;

Far more, far more, to you do I decline.

O train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,
To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears;

Sing, fyren, for thy felf, and I will dote:

Spread o'er the filver waves thy golden hairs,

And as a bed I'll take them, and there lye;
And, in that glorious supposition, think
He gains by death, that hath such means to dye:

Let love, being light, be drowned if he fink!

Luc. What, are you mad, that you do reason fo?

A. S. Not mad, but mated; how, I do not know. Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

A. S. For gazing on your beams, fair fun, being by.

Luc. Gaze where you should, and that will clear your

[fight.

24 take thee 27 if the finke 32 when you

Exit.

A. S. As good to wink, sweet love, as look on night. Luc. Why call you me love? call my sister so.

A. S. Thy fifter's fifter.
Luc. That's my fifter.

A.S. No;

It is thy felf, mine own felf's better part; Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart; My food, my fortune, and my fweet hope's aim, My fole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.

Luc. All this my fifter is, or else should be.

A. S. Call thy self sister, sweet, for I aim thee:
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life;
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife:
Give me thy hand.

Luc. O, foft, fir, hold you fill;
I'll fetch my fifter, to get her good will.

Enter DROMIO Syracusan.

A. S. Why, how now, Dromio? where run'ft thou fo fast?

D. S. Do you know me, fir? am I Dromio? am I your man? am I myself?

A. S. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art

thyself.

D. S. I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and befides myself.

A. S. What woman's man? and how besides thyself?

D. S. Marry, fir, befides myfelf, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

A. S. What claim lays she to thee?

D. S. Marry, fir, fuch claim as you would lay to your horse; and she would have me as a beast: not

that, I being a beaft, she would have me; but that she, being a very beaftly creature, lays claim to me.

A. S. What is she?

D. S. A very reverent body; ay, such a one, as a man may not speak of, without he say, sir-reverence: I have but lean luck in the match, and yet she is a wondrous sat marriage.

A. S. What dost thou mean, a fat marriage?

D. S. Marry, fir, she's the kitchen - wench, and all grease; and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a *Poland* winter: if she lives'till doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

A. S. What complexion is she of?

D. S. Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept; For why? she sweats, a man may go over-shoes in the grime of it.

A. S. That's a fault, that water will mend.

D. S. No, fir, 'tis in grain; Noah's flood could not do it.

A. S. What's her name?

D. S. Nell, fir: but her name and three quarters,—that's, an ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.

A. S. Then she bears some breadth.

- D. S. No longer from head to foot, then from hip to hip: she is spherical, like a globe; I could find out countries in her.
  - A. S. In what part of her body stands Ireland?

    D. S. Marry, sir, in her buttocks; I found it out

<sup>24</sup> name is three

by the bogs.

A. S. Where Scotland?

D. S. I found it by the barrenness; hard, in the palm of the hand.

A. S. Where France?

D. S. In her forehead; arm'd, and reverted, making war against her heir.

A. S. Where England?

D. S. I look'd for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them: but I guess, it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.

A. S. Where Spain?

D. S. Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it, hot in her breath.

A. S. Where America, the Indies?

D. S. O, fir, upon her nose, all o'er embellished with rubies, carbuncles, saphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain; who sent whole armadoes of carracks to be ballasted at her nose.

A. S. Where stood Belgia, the Netberlands?

- D. S. O, fir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, lay'd claim to me; call'd me Dromio; swore, I was assur'd to her; told me what privy marks I had about me, as, the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I amaz'd ran from her as a witch: And, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith, and my heart of steel, she had transformed me to a curtail dog, and made me turn i'the wheel.
  - A. S. Go hye thee, presently, post to the road;

An if the wind blow any way from shore,
I will not harbour in this town to-night:

If any bark put forth, come to the mart,
Where I will walk 'till thou return to me.
If every one knows us, and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

D. S. As from a bear a man would run for life,

So fly I from her that would be my wife.

[Exit DROMIO.

A. S. There's none but witches do inhabit here; And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence. She, that doth call me husband, ev'n my foul Doth for a wife abhor: but her fair fifter, Possest with such a gentle sovereign grace, Of such enchanting presence and discourse, Hath almost made me traitor to my self: But, lest my self be guilty to self wrong, I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter the Goldsmith.

Gol. Master Antiphilus?
A. S. Ay, that's my name.

Gol. I know it well, fir: Lo, here is † the chain; I thought to have ta'en you at the porcupine; The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

A. S. What is your will, that I shall do with this? Gol. What please yourself, sir; I have made it for you.

A. S. Made it for me, fir! I bespoke it not.

Gol. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have: Go home with it, and please your wife withal; And foon at supper-time I'll visit you, And then receive my money for the chain.

A. S. I pray you, fir, receive the money now,

For fear you ne'er fee chain, nor money, more.

Gol. You are a merry man, fir; fare you well.

[Exit Goldfmith.

A. S. What I should think of this, I cannot tell:
But this I think, there's no man is so vain,
That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.
I see, a man here needs not live by shifts,
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.
I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay;
If any ship put out, then straight away.

[Exit.

ACT IV. SCENE I. The same. Enter a Merchant, Goldsmith, and an Officer.

Mer. You know, fince pentecost the sum is due, And fince I have not much importun'd you; Nor now I had not, but that I am bound To Persia, and want gilders for my voyage: Therefore make present satisfaction, Or I'll attach you by this officer.

Gol. Even just the sum, that I do owe to you, Is growing to me by Antiphilus:
And, in the instant that I met with you, He had of me a chain; at sive o'clock I shall receive the money for the same:
Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house, I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter ANTIPHILUS Ephesian, and DROMIO Ephesian. Off. That labour may you fave; see, where he comes. A. S. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou

And buy a rope's end; that will I bestow
Among my wise and her confederates,
For locking me out of my doors by day. —
But, soft, I see the goldsinith: — get thee gone;
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

D. E. I buy a thousand pound a year! I buy a rope!

[Exit DROMIO.

A. E. A man is well holp up, that trusts to you. I promised your presence, and the chain; But neither chain, nor goldsmith, came to me.: Belike, you thought, our love would last too long, If it were chain'd together; and therefore came not.

Gol. Saving your merry humour, here's the † note How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat, The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion; Which doth amount to three odd ducats more Than I stand debted to this gentleman: I pray you, see him presently discharg'd; For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

A. E. I am not furnish'd with the present money; Besides, I have some business in the town: Good signior, take the stranger to my house, And with you take the chain, and bid my wise Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof; Perchance, I will be there as soon as you.

Gol. Then you will bring the chain to her yourself?

A. E. No; bear it with you, lest I come not time enough.

Gol. Well, sir, I will; Have you the chain about you?

A. E. An if I have not, fir, I hope, you have;

Or else you may return without your money.

Gol. Nay, come, I pray you, fir, give me the chain; Both wind and tide stays for the gentleman,

<sup>2</sup> and their confederates

And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

A. E. Good lord, you use this dalliance, to excuse

Your breach of promise to the porcupine; I should have chid you for not bringing it, But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

Mer. The hour steals on; I pray you, fir, dispatch.

Gol. You hear how he importunes me; the chain—A. E. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.

Gol. Come, come; you know, I gave it you even now; Either fend the chain, or fend me by fome token.

A. E. Fie, now you run this humour out of breath! Come, where's the chain? I pray you, let me see it.

Mer. My business cannot brook this dalliance: Good sir, say, whe'r you'll answer me, or no; If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

A. E. I answer you! what should I answer you?

Gol. The money that you owe me for the chain.

A. E. I owe you none, 'till I receive the chain.

Gol. You know, I gave it you half an hour fince. A. E. You gave me none; you wrong me much to say so.

Gol. You wrong me more, fir, in denying it:

Confider how it stands upon my credit.

Mer. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.

Off. I do; \_

And charge you in the duke's name to obey me.

Gol. This touches me in reputation: \_\_ Either confent to pay the fum for me, Or I attach you by this officer.

A. E. Confent to pay thee that I never had! Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.

Gol. Here is thy + fee; arrest him, officer: \_ I would not spare my brother in this case,

If he should scorn me so apparently.

Off. I do arrest you, sir; you hear the suit.

A. E. I do obey thee, 'till I give thee bail:

But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear

As all the metal in your shop will answer.

Gol. Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,

To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter DROMIO Syracufan.

D. S. Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum, That stays but 'till her owner comes aboard, And then she bears away: Our fraughtage, sir, I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ. The ship is in her trim; the merry wind Blows sair from land: they stay for nought at all, But for their owner, master, and your self.

A. E. How now, a madman! why, thou peevish sheep,

What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?

D. S. A ship you sent me to, to hire wastage.

A. E. Thou drunken flave, I fent thee for a rope; And told thee to what purpose, and what end.

D. S. A rope! you fent me for a rope's end as foon;

You fent me to the bay, fir, for a bark.

A. E. I will debate this matter at more leisure,
And teach your ears to lift me with more heed.
To Adriana, villain, hye thee straight:
Give her this † key, and tell her, in the desk,
That's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry,
There is a purse of ducats; let her send it;
Tell her, I am arrested in the street,
And that shall bail me: hye thee, slave; be gone.—
On, officer, to prison 'till it come.

II then fir fhe

[Exeunt Mer. Gol. Officer, and ANTIPHILUS. D. S. To Adriana? that is where we din'd; Where Dowzabel did claim me for her husband: She is too big, I hope, for me to compass. Thither I must, although against my will; For servants must their masters' minds sulfil. [Exit.

## SCENE II. The same.

Enter ADRIANA, and LUCIANA.

ADR. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?

Might'st thou perceive austerely in his eye,

That he did plead in earnest, yea, or no?

Look'd he or red, or pale; sad, merrily?

What observation mad'ft thou in this case, Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?

Luc. First, he deny'd gou; you had in him no right. ADR. He meant, he did me none: the more my spight. Luc. Then swore he, that he was a stranger here. ADR. And true he swore, though yet for sworn he were.

Luc. Then pleaded I for you.

ADR. And what faid he?

Luc. That love, I beg'd for you, he beg'd of me. ADR. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love? Luc. With words, that in an honest suit might move. First, he did praise my beauty; then, my speech:

ADR. Did'st speak him fair? Luc. Have patience, I beseech.

ADR. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still;
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.
He is deformed, crooked, old and sere,
Ill-fac'd, worse body'd, shapeless every where;
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind;

<sup>33</sup> pale, or fad or merrily

Stigmatical in making, worse in mind.

Luc. Who would be jealous then of such a one?

No evil loft is wail'd when it is gone.

ADR. Ah, but I think him better than I fay;
And yet would herein others' eyes were worse:

Far from her nest the lapwing cries away:

My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.

Enter Dromio Syracusan. [haste.

D. S. Here, go; the desk, the purse; sweet now, make Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath?

D. S. By running fast.

ADR. Where is thy master, Dromio? is he well?

D. S. No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell: A devil in an everlasting garment hath him, One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel;

A fiend, a fury, pitilefs, and rough;

A wolf, nay, worfe, a fellow all in buff;

A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermands

The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands; A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well;

One that, before the judgment, carries poor fouls to hell.

ADR. Why, man, what is the matter?

D. S. I do not know the matter; he is 'rested on the case.

ADR. What, is he arrested? tell me, at whose suit?

D. S. I know not, at whose suit he is arrested, well:

But he's in a fuit of buff, which 'rested him, that can I tell:

16 a Fairie 31 but is in

Will you fend him, mistress, redemption, the money in his desk?

ADR. Go fetch it, fifter. \_ This I wonder at,

Exit Luciana.

D. S. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing; A chain, a chain; Do you not hear it ring?

ADR. What, the chain?

D. S. No, no, the bell: 'tis time, that I were gone; It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.

ADR. The hours come back! that did I never hear.

D. S. O yes, If any hour meet a serjeant, he turns back for very fear.

ADR. As if time were in debt! how fondly dost thou reason?

D. S. Time is a very bankrout, and owes more than he's worth to feason.

Nay, he's a thief too; Have you not heard men fay, That time comes stealing on by night and day? If time be in debt, and theft, and a serjeant in the way, Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day?

Re-enter LUCIANA.

ADR. Go, Dromio, there's † the money, bear it strait;
And bring thy master home immediately. \_
Come, fister: I am press'd down with conceit;
Conceit, my comfort, and my injury. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. The Same.
Enter Antiphilus Syracusan.

A. S. There's not a man I meet, but doth falute me

As if I were their well-acquainted friend;
And every one doth call me by my name.
Some tender money to me, some invite me;
Some other give me thanks for kindnesses;
Some offer me commodities to buy:
Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop,
And show'd me silks that he had bought for me,
And, therewithal, took measure of my body.
Sure, these are but imaginary wiles,
And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

Enter DROMIO Syracufan.

D. S. Master, here's the # gold you sent me for: What, have you got rid of the picture of old Adam new apparel'd?

A. S. What gold is this? What Adam dost thou mean?

D. S. Not that Adam, that kept the paradife; but that Adam, that keeps the prison: he that goes in the calf's-skin that was kill'd for the prodigal; he that came behind you, fir, like an evil angel, and bid you forsake your liberty.

A. S. I understand thee not.

D. S. No? why, 'tis a plain 'case: he that went, like a base-viol, in a case of leather; the man, sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob, and rests them; he, sir, that takes pity on decay'd men, and gives them suits of durance; he that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace, than a Maurice pike.

A. S. What, thou mean'ft an officer?

D. S. Ay, fir, the ferjeant of the band; he that brings any man to answer it, that breaks his band; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and says,

God give you good rest!

A. S. Well, fir, there rest in your foolery. Is there any ship puts forth to-night? may we be I conjure thee to leave me,

gone ?

D. S. Why, fir, I brought you word an hour fince, that the bark, Expedition, put forth to-night; and then were you hinder'd by the ferjeant, to tarry for the hoy, Delay: Here + are the angels that you fent for to deliver you. a shoold to goth a saint a silve A

A. S. The fellow is diffract, and fo am I; And here we wander in illusions: is a sweak blood Some bleffed power deliver us from hence!

Enter a Courtezan.

Cou. Well met, well met, master Antiphilus. I see, fir, you have found the goldsmith now: Is that the chain you promis'd me to-day?

A. S. Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not!

D. S. Master, is this mistress Satan?

A. S. It is the devil.

D. S. Nay, she is worse, she is the devil's dam; and here she comes in the habit of a light wench: and thereof comes, that the wenches fay, God damn me; that's as much as to fay, God make me a light wench. It is written, they appear to men like angels of light: light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; ergo, light wenches will burn; Come not near her.

Cou. Your man and you are marvelous merry, fir. Will you go with me; we'll mend our dinner here?

D. S. Master, if you do, expect spoon-meat; so bespeak a long spoon.

A. S. Why, Dromio?

D. S. Marry, he must have a long spoon, that must

29 meate, or bespeake

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must eat with the devil. ping? A. S. Avoid then, fiend! what tell'st thou me of sup-Thou art (as you are all) a forcerefs:

I conjure thee to leave me, and be gone.

Cou. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner, Or, for my diamond, the chain you promis'd, And I'll be gone, fir, and not trouble you.

D. S. Some devils ask but the parings of one's nail, A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin, A nut, a cherry-stone; but she, more covetous, Would have a chain:

Master, be wise; an if you give it her,

The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it. Cou. I pray you, fir, my ring, or else the chain;

I hope, you do not mean to cheat me fo.

A. S. Avaunt, thou witch ! \_ Come, Dromio, let us go. D. S. Fly pride, fays the peacock; Mistress, that you know. [Exeunt Dromio, and Antiphilus.

Cou. Now, out of doubt, Antiphilus is mad, Else would he never so demean himself: A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats, And for the same he promis'd me a chain; Both one and other he denies me now. The reason, that I gather he is mad, (Besides this present instance of his rage) Is a mad tale, he told to-day at dinner, Of his own doors being that against his entrance: Belike, his wife, acquainted with his fits, On purpose that the doors against his way. My way is now, to hye home to his house, And tell his wife, that, being lunatick, He rush'd into my house, and took perforce

My ring away: This course I sittest choose; For forty ducats is too much to lose.

Exit.

#### SCENE IV. The same.

Enter ANTIPHILUS Ephesian, and the Officer.

A. E. Fear me not, man, I will not break away;
I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money,
To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.
My wise is in a wayward mood to-day;
And will not lightly trust the messenger,
That I should be attach'd in Ephesus:
I tell you, 'twill sound harshly in her ears.

Enter DROMIO Ephesian, swith the Rope's End. Here comes my man; I think, he brings the money. — How now, fir? have you that I fent you for?

D. E. Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them all.

A. E. But where's the money?

D. E. Why, fir, I gave the money for the rope.

A. E. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

D. E. I'll ferve you, fir, five hundred at the rate.

A. E. To what end did I bid thee hye thee home?

D. E. To a rope's end, fir; and to that end am I Return'd.

A. E. And to that end, fir, I will welcome you. [beating bim.

Off. Good fir, be patient.

D. E. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in adversity.

Off. Good now, hold thy tongue.

D. E. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

A. E. Thou whoreson, senseless villain!

D. E. I would I were fenseless, sir, that I might not

end.

feel your blows. Ashir I shall and it was goin vid

A. E. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

D. E. I am an ass, indeed; you may prove it by my long ears. I have served him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service, but blows: When I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I am warm, he cools me with beating: I am wak'd with it, when I sleep; rais'd with it, when I sit; driven out of doors with it, when I go from home; welcom'd home with it, when I return: nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and, I think, when he hath lam'd me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, and the Courtezan, with Doctor PINCH, and Afficants.

A. E. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder. D. E. Mistress, respice finem, respect your end; or, rather, the prophesy, like the parrot, Beware the rope's

A. E. Wilt thou still talk? [beats bim. Cou. How say you now? is not your husband mad?

ADR. His incivility confirms no less...
Good doctor *Pinch*, you are a conjurer,
Establish him in his true sense again,

And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!
Cou. Mark, how he trembles in his extagy!

PIN. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

A. E. There is my  $\uparrow$  hand, and let it feel your ear.  $P_{IN}$ . I charge thee, Sathan, hous'd within this man, To yield possession to my holy prayers,

And to thy state of darkness hye thee straight;
I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven!

A. E. Peace, doating wizard, peace; I am not mad. ADR. O, that thou wert not, poor distressed foul!

A. E. You minion you, are these your customers? Did this companion with the safron face Revel and feast it at my house to-day, Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,

And I deny'd to enter in my house?

ADR. O, husband, god doth know, you din'd at home; Where 'would you had remain'd until this time, Free from these flanders, and this open shame. [thou?

A. E. I din'd at home! \_ Thou villain, what fay'st D. E. Sir, footh to fay, you did not dine at home.

A. E. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out?

D. E. Perdy, your doors were lock'd, and you shut out.

A. E. And did not she herself revile me there?

D. E. Sans fable, she herself revil'd you there. [me?

A. E. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and scorn D. E. Certes, she did, the kitchen vestal scorn'd you.

A. E. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

D. E. In verity, you did; \_ my bones bear witness, That fince have felt the vigour of his rage.

ADR. Is't good, to footh him in these contraries? PIN. It is no fhame; the fellow finds his vein, And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

A. E. Thou haft fuborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.

ADR. Alas, I fent you money to redeem you, By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

D. E. Money by me? heart and good will you might, But, furely, master, not a rag of money.

A. E. Went'st thou not to her for a purse of ducats?

ADR. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

Luc. And I am witness with her, that she did.

D. E. God and the rope-maker bear me witness,

That I was fent for nothing but a rope!

PIN. Mistress, both man and master is possest; I know it by their pale and deadly looks:

They must be bound, and lay'd in some dark room.

A. E. Say, wherefore did'st thou lock me forth toAnd why dost thou deny the bag of gold? [day?\_

ADR. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth. D. E. And, gentle master, I receiv'd no gold;

But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out.

ADR. Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in both.

A. E. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all;
And art confederate with a damned pack,
To make a loathsome abject scorn of me:
But with these nails I'll pluck out those false eyes,
That would behold in me this shameful sport.

[flying at his Wife: Affistants, and Doctor, interpose; and, with much strugling, bind him, and Dromio.

ADR. O, bind him, bind him, let him not come near me.

PIN. More company; the fiend is strong within him.

Luc. Ay me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks!

A. E. What, will you murther me? \_ Thou jailer, thou,

I am thy prisoner; wilt thou suffer them To make a rescue?

Off. Masters, let him go;

He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

PIN. Go bind this man, for he is frantick too.

ADR. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?

Hast thou delight, to see a wretched man

Do outrage and displeasure to himself?

17 thefe false

Off. He is my prisoner; if I let him go,
The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.

ADR. I will discharge thee, ere I go from thee;
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,
And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it. \_\_
Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd
Home to my house. \_\_O most unhappy day!

A. E. O most unhappy strumpet!

D. E. Master, I am here enter'd in bond for you.

A. E. Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou mad me?

D. E. Will you be bound for nothing thus? be mad, Good master, cry, The devil!

Luc. God help, poor fouls, how idly do they talk!

ADR. Go, bear him hence. Sifter, go you with me. \_\_

[Exeunt Pinch and Ass. with Ant. and Dro.

Say now, whose fuit is he arrested at?

Off. One Angelo, a goldsmith; Do you know him? ADR. I know the man: What is the sum he owes? Off. Two hundred ducats.

ADR. Say, how grows it due?

Off. Due for a chain, your husband had of him.

ADR. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.

Cou. When as your husband, all in rage, to-day

Came to my house, and took away my ring, (The ring I saw upon his singer now)

Straight after did I meet him with a chain.

ADR. It may be fo, but I did never fee it.

Come, jailer, bring me where the goldsmith is;
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

Enter Antiphilus Syracusan, with his Sword

drawn, and DROMIO Syracusan.

Luc. God for thy mercy! they are loose again.

ADR. And come with naked fwords; Let's call more. To have them bound again. [help,

Off. Away, they'll kill us.

[Exeunt Officer, and the Women, hastily.

A. S. I see, these witches are afraid of swords.

D. S. She, that would be your wife, now ran from you.

A. S. Come, to the centaur; fetch our stuff from thence:

I long, that we were fafe and found aboard.

D. S. Faith, stay here this night, they will surely do us no harm; you see, they speak us fair, give us gold: methinks, they are such a gentle nation, that, but for the mountain of mad slesh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to stay here still, and turn witch.

A. S. I will not stay to-night for all the town; Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard. [Exeunt.

#### ACT V. SCENE, The same. Enter Goldsmith, and Merchant.

Gol. I am forry, fir, that I have hinder'd you;

But, I protest, he had the chain of me,
Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.

Mer. How is the man esteem'd here in the city?
Gol. Of very reverent reputation, sir,
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,
Second to none that lives here in the city;
His word might bear my wealth at any time.

Enter Antiphilus Syracusan, and Dromio Syracusan.
Mer. Speak softly; yonder, as I think, he walks.

Gol. 'Tis fo; and that felf chain about his neck, Which he forfwore, most monstrously, to have. Good sir, draw near to me, I'll speak to him. \_\_ Signior Antiphilus, I wonder much, That you would put me to this shame and trouble; And not without some scandal to yourself, With circumstance, and oaths, so to deny This chain, which now you wear so openly: Beside the charge, the shame, imprisonment, You have done wrong to this my honest friend; Who, but for staying on our controversy, Had hoisted sail, and put to sea to-day: This chain you had of me, can you deny it?

This chain you had of me, can you deny it?

A. S. I think, I had; I never did deny it.

Mer. Yes, that you did, fir, and forswore it too.

A. S. Who heard me to deny it, or forswear it? [str. Mer. These ears of mine, thou know'st, did hear thee, Fie on thee, wretch! 'tis pity, that thou liv'st To walk where any honest men resort.

A. S. Thou art a villain to impeach me thus;
I'll prove mine honour, and mine honefty,
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand. [draws.

Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain. [draws too. Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtezan, and Others.

ADR. Hold, hurt him not, for god's fake; he is mad:—Some get within him, take his fword away; Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.

D. S. Run, master, run; for god's sake, take a house; This is some priory; in, or we are spoil'd.

[Exeunt Antiphilus, and Dromio, to the Priory. Adriana, and her Company, crowd about the Gate:

Enter, to them, the Abbess.

Abb. Be quiet, people; Wherefore throng you hither?

ADR. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence;

Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,

And bear him home for his recovery.

Gol. I knew, he was not in his perfect wits.

Mer. I am forry now, that I did draw on him.

Abb. How long hath this possession held the man?

ADR. This week he hath been heavy, four, fad,

And much much different from the man he was; But, 'till this afternoon, his passion

Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck at sea! Bury'd some dear friend? Hath not else his eye Stray'd his affection in unlawful love; A sin prevailing much in youthful men, Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing? Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

ADR. To none of these, except it be the last; Namely, some love, that drew him oft from home.

Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.

ADR. Why, fo I did.

Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.

ADR. As roughly as my modesty would let me.

Abb. Haply, in private.

ADR. And in affemblies too.

Abb. Ay, but not enough.

ADR. It was the copie of our conference: In bed, he slept not for my urging it; At board, he fed not for my urging it; Alone, it was the subject of my theme; In company, I often glanc'd at it; Still did I tell him, it was vile and bad.

Abb. And thereof came it, that the man was mad: The venom'd clamour of a jealous woman Poisons more deadly than a mad dog's tooth. It feems, his fleeps were hinder'd by thy railing: And thereof comes it, that his head is light. Thou fay'ft, his meat was fauc'd with thy upbraidings: Unquiet meals make ill digestions, Thereof the raging fire of fever bred; And what's a fever but a fit of madness? Thou fay'ft, his fports were hinder'd by thy brawls: Sweet recreation bar'd, what doth enfue, But moody and dull melancholy, kinswoman to grim and comfortless despair; And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life? In food, in fport, and life-preserving rest To be diffurb'd, would mad or man, or beaft. The consequence is then, thy jealous fits Have fcar'd thy husband from the use of wits. Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly, When he demean'd himself rough, rude, and wild ... Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not? ADR. She did betray me to my own reproof. \_ Good people, enter, and lay hold on him. Abb. No, not a creature enters in my house. ADR. Then let your fervants bring my husband forth. Abb. Neither; he took this place for fanctuary, And it shall priviledge him from your hands, 'Till I have brought him to his wits again, Or lose my labour in affaying it.

2 venome clamors 13 Kinfman 21 wildly,

ADR. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,

Diet his fickness, for it is my office,

And will have no attorney but my felf;
And therefore let me have him home with me.

Abb. Be patient; for I will not let him stir,
'Till I have us'd the approved means I have,
With wholsome syrops, drugs, and holy prayers,
To make of him a formal man again:
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order;
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me

Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

ADR. I will not hence, and leave my husband here:
And ill it doth beseem your holiness,

To separate the husband and the wife.

Abb. Be quiet, and depart, thou shalt not have him. [Exit Abbess.

Luc. Complain unto the duke of this indignity.

ADR. Come, go; I will fall proftrate at his feet,
And never rise, until my tears and prayers

Have won his grace to come in person hither,
And take personce my husband from the abbess.

Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five: Anon, I am fure, the duke himself in person Comes this way to the melancholy vale; The place of death and sorry execution, Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

Gol. Upon what cause?

Mer. To see a reverend Syracusan merchant, Who put unluckily into this bay, Against the laws and statutes of this town, Beheaded publickly for his offence.

Gol. See, where they come; we will behold his death.

Luc. Kneel to the duke, before he pass the abbey.

Enter Duke, attended; EGEON bare-headed,

Headsman, Officers, Guards, &c.

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publickly,

If any friend will pay the fum for him,

He shall not dye, so much we tender him.

ADR. Justice, most facred duke, against the abbess!

Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady;

It cannot be, that she hath done thee wrong. [band,-ADR. May it please your grace, Antiphilus, my hus-Whom I made lord of me, and all I had, At your important letters,—this ill day A most outrageous fit of madness took him; That desperately he hurry'd through the street, (With him his bondman, all as mad as he) Doing displeasure to the citizens By rushing in their houses, bearing thence Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like. Once did I get him bound, and fent him home, Whilft to take order for the wrongs I went, That here and there his fury had committed. Anon, I wot not by what strong escape, He broke from those that had the guard of him: And here his mad attendant and himfelf, Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords, Met us again, and, madly bent on us, Chac'd us away; 'till, raising of more aid, We came again to bind them: then they fled Into this abbey, whither we pursu'd them; And here the abbefs shuts the gates on us, And will not fuffer us to fetch him out, Nor fend him forth, that we may bear him hence: Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy command, Let him be brought forth, and born hence for help.

Duke. Long fince thy husband ferv'd me in my wars;
And I to thee engag'd a prince's word,
When thou did'ft make him master of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could. —
Go, some of you, knock at the abbey gate,
And bid the lady abbess come to me:
I will determine this, before I stir.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. O mistress, mistress, shift and save yourself! My master and his man are both broke loose, Beaten the maids a-row, and bound the doctor, Whose beard they have findg'd off with brands of sire; And ever as it blaz'd, they threw on him Great pails of puddl'd mire to quench the hair: My master preaches patience, and the while His man with scissars nicks him like a fool; And, sure, unless you send some present help, Between them they will kill the conjurer.

ADR. Peace, fool, thy master and his man are here;

And that is false, thou dost report to us.

Ser. Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true; I have not breath'd almost, since I did see it. He cries for you; and vows, if he can take you, To scorch your face, and to dissigure you:

Hark, hark, I hear him, mistress; fly, be gone. [halberds. Duke. Come, stand by me, fear nothing: \_Guard with

Duke. Come, stand by me, fear nothing: \_Guard with ADR. Ah me, it is my husband! \_ Witness you,

That he is born about invisible:

Even now we hous'd him in the abbey here; And now he's there, past thought of human reason. Enter Antiphilus Ephesian, and Dromio Ephesian.

<sup>15</sup> patience to him, and

A. E. Justice, most gracious duke, o, grant me justice! Even for the service that long since I did thee, When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took Deep scars to save thy life; even for the blood That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice!

EGE. Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,

I fee my fon Antiphilus, and Dromio.

A. E. Justice, sweet prince, against that woman there, She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife; That hath abused and dishonour'd me, Even in the strength and height of injury! Beyond imagination is the wrong, That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

A. E. This day, great duke, she shut the doors upon me, While she with harlots feasted in my house.

Duke. A grievous fault: \_Say, woman, didst thou so?

ADR. No, my good lord; myself, he, and my sister,

To-day did dine together: So fall my soul,

As this is false, he burthens me withal!

Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor fleep on night,

But the tells to your highness simple truth!

Gol. O perjur'd woman! They are both for fworn, In this the madman justly chargeth them. [to Mer.

A. E. My liege, I am advised what I fay;
Neither difturb'd with the effect of wine,
Nor heady-rash, provok'd with raging ire,
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner:
That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witness it, for he was with me then;
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,

Promising to bring it to the porcupine, Where Balthazar and I did dine together. Our dinner done, and he not coming thither, I went to feek him: in the ftreet I met him; And, in his company, that gentleman. There did this perjur'd goldsmith swear me down, That I this day of him receiv'd the chain, Which, god he knows, I faw not: for the which, He did arrest me with an officer. I did obey; and fent my peasant home For certain ducats: he with none return'd. Then fairly I bespoke the officer, To go in person with me to my house; To which he gielded: By the way, we met My wife, her fifter, and a rabble more Of vile confederates: along with them They brought one Pinch; a hungry lean-fac'd villain, A meer anatomy, a mountebank, A thread-bare jugler, and a fortune-teller, A needy hollow-ey'd fharp-looking wretch, A living dead-man: this pernicious flave, Forfooth, took on him as a conjurer; And, gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse, And with no face, as 'twere, out-facing me, Cries out, I was possest: Then all together They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence; And in a dark and dankish vault at home There left me and my man, both bound together; 'Till, gnawing with my teeth my bonds in funder, I gain'd my freedom, and immediately Ran hither to your grace; whom I befeech To give me ample fatiffaction

For these deep shames and great indignities.

Gol. My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him, That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he fuch a chain of thee, or no?

Gol. He had, my lord; and, when he ran in here,

These people faw the chain about his neck.

Mer. Besides, I will be sworn, these ears of mine Heard you confess, you had the chain of him, After you first forswore it on the mart, And, thereupon, I drew my sword on you; And then you sled into this abbey here, From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.

A. E. I never came within these abbey walls, Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me: I never saw the chain, so help me heaven; And this is false, you burthen me withal.

Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach is this! I think, you all have drunk of Circe's cup. If here you hous'd him, here he would have been; If he were mad, he could not plead fo coldly: \_\_\_ You fay, he din'd at home; the goldsmith here Denies that saying: \_\_ Sirrah, what say you?

D. E. Sir, he din'd with her there, at the porcupine.

Cou. He did; and from my finger fnatch'd that ring.

A. E. 'Tis true, my liege, this ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?

Cou. As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.

Duke. Why, this is strange: \_ Go call the abbes hilthink, you are all mated, or stark mad.

[ther:\_\_

[Exit One to the Abbess. Egg. Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me speak a word; Haply, I see a friend will save my life,

Vol. II.

And pay the fum that may deliver me.

Duke. Speak freely, Syracusan, what thou wilt. EGF. Is not your name, sir, call'd Antiphilus?

And is not that your bondman Dromio?

D. E. Within this hour I was his bondman, fir But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords; Now am I Dromio, and his man, unbound.

EGE. I am fure, you both of you remember me.

D. E. Ourselves we do remember, sir, by you; For lately we were bound, as you are now.

You are not *Pinch*'s patient, are you, fir? [well. EGE. Why look you ftrange on me? you know me

A. E. I never faw you in my life, 'till now.

EGE. O, grief hath chang'd me, fince you faw me last; And careful hours, with time's deforming hand, Have written strange defeatures in my face: But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?

A. E. Neither.

EGE. Dromio, nor thou?

D. E. No, trust me, fir, nor I.

EGE. I am fure, thou doft.

D. E. Ay, fir,

But I am fure, I do not; and whatfoever A man denies, you are now bound to believe him.

EGE. Not know my voice! O time's extremity, Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue, In seven short years, that here my only son Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares? Though now this grained face of mine be hid In sap-consuming winter's drizl'd snow, And all the conduits of my blood froze up; Yet hath my night of life some memory,

<sup>15</sup> deformed

My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left, My dull deaf ears a little use to hear: All these old witnesses, I cannot err, Tell me, thou art my son Antiphilus.

A. E. I never faw my father in my life.

EGE. But seven years since in Syracusa, boy,

Thou know'st, we parted: but, perhaps, my son,

Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.

A. E. The duke, and all that know me in the city, Can witness with me, that it is not so; I ne'er saw Syracusa in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, Syracusan, twenty years Have I been patron to Antiphilus, During which time he ne'er saw Syracusa: I see, thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Enter Abbess, with ANTIPHILUS Syracusan, and DROMIO Syracusan.

Abb. Most mighty duke, behold a man much wrong'd: [all gather to see them.

ADR. I fee two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me. Duke. One of these † men is genius to the other; And so of † these: Which is the natural man, And which the spirit? who deciphers them?

D. S. I, fir, am Dromio; command him away.

D. E. I, fir, am Dromio; pray, let me stay. A. S. Egeon, art thou not? or else his ghost.

D. S. O, my old master! who hath bound him here?

Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,

And gain a husband by his liberty: \_\_
Speak, old Egeon, if thou be'ft the man
That had'ft a wife once, call'd Emilia,
That bore thee at a burthen two fair fons?

O, if thou be'ft the fame Egeon, speak; And speak unto the same Emilia!

EGE. If I dream not, thou art Emilia: If thou art she, tell me, where is that son, That floated with thee on the fatal raft?

Abb. By men of Epidamnum, he, and I, And the twin Dromio, all were taken up; But, by and by, rude fishermen of Corinth By force took Dromio and my son from them, And me they left with those of Epidamnum: What then became of them, I cannot tell; I, to this fortune that you see me in.

Duke. Why, here begins his morning story's light: These two Antiphilus's, two so like, And these two Dromio's, one in semblance, prove, Besides her urging of her wreck at sea, These are the parents to these children, Which accidentally are met together.

Antiphilus, thou cam'st from Corinth first?

A. S. No, fir, not I; I came from Syracuse.

Duke. Stay, stand apart; I know not, which is which. A. E. I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord:

D. E. And I with him.

A. E. Brought to this town by that most famous warrior Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.

ADR. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?

A. S. I, gentle mistress.

ADR. And are not you my husband?

A. E. No; I fay, nay, to that.

A. S. And fo do I, yet did she call me so; And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here, Did call me brother: \_ What I told you then,

3 v. Note. 13 storie right 14 Antipholus, these two

I hope, I shall have leisure to make good; If this be not a dream, I see, and hear.

Gol. That is the chain, fir, which you had of me.

A. S. I think, it be, fir; I deny it not.

A. E. And you, fir, for this chain arrested me.

Gol. I think, I did, fir; I deny it not.

ADR. I fent you money, fir, to be your bail, By Dromio; but, I think, he brought it not.

D. E. No, none by me.

A. S. This # purse of ducats I receiv'd from you, And Dromio my man did bring them me: \_\_ I see, we still did meet each other's man, And I was ta'en for him, and he for me, And thereupon these errors are arose.

A. E. These ducats pawn I for my father here. Duke. It shall not need, thy father hath his life.

Cou. Sir, I must have that diamond from you. [cheer. A. E. There, take  $\mp$  it; and much thanks for my good

Abb. Renowned duke, vouchfafe to take the pains

To go with us into the abbey here,
And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes: \_\_
And all that are assembl'd in this place,
That by this sympathized one day's error
Have suffer'd wrong, go, keep us company,
And we shall make sull satisfaction. \_\_
Twenty three years have I but gone in travel
Of you, my sons; and, 'till this present hour,
My heavy burthen not delivered: \_\_
The duke, my husband, and my children both,
And you the calendars of their nativity,
Go to a gossip's feast, and go with me;
After so long grief such nativity!

<sup>26</sup> Thirtie three 28 burthen are delivered

Duke. With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast.

[Exeunt Duke, Abbess, Egeon, Courtezan,
Merchant, Goldsmith, and Attendants.

D. S. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from ship-board?

A. E. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou embark'd?

D. S. Your goods that lay at host, fir, in the centaur.

A. S. He speaks to me; \_I am your master, Dromio: Come, go with us; we'll look to that anon:

Embrace thy brother there, rejoice with him.

[Exeunt the two ANTIPHILUS'S, ADR. and Luc. D. S. There is a fat friend at your master's house,

That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner; She now shall be my fister, not my wife.

D. E. Methinks, you are my glass, and not my brother:

I see by you, I am a sweet-fac'd youth.

Will you walk in to fee their gossiping?

D. S. Not I, fir; you are my elder.

D. E. That's a question; How shall we try it, brother?

D. S. We will draw

Cuts for the fenior: 'till then, lead thou first.

D. E. Nay then, + thus:

We came into the world like brother and brother; And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another.

had coulded one ban abandand van '

Exeunt

# MUCH ADO

Forfans retreamted.

Claudle, From its. & Pos Pedro:

D. Tedro, Felia of Arragon

Hattheener St. Ste Land Hatt

Mero, Dangham to Lecasto:

Margreet, | Sembra was departed lie, o

Only Homento, Watch &c.

Same Matting.

Beautice, Mr. Mars.

about was a virging

NOTHING.

### Persons represented.

Don Pedro, Prince of Arragon:
Don John, his bastard Brother.
Claudio, Favourite,
Benedick, Companion,
Balthasar, his Attendant.
Conrade,
Borachio,
Followers of Don John.
Leonato, Gowernor of Messina:
Antonio, his Brother.
Dogberry, a foolish Constable:
Verges, his Partner.
a Friar.
an Attendant, a Boy, a Sexton,
two Watchmen, and three Messengers.

Hero, Daughter to Leonato:
Beatrice, his Niece.
Margaret, Gentlewomen attending Hero.
Urfula,

Other Attendants, Watch, &c.

Scene, Meffina.

#### MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

with the desert with the desert and the

Les. He high an uncle here in Allan will he

appears third joy in him; even to much the

#### 

SCENE I. Before Leonato's House.

Enter Leonato, Hero, Beatrice, and Others,

with a Messenger.

LEO. I learn in this + letter, that Don Pedro of Arragon comes this night to Messina.

Mes. He is very near by this; he was not three leagues

off when I left him.

LEO. How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

Mef. But few of any fort, and none of name.

LEO. A victory is twice itself, when the atchiever brings home full numbers. I find † here, that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine, called Claudio.

Mef. Much deserv'd on his part, and equally remember'd by Don Pedro: He hath born himself beyond the promise of his age; doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion: he hath, indeed, better better'd expectation, than you must expect of me to

tell you how.

LEO. He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very

much glad of it.

Mes. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even so much, that joy could not shew itself modest enough, without a badge of bitterness.

LEO. Did he break out into tears?

Mes. In great measure.

LEO. A kind overflow of kindness: There are no faces truer than those that are so wash'd. How much better is it to weep at joy, than to joy at weeping?

BEA. I pray you, is fignior Montanto return'd from

the wars, or no?

Mes. I know none of that name, lady; there was none fuch in the army of any fort.

LEO. What is he that you ask for, niece?

HER. My cousin means fignior Benedick of Padua.

Mes. O, he's return'd; and as pleasant as ever he was.

BEA. He fet up his bills here in Messina, and challeng'd Cupid at the flight: and my uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscrib'd for Cupid, and challeng'd him at the bird-bolt. I pray you, how many hath he kill'd and eaten in these wars? But, how many hath he kill'd? for, indeed, I promis'd to eat all of his killing.

LEO. Faith, niece, you tax fignior Benedick too much:

but he'll be met with you, I doubt it not all AM

Mes. He hath done good service, lady, in these wars. BEA. You had musty victual, and he hath holp to eat it: he's a very valiant trencher-man, he hath an excellent stomack.

<sup>28</sup> be meet with

Mef. And a good foldier too, lady.

BEA. And a good foldier to a lady; — But what is he to a lord?

Mes. A lord to a lord, a man to a man; stuft with all honourable virtues.

BEA. It is so, indeed; he is no less than a stuft man:

but, for the stuffing! - well, we are all mortal.

LEO. You must not, sir, mistake my niece: there is a kind of merry war betwixt signior Benedick and her; they never meet, but there's a skirmish of wit between them.

BEA. Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our last conslict, four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man govern'd with one: so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse; for it is all the wealth that he hath lest, to be known a reasonable creature. Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new sworn-brother.

Mef. Is't possible?

BEA. Very easily possible: he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat, it ever changes with the next block.

Mes. I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books. BEA. No; an he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer now, that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

Mes. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

BEA. O lord! He will hang upon him like a disease: he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the

taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio! if he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere he be cur'd.

Mef. I will hold friends with you, lady.

BEA. Do, good friend.

LEO. You will never run mad, niece.

BEA. No, not 'till a hot January.

Mes. Don Pedro is approach'd.

Enter Don PEDRO, attended; Don JOHN, CLAUDIO, and BENEDICK.

D. PE. Good fignior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid cost,

and you encounter it.

LEO. Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your grace: for, trouble being gone, comfort should remain; but, when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happiness takes his leave.

D. PE. You embrace your charge too willingly. -

I think, this is your daughter.

LEO. Her mother hath many times told me fo.

BEN. Were you in doubt, fir, that you ask'd her? LEO. Signior Benedick, no; for then were you a child.

D. PE. You have it full, Benedick: we may guess by this what you are, being a man. Truly, the lady fathers herself: \_Be happy, lady! for you are like an honourable father.

BEN. If fignior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is.

BEA. I wonder, that you will still be talking, fignior Benedick; no body marks you.

BEN. What, my dear lady disdain! are you yet living?

BEA. Is it possible distain should dye, while she hath such meet food to feed it, as signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to distain, if you come in her presence.

BEN. Then is courtefy a turn-coat:—But it is certain, I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted: and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard

heart; for, truly, I love none.

BEA. A dear happiness to women; they would else have been troubl'd with a pernicious suitor. I thank God, and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that; I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man swear he loves me.

BEN. God keep your ladyship still in that mind! so some gentleman or other shall scape a predestinate

fcratcht face.

BEA. Scratching could not make it worse, an 'twere such a face as yours were.

BEN. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

BEA. A bird of my tongue is better than a beaft

of yours.

BEN. I would, my horse had the speed of your tongue; and so good a continuer: But keep your way, i'God's name; I have done.

BEA. You always end with a jade's trick; I know

you of old.

D. Pr. This is the fum of all: Leonato,—fignior Claudio, and fignior Benedick,—my dear friend Leonato, hath invited you all. I tell him, we shall stay here at the least a month; and he heartily prays, some occasion may detain us longer: I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

LEO. If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forfworn. — Let me bid you welcome, my lord: being reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

D. 70. I thank you: I am not of many words, but

I thank you.

LEO. Please it your grace lead on?

D. PE. Your hand, Leonato; we will go together.

[Exeunt D. Pedro, D. John, Leonato, Hero,
Beatrice, Messenger, and Attendants.

CLA. Benedick, did'ft thou note the daughter of fignior Leonato?

BEN. I noted her not; but I look'd on her.

CLA. Is she not a modest young lady?

BEN. Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment? or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?

CLA. No, I pray thee speak in sober judgment.

BEN. Why, i' faith, methinks she's too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise: only this commendation I can afford her; that, were she other than she is, she were unhandsome; and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

CLA. Thou think'st, I am in sport; I pray thee,

tell me truly how thou lik'ft her.

BEN. Would you buy her, that you enquire after her?

CLA. Can the world buy fuch a jewel?

BEN. Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you this with a sad brow? Or do you play the flouting Jack; to tell us, Cupid is a good hare-finder, and

Vulcan a rare carpenter? Come, in what key shall a man take you, to go in the fong?

CLA. In mine eye, she is the sweetest lady that ever

BEN. I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter: there's her cousin, an she were not possess'd with a sury, exceeds her as much in beauty, as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope you have no intent to turn husband; have you?

CLA. I would fearce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

BEN. Is't come to this, i'faith? Hath not the world one man, but he will wear his cap with suspicion? Shall I never see a batchelor of threescore again? Go to, i'faith; an thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away sundays. Look, Don Pedro is return'd to seek you.

Re-enter Don PEDRO.

D. PE. What fecret hath held you here, that you follow'd not to Leonato's?

BEN. I would your grace would constrain me to tell.

D. PE. I charge thee on thy allegeance.

BEN. You hear, count Claudio: I can be fecret as a dumb man, I would have you think so; but, on my allegeance, mark you this, on my allegeance: — He is in love. With who?— now that is your grace's part: mark how short his answer is:— With Hero, Leonato's short daughter.

CLA. If this were fo, fo were it uttered.

BEN. Like the old tale, my lord: it is not fo, nor

'twas not so; but, indeed, God forbid it should be so.

CLA. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

D. PE. Amen, if you love her, for the lady is very

well worthy.

CLA. You speak this to fetch me in, my lord.

D. PE. By my troth, I speak my thought. CLA. And, in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

BEN. And, by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I fpoke mine.

CLA. That I love her, I feel.

D. PE. That she is worthy, I know.

BEN. That I neither feel how she should be loved, nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me; I will dye in it at the stake.

D. PE. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretick in the despight of beauty.

CLA. And never could maintain his part, but in

the force of his will.

BEN. That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks: but that I will have a recheat winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldrick, all women shall pardon me: because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none: and the sine is (for the which I may go the siner) I will live a batchelor.

D. PE. I shall see thee, ere I dye, look pale with

love.

BEN. With anger, with fickness, or with hunger, my lord; not with love: prove that ever I lose more

blood with love, than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house for the sign of blind Cupid.

D. PE. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith,

thou wilt prove a notable argument.

BEN. If I do, hang me in a bottle, like a cat, and shoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clap'd on the shoulder, and call'd Adam.

D. PE. Well, as time shall try:

In time the favage bull doth bear the yoke.

BEN. The favage bull may; but if ever the fenfible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns, and fet them in my forehead: and let me be vilely painted; and in fuch great letters as they write— Here is good horse to hire, let them fignify under my fign—Here you may see Benedick the marry'd man.

CLA. If this should ever happen, thou would'st be horn-mad.

D. PE. Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

BEN. I look for an earth-quake too then.

D. PE. Well, you will temporize with the hours. In the mean time, good fignior Benedick, repair to Leonato's; commend me to him, and tell him, I will not fail him at supper; for, indeed, he hath made great preparation.

BEN. I have almost matter enough in me for such

an embássage: And so I commit you-

CLA. to the tuition of God: From my house, (if I had it,)

D. PE. the fixth of July: Your loving friend, Be-nedick.

BEN. Nay, mock not, mock not: The body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but slightly basted on neither: ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience; and so I leave you.

[Exit Benedick.

CLA. My liege, your highness now may do me good. D. PE. My love is thine to teach; teach it but how,

And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

CLA. Hath Leonato any son, my lord?
D. PE. No child but Hero, she's his only heir:

Dost thou affect her, Claudio?

When you went onward on this ended action, I look'd upon her with a foldier's eye, That lik'd, but had a rougher task in hand Than to drive liking to the name of love: But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts Have left their places vacant, in their rooms Come thronging soft and delicate desires, All prompting me how fair young Hero is, Saying, I lik'd her ere I went to wars.

D. PE. Thou wilt be like a lover presently, And tire the hearer with a book of words: If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it; And I will break with her, and with her father, And thou shalt have her: Wast not to this end, That thou began'st to twist so since a story?

CLA. How fweetly do you minister to love, That know love's grief by his complexion! But lest my liking might too sudden seem,
I would have salv'd it with a longer treatise. [slo

D. PE. What need the bridge much broader than the The fairest grant is the necessity:
Look, what will serve, is sit: 'tis once, thou lov'st;
And I will sit thee with the remedy.
I know, we shall have reveling to-night;

I will assume thy part in some disguise,
And tell fair Hero, I am Claudio;
And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart,
And take her hearing prisoner with the sorce
And strong encounter of my amorous tale:
Then, after to her father will I break:

Then, after, to her father will I break; And, the conclusion is, she shall be thine: In practice let us put it presently.

[Exeunt.

#### SCENE II. A Room in Leonato's House. Enter LEONATO, and ANTONIO.

LEO. How now, brother? Where is my cousin your fon? Hath he provided this musick?

ANT. He is very busy about it. But, brother, I can tell you strange news, that you yet dreamt not of.

LEO. Are they good?

ANT. As the event stamps them; but they have a good cover, they shew well outward. The prince and count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleached alley in my orchard, were thus much over-heard by a man of mine: The prince discover'd to Claudio, that he loved my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance; and, if he found her accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top, and instantly break with you of it.

LEO. Hath the fellow any wit, that told you this?
ANT. A good sharp fellow; I will fend for him, and

question him yourself.

LEO. No, no; we will hold it as a dream, 'till it appear itself: but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true: Go you, and

Enter several Persons, bearing Things for the Banquet. tell her of it. — Cousins, you know what you have to do. — O, I cry you mercy, friend; go you with me, and I will use your skill: — Good cousin, have a care this busy time.

[Exeunt.

## SCENE III. Another Room in the same.

Enter Don John, and Conrade.

Con. What the good year, my lord! why are you thus out of measure fad?

D. Jo. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds it, therefore the fadness is without limit.

Con. You should hear reason.

D. Jo. And when I have heard it, what bleffing bringeth it?

CON. If not a present remedy, yet a patient suf-

ferance.

D. Jo. I wonder, that thou, being (as thou fay'st, thou art) born under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I am: I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I have stomack, and wait for no man's leisure; sleep when I am drowsy, and tend on no man's business; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his

humour.

Con. Yea, but you must not make the full show of this, 'till you may do it without controulment. You have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace: where it is impossible you should take true root, but by the fair weather that you make yourself; it is needful that you frame the

leason for your own harvest.

D. Jo. I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a rose in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be disdain'd of all, than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any: in this, though I cannot be said to be a stattering honest man, it must not be deny'd but I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzle, and enfranchis'd with a clog; therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage: If I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the mean time, let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

Con. Can you make no use of your discontent? D. Jo. I make all use of it, for I use it only.

Enter BORACHIO.

Who comes here? \_ What news, Borachio?

Bor. I came yonder from a great supper; the prince your brother is royally entertain'd by Leonato: and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

D. Jo. Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? What is he for a fool, that betroths himself to

unquietness?

BOR. Marry, it is your brother's right hand. D. Jo. Who? the most exquisite Claudio?

BOR. Even he.

D. Jo. A proper squire! And who, and who? which way looks he?

BOR. Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of

Leonato.

D. Jo. A very forward March-chick! How came you to this?

Bor. Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was smoking a musty room, comes me the prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in sad conference: I whipt me behind the arras; and there heard it agreed upon, that the prince should woo Hero for himself, and, having obtain'd her, give her to count Claudio.

D. Jo. Come, come, let us thither; this may prove food to my displeasure: that young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow; if I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way: You are both sure, and

will affift me?

CON. To the death, my lord.

D. Jo. Let us to the great supper; their cheer is the greater, that I am subdued: Would the cook were of my mind! Shall we go prove what's to be done?

Bor. We'll wait upon your lordship. [Exeunt.

#### ACT II.

SCENE I. A Hall in Leonato's House. Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, HERO, BEATRICE, and Others.

LEO. Was not count John here at supper?

ANT. I saw him not.

BEA. How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can fee him, but I am heart-burn'd an hour after.

HER. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

BEA. He were an excellent man, that were made just in the mid way between him and Benedick: the one is too like an image, and fays nothing; and the other too like my lady's eldest fon, evermore tattling.

LEO. Then half fignior Benedick's tongue in count John's mouth, and half count John's melancholy in

fignior Benedick's face,-

BEA. With a good leg, and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, Such a man would win any woman in the world,—if he could get her good will.

LEO. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

ANT. In faith, she's too curst.

BEA. Too curst is more than curst: I shall lessen God's sending that way: for it is said, God sends a curst cow short horns; but to a cow too curst he sends none.

LEO. So, by being too curft, God will fend you no horns.

BEA. Just, if he send me no husband; for the which blessing, I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening: Lord! I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face; I had rather lye in the woollen.

LEO. You may light upon a husband that hath no beard.

BEA. What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting gentlewoman?

He that hath a beard, is more than a youth; and he that hath no beard, is less than a man: and he that is more than a youth, is not for me; and he that is less than a man, I am not for him: Therefore, I will even take fixpence in earnest of the bearherd, and lead his apes into hell.

LEO. Well then, go you into hell.

BEA. No, but to the gate: and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and fay, Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven, here's no place for you maids: fo deliver I up my apes, and away to faint Peter for the heavens; he shews me where the batchelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

ANT. Well, niece, [to Hero.] I trust you will be

rul'd by your father.

BEA. Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty to make a court'fy, and fay, Father, as it please you: \_ but yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another court'fy, and fay, Father, as it please me.

LEO. Well, niece, I hope to see you one day sitted

with a husband.

BEA. Not 'till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be overmaster'd with a piece of valiant dust? to make an account of her life to a clod of wayward marl? No, uncle, I'll none: Adam's sons are my brethren; and, truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

LEO. Daughter, remember what I told you: if the prince do follicit you in that kind, you know your

answer.

BEA. The fault will be in the musick, cousin, if

you be not woo'd in good time: if the prince be too important, tell him, there is measure in every thing, and so dance out the answer. For hear me, Hero, Wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scoth jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace: the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly modest, as a measure, full of state and ancientry; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, 'till he fink into his grave.

LEO. Cousin, you apprehend paffing shrewdly.

BEA. I have a good eye, uncle; I can see a church by day-light.

LEO. The revelers are entring; brother, make good room. [Leonato and his Company mask.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balthasar, Don John, Borachio, Margaret, Ursula, and Others, mask'd.

D. PE. Lady, will you walk about with your friend? HER. So you walk foftly, and look sweetly, and fay nothing, I am yours for the walk; and, especially, when I walk away.

D. PE. With me in your company. HER. I may fay fo, when I please. D. PE. And when please you to fay fo?

HER. When I like your favour; for God defend, the lute should be like the case!

D. PE. My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove.

HER. Why, then your visor should be thatch'd.

D. PE. Speak low, if you fpeak love.

[drawing ber aside.

BEN. Well, I would you did like me.

MAR. So would not I, for your own fake! for I have many ill qualities.

BEN. Which is one?

MAR: I fay my prayers aloud.

BEN. I love you the better; the hearers may cry, amen. [turning off in Quest of another.

MAR. God match me with a good dancer!

BAL. Amen.

MAR. And God keep him out of my fight, when the dance is done! \_ Answer, clerk.

BAL. No more words; the clerk is answered.

[ parting different Ways.

Uns. I know you well enough; you are fignior Antonio.

ANT. At a word, I am not.

URS. I know you by the wagling of your head.

ANT. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

URS. You could never do him so ill well, unless you were the very man: Here's his dry hand up and down; you are he, you are he.

ANT. At a word, I am not.

URS. Come, come; do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit? Can virtue hide itself? Go to, mum, you are he: graces will appear, and there's an end.

[mixing with the Company.

BEA. Will you not tell me who told you so?

BEN. No, you shall pardon me.

BEA. Nor will you not tell me who you are?

BEN. Not now.

BEA. That I was disdainful,—and that I had my good wit out of the Hundred merry Tales;—Well, this

was fignior Benedick that faid fo?

BEN. What's he?

BEA. I am fure, you know him well enough.

BEN. Not I, believe me.

BEA. Did he never make you laugh?

BEN. I pray you, what is he?

BEA. Why, he is the prince's jester: a very dull fool; only his gift is in devising impossible slanders: none but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villany; for he both pleaseth men, and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and beat him: I am sure, he is in the sleet; I would he had boarded me.

BEN. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him

what you fay.

BEA. Do, do: he'll but break a comparison, or two, on me; which, peradventure, not mark'd, or not laugh'd at, strikes him into melancholy; and then there's a partridge's wing sav'd, for the fool will eat no supper that night. [Musich begins: Dance forming.] We must follow the leaders.

BEN. In every good thing.

BEA. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning.

[Dance: and

Exeunt D. Pe. and Leo. conversing; Her. Bea. Mar. Urs. Ant. Ben. Bal. and Company.

D. Jo. "Sure, my brother is amorous on Hero, and" "hath withdrawn her father to break with him" about it: The ladies follow her, and but one visor" remains."

BOR. "And that is Claudio; I know him by his" bearing."

D. Jo. Are not you fignior Benedick? CLA. You know me well; I am he.

D. Jo. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love: he is enamour'd on Hero; I pray you, dissuade him from her, she is no equal for his birth: you may do the part of an honest man in it.

CLA. How know you he loves her? D. 70. I heard him swear his affection.

Box. So did I too; and he swore he would marry her to-night.

D. 70. Come, let us to the banquet.

[Exeunt D. JOHN, and BORACHIO.

CLA. Thus answer I in name of Benedick,
But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio.—
'Tis certain so; the prince wooes for himself.
Friendship is constant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love:
Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues;
Let every eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no agent: for beauty is a witch,
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.
This is an accident of hourly proof,
Which I mistrusted not: Farewel therefore, Hero!

Re-enter Benedick.

BEN. Count Claudio? CLA. Yea, the fame.

BEN. Come, will you go with me?

CLA. Whither?

BEN. Even to the next willow, about your own business, count. What fashion will you wear the garland of? About your neck, like an usurer's chain? or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf? You

must wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.

CLA. I wish him joy of her.

BEN. Why, that's spoken like an honest drover; so they sell bullocks. But did you think, the prince would have serv'd you thus?

CLA. I pray you, leave me.

BEN. Ho! now you strike like the blind man; 'twas the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the post.

CLA. If it will not be, I'll leave you.

Exit CLAUDIO.

BEN. Alas, poor hurt fow!! Now will he creep into fedges.—But, that my lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me! The prince's fool? Ha! It may be, I go under that title, because I am merry. Yea; but so; (I am apt to do myself wrong) I am not so reputed: it is the base, though bitter, disposition of Beatrice, that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out. Well, I'll be revenged as I may.

Re-enter Don Pedro, Hero, and Leonato. D. Pe. Now, fignior? where's the count? Did you fee him?

BEN. Troth, my lord, I have played the part of lady fame: I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren; I told him, and, I think, I told him true, that your grace had got the good will of this young lady; and I offered him my company to a willow-tree, either to make him a garland, as being forfaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipt.

D. PE. To be whipt! What's his fault?

BEN. The flat transgression of a school-boy; who being overjoy'd with finding a bird's nest, shews it his companion, and he steals it.

D. PE. Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? The

transgression is in the stealer.

BEN. Yet it had not been amis, the rod had been made, and the garland too: for the garland he might have worn himself; and the rod he might have bestowed on you, who, as I take it, have stol'n his birds' nest.

D. PE. I will but teach them to fing, and restore them to the owner.

BEN. If their finging answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.

D. PE. The lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you; the gentleman, that danc'd with her, told her, she is much

wrong'd by you.

BEN. O, she misus'd me past the endurance of a block; an oak, but with one green leaf on it, would have answered her; my very visor began to assume life, and scold with her: She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince's jester; that I was duller than a great thaw; hudling jest upon jest, with such impossible conveyance, upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me: She speaks poniards, and every word stabs: if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her, she would infect to the north star: I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgress'd: she would have made Hercules have turn'd spit; yea, and

have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her; you shall find her the infernal Ate in good apparel. I would to God, some scholar would conjure her: for, certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell, as in a fanctuary; and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither: so, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation, follows her.

Re-enter BEATRICE, and CLAUDIO.

D. PE. Look, here she comes.

BEN. Will your grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes, that you can devise to send me on; I will setch you a tooth-picker now from the farthest inch of Asia; bring you the length of Prester John's soot; setch you a hair off the great Cham's beard; do you any embassage to the pigmies, rather than hold three words conference with this harpy: You have no employment for me?

D. PE. None, but to desire your good company.

BEN. O God, fir, here's a dish I love not; I cannot endure this lady's tongue.

[Exit BENEDICK.

D. PE. Come, lady, come; you have lost the heart

of fignior Benedick.

BEA. Indeed, my lord, he lent it me a while; and I gave him use for it, a double heart for his single one: marry, once before he won it of me with false dice, therefore your grace may well say, I have lost it.

D. PE. You have put him down, lady, you have put

him down.

BEA. So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have brought count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

D. PE. Why, how now, count? wherefore are you fad?

CLA. Not fad, my lord. D. PE. How then? Sick? CLA. Neither, my lord.

BEA. The count is neither fad, nor fick, nor merry, nor well: \_ but civil, count; civil as an orange, and

fomething of that jealous complexion.

D. PE. I' faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true; though, I'll be fworn, if he be fo, his conceit is false. — Here, Claudio, [leading him to Hero.] I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won; I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained: name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy!

LEO. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, and

all grace fay, amen, to it!

BEA. Speak, count, 'tis your cue.

CLA. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were but little happy, if I could say how much. \_ Lady, as you are mine, I am yours; I give away myself for you, and doat upon the exchange.

BEA. Speak, cousin; or, if you cannot, stop his

mouth with a kiss, and let not him speak neither.

D. PE. In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

BEA. Yea, my lord; I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy fide of care: — My cousin tells him in his ear, that he is in her heart.

CLA. And fo she doth, cousin.

BEA. Good lord, for alliance! Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am fun-burnt; I may fit in a corner, and cry, hey ho! for a husband.

D. PE. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

BEA. I would rather have one of your father's getting: Hath your grace ne'er a brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

D. PE. Will you have me, lady?

BEA. No, my lord, unless I might have another for working-days; your grace is too costly to wear every day:—But, I beseech your grace, pardon me; I was born to speak all mirth, and no matter.

D. PE. Your filence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for, out of question, you were

born in a merry hour.

BEA. No, fure, my lord; my mother cry'd: but then there was a ftar danc'd, and under that was I born. \_ Cousins, God give you joy?

LEO. Niece, will you look to those things I told

you of?

BEA. I cry you mercy, uncle. By your grace's pardon.

[Exit BEATRICE.

D. PE. By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.

LEO. There's little of the melancholy element in her, my lord: she is never fad, but when she sleeps; and not ever fad then; for I have heard my daughter fay, she hath often dreamt of unhappiness, and wak'd herself with laughing.

D. PE. She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

LEO. O, by no means; she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

D. PE. She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

LEO. O lord, my lord, if they were but a week marry'd, they would talk themselves mad.

D. PE. Count Claudio, when mean you to go to church?

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CLA. To-morrow, my lord; Time goes on crutches, 'till love have all his rites.

LEO. Not 'till monday, my dear fon, which is hence a just sevennight; and a time too brief too, to have all

things answer my mind.

D. PE. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing; but, I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dully by us: I will in the interim undertake one of Hercules' labours; which is, to bring signior Benedick and the lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection, the one with the other: I would fain have it a match; and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

LEO. My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten

nights' watchings.

CLA. And I, my lord.

D. PE. And you too, gentle Hero?

HER. I will do any modest office, my lord, to help

my cousin to a good husband.

D. PE. And Benedick is not the unhopefullest husband that I know: thus far can I praise him; he is of a noble strain, of approved valour, and confirm'd honesty. I will teach you how to humour your cousin, that she shall fall in love with Benedick; — and I, with your two helps, will so practise on Benedick, that, in despight of his quick wit and his queasy stomack, he shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer, his glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift.

[Exeunt.

Enter Don John, and Borachio.

D. Jo. It is fo; the count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

BOR. Yea, my lord; but I can cross it.

D. Jo. Any bar, any cross, any impediment, will be medicinable to me: I am sick in displeasure to him; and whatsoever comes athwart his affection, ranges evenly with mine: How canst thou cross this marriage?

FOR. Not honeftly, my lord; but so covertly, that

no dishonesty shall appear in me.

D. Jo. Shew me briefly how.

BOR. I think I told your lordship, a year since, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting-gentlewoman to Hero:

D. 70. I remember.

BOR. I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber-window.

D. 70. What life is in that, to be the death of this

marriage?

Bor. The poison of that lies in you to temper: Go you to the prince your brother; spare not to tell him, that he hath wronged his honour in marrying the renowned Claudio (whose estimation do you mightily hold up) to a contaminated stale, such a one as Hero.

D. Jo. What proof shall I make of that?

Bor. Proof enough, to misuse the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato: Look you for any other issue?

D. Jo. Only to despite them, I will endeavour any

thing.

BOR. Go then, find me a meet hour to draw Don

Pedro, and the count Claudio, alone; tell them, that you know that Hero loves me; intend a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio; as - in a love of your brother's honour, who hath made this match; and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozen'd with the semblance of a maid, that you have discover'd thus: They will scarcely believe this without trial: offer them instances; which shall bear no less likelihood, than to fee me at her chamber-window; hear me call Margaret, Hero; hear Margaret term me Claudio; and bring them to fee this, the very night before the intended wedding: for, in the mean time, I will fo fashion the matter, that Hero shall be absent; and there shall appear such seeming truth of her disloyalty, that jealoufy shall be call'd affurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

D. Jo. Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice: Be cunning in the working this,

and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

BOR. Be you constant in the accusation, and my

cunning shall not shame me.

D. Jo. I will presently go learn their day of marriage. [Exeunt.

## SCENE III. Leonato's Garden. Enter BENEDICK, and a Boy.

BEN. Boy,-Boy. Signior.

BEN. In my chamber-window lies a book; bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am here already, fir.

BEN. I know that; but I would have thee hence,

<sup>14</sup> of Heroes disloyaltie

and here again. [Exit Boy.] I do much wonder, that one man, feeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laugh'd at fuch shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own fcorn, by falling in love: And fuch a man is Claudio: I have known, when there was no musick with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the taber and the pipe: I have known, when he would have walk'd ten mile afoot, to fee a good armour; and now will he lye ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet: He was wont to fpeak plain and to the purpose, like an honest man and a foldier; and now is he turn'd orthographer; his words are a very fantaffical banquet, just fo many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not: I will not be fworn, but love may transform me to an oister; but I'll take my oath on it, 'till he have made an oister of me. he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair; yet I am well: another is wise; yet I am well: another virtuous; yet I am well: but 'till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace: Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel: of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God. Ha! The prince, and monfieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour. withdraws.

Enter Don PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and LEONATO.

D. PE. Come, shall we hear this musick?

CLA. Yea, my good lord: How still the evening is!

As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony.

D. PE. "See you where Benedick hath hid himself?"
CLA. "O, very well, my lord: the musick ended,"
"We'll fit the hid fox with a penny-worth."

Enter BALTHASAR, with Musick.

D. PE. Come, Balthasar, we'll hear that fong again.

BAL. O good my lord, tax not fo bad a voice

To flander musick any more than once.

D. PE. It is the witness still of excellency, To put a strange face on his own perfection: \_\_ I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more.

BAL. Because you talk of wooing, I will fing: Since many a wooer doth commence his fuit To her he thinks not worthy; yet he wooes; Yet will he fwear, he loves.

D. Pr. Nay, pray thee, come: Or if thou wilt hold longer argument, Do it in notes.

BAL. Note this before my notes,

There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

D. PE. Why, these are very crotchets that he speaks; Note, notes, for sooth, and noting! [Air.

BEN. "Now, Divine air! Now is his foul ravish'd!"
"Is it not strange, that sheep's guts should hale souls"
"out of men's bodies? Well, a horn for my money,"

" when all's done."

[Song.

BAI. Sigh no more, ladies, figh no more,
men were deceivers ever;
one foot in sea, and one on shore;
to one thing constant never.
Then figh not so,
but let them go,

4 the kid-foxe 22 and nothing.

and be you blith and bonny; converting all your founds of woe into, Hey, nonny, nonny. II. St.

Sing no more ditties, fing no mo
of dumps so dull and heavy;
the fraud of men was ever so,
fince summer first was leavy.
Then sigh not so, &c.

D. PE. By my troth, a good fong. BAL. And an ill finger, my lord.

D. PE. Ha? No; no, faith; thou fing'st well enough for a shift.

BEN. "An he had been a dog that should have" howl'd thus, they would have hang'd him: and I" pray God, his bad voice bode no mischief; I had" as lief have heard the night-raven, come what" plague could have come after it."

D. PE. Yea, marry; \_ Dost thou hear, Balthasar? I pray thee, get us some excellent musick; for to-morrow night we would have it at the lady Hero's

chamber-window.

BAL. The best I can, my lord.

D. PE. Do so; farewel. [Exeunt Bal. and Musick.] Come hither, Leonato: What was it you told me of today? that your niece Beatrice was in love with fignior Benedick?

CLA. O, ay: \_ "Stalk on, stalk on; the fowl fits." \_\_ I did never think, that lady would have loved any man.

LEO. No, nor I neither; but most wonderful, that she should so doat on signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seemed ever to abhor.

BEN. "Is't possible? Sits the wind in that corner?"

LEO. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it: but, that she loves him with an enrag'd affection,—It is past the infinite of thought.

D. PE. May be, she doth but counterfeit.

CLA. 'Faith, like enough.

Leo. O God! counterfeit! There was never counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion, as she discovers it.

D. PE. Why, what effects of passion shews she?

CLA. "Bait the hook well; this fish will bite."

LEO. What effects, my lord? She will sit you.

You heard my daughter tell how.

CLA. She did, indeed.

D. PE. How, how, I pray you? You amaze me: I would have thought, her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

LEO. I would have fworn it had, my lord; espe-

cially against Benedick.

BEN. "I should think this a gull, but that the"
"white-bearded fellow speaks it: knavery cannot,"
"fure, hide himself in such reverence."

CLA. "He hath ta'en th'infection; hold it up."

D. PE. Hath she made her affection known to Be-

LEO. No; and swears, she never will; that's her torment.

CLA. 'Tis true, indeed; fo your daughter fays: Shall I, fays she, that have so oft encounter'd him with scorn, write to him that I love him?

LEO. This fays she now when she is beginning to write to him: for she'll be up twenty times a night;

and there will she sit in her smock, 'till she have writ a sheet of paper: - my daughter tells us all.

CLA. Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remem-

ber a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

LEO. O,—When she had writ it, and was reading it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice between the sheet?—

CLA. That.

LEO. O, she tore the letter into a thousand halfpence; rail'd at herself, that she should be so immodest to write to one that she knew would flout her: I measure him, says she, by my own spirit; for I should flout him, if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I should.

CLA. Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses;

O sweet Benedick! God give me patience!

LEO. She doth, indeed; my daughter fays fo: and the extafy hath fo much over-born her, that my daughter is fometime afeard she will do a desperate outrage to herself; It is very true.

D. PE. It were good, that Benedick knew of it by some

other, if she will not discover it.

CLA. To what end? He would but make a sport of

it, and torment the poor lady worse.

D. PE. An he should, it were an alms to hang him: She's an excellent sweet lady; and, out of all suspicion, she is virtuous.

CLA. And she is exceeding wise.

D. PE. In every thing, but in loving Benedick.

LEO. O my lord, wisdom and blood combating in fo tender a body, we have ten proofs to one, that blood hath the victory. I am forry for her, as I have just

cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

D. PE. I would she had bestowed this dotage on me; I would have dast all other respects, and made her half my self: I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what he will say.

LEO. Were it good, think you?

CLA. Hero thinks furely, she will dye: for she says she will dye, if he love her not; and she will dye ere she make her love known; and she will dye, if he woo her, rather than she will 'bate one breath of her accustomed crossness.

D. PE. She doth well: if she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible he'll scorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible spirit.

CLA. He is a very proper man.

D. PE. He hath, indeed, a good outward happiness. CLA. 'Fore God, and, in my mind, very wise.

D. PE. He doth, indeed, shew some sparks that are like wit.

CLA. And I take him to be valiant.

D. PE. As Hestor, I assure you: and in the managing of quarrels you may say he is wise; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a most christian-like sear.

LEO. If he do fear God, he must necessarily keep peace; if he break the peace, he ought to enter into

a quarrel with fear and trembling.

D. PE. And so will he do; for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him, by some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your niece. Shall we go seek Benedick, and tell him of her love?

CLA. Never tell him, my lord; let her wear it out

with good counsel.

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LEO. Nay, that's impossible; she may wear her heart out first.

D. PE. Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter; let it cool the while: I love Benedick well; and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy to have so good a lady.

LEO. My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

CLA. "If he do not doat on her upon this, I will"

" never trust my expectation."

D. PE. "Let there be the fame net spread for her," and that must your daughter and her gentlewomen" carry: The sport will be, when they hold one an" opinion of another's dotage, and no such matter;" that's the scene that I would see, which will be" meerly a dumb shew. Let us send her to call him" in to dinner."

[Exeunt Don Pedro, Claudio, and Leonato. Ben. [advancing.] This can be no trick: The conference was fadly born: They have the truth of this from Hero. They feem to pity the lady; it feems, her affections have their full bent. Love me! Why, it must be requited. I hear how I am censur'd: they say, I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they say too, that she will rather dye than give any sign of affection;—I did never think to marry: I must not seem proud: happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending. They say, the lady is fair; 'tis a truth, I can bear them witness: and virtuous; 'tis so, I can not reprove it: and wise, but for loving me; By my troth, it is no addition to her wit; nor no great argument of her folly, for I will

be horribly in love with her. I may chance have fome odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have railed so long against marriage: But doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot endure in his age: Shall quips, and sentences, and these paper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour? No: The world must be peopl'd: When I said, I would dye a batchelor, I did not think I should live 'till I were marry'd.—Here comes Beatrice: By this day, she's a fair lady: I do spy some marks of love in her.

Enter BEATRICE.

BEA. Against my will, I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

BEN. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

BEA. I took no more pains for those thanks, than you take pains to thank me; if it had been painful, I would not have come.

BEN. You take pleasure then in the message?

BEA. Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choak a daw withal: — You have no stomack, signior; fare you well. [Exit BEATRICE.]

BEN. Ha! Against my will, I am sent to bid you come in to dinner—there's a double meaning in that. I took no more pains for those thanks, than you took pains to thank me—that's as much as to say, Any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks:—If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a few: I will go get her picture.

[Exit.

## SCENE I. The Garden. Enter Hero, MARGARET, and URSULA.

Her. Good Margaret, run thee into the parlour;
There shalt thou sind my cousin Beatrice,
Proposing with the prince and Claudio:
Whisper her ear, and tell her, I and Urfula
Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse
Is all of her; say, that thou overheard'st us;
And bid her steal into the pleached bower,
Where honey-suckles, ripen'd by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter;—like to savourites,
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
Against that power that bred it:—there will she hide her
To listen our propose: This is thy office;
Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Mar I'll make her come. I warrant you presently.

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MAR. I'll make her come, I warrant you, presently.

[Exit MARGARET.

HER. Now, Urfula, when Beatrice doth come, As we do trace this alley up and down, Our talk must only be of Benedick:
When I do name him, let it be thy part
To praise him more than ever man did merit;
My talk to thee must be, how Benedick
Is sick in love with Beatrice: Of this matter
Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,
That only wounds with hear-fay. "Now begin;"
Enter BEATRICE.

"For look where Beatrice, like a lap-wing, runs"
"Close by the ground, to hear our conference."

URS. "The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish"
"Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,"

<sup>4</sup> thee to the

" And greedily devour the treacherous bait:"

"So angle we for Beatrice; who even now"

" Is couched in the woodbine coverture:"

"Fear you not my part of the dialogue." thing"

HER. "Then go we near her, that her ear lose no-

"Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it." No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful; I know, her spirits are as coy and wild As haggards of the rock.

URS. But are you fure,

That Benedick loves Beatrice fo entirely?

HER. So fays the prince, and my new-trothed lord, URS. And did they bid you tell her of it, madam? HER. They did intreat me to acquaint her of it:

But I persuaded them, if they lov'd Benedick, To wish him wrestle with affection,

And never to let Beatrice know of it.

URS. Why did you so? Doth not the gentleman Deserve as full, as fortunate a bed, As ever Beatrice shall couch upon?

HER. O god of love! I know, he doth deserve As much as may be yielded to a man:
But nature never fram'd a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice:
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprizing what they look on; and her wit
Values itself so highly, that to her
All matter else seems weak: she cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
She is so self-endeared.

URS. Sure, I think fo; And therefore, certainly, it were not good She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.

Her. Why, you speak truth: I never yet saw man, How wise, how noble, young, how rarely seatur'd, But she would spell him backward: if fair-fac'd, She would swear, the gentleman should be her sister; If black, why, nature, drawing of an antick, Made a foul blot: if tall, a lance ill-headed; If low, an agat very vilely cut: If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds; If silent, why, a block moved with none. So turns she every man the wrong side out; And never gives to truth and virtue, that Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

URS. Sure, fure, fuch carping is not commendable. HER. No; nor to be fo odd, and from all fashions, As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable:
But who dare tell her so? If I should speak, She would mock me into air; o, she would laugh me Out of myself, press me to death with wit. Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire, Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly: It were a better death than dye with mocks; Which is as bad as dye with tickling.

Urs. Yet tell her of it; hear what she will say.

Her. No; rather I will go to Benedick,

And counsel him to sight against his passion:

And, truly, I'll devise some honest slanders,

To stain my cousin with; One doth not know,

How much an ill word may empoison liking.

URS. O, do not do your cousin fuch a wrong. She cannot be so much without true judgment, (Having so swift and excellent a wit,

As she is pris'd to have) as to refuse So rare a gentleman as fignior Benedick.

HER. He is the only man of Italy, Always excepted my dear Claudio.

Uss. I pray you, be not angry with me, madam, Speaking my fancy; Signior Benedick, For shape, for bearing, argument, and valour, Goes foremost in report through Italy.

HER. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

URS. His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.—

When are you marry'd, madam?

HER. Why, every day; to morrow: Come, go in; I'll shew thee some attires; and have thy counsel, Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow. [madam."

URS. "She's ta'en, I warrant you; we have caught her, HER. "If it prove so, then loving goes by haps:"
"Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps."

[Exeunt Hero, and Ursula. Beatrice advances.

BEA. What fire is in mine ears? Can this be true?

Stand I condemn'd for pride and fcorn fo much?

Contempt, farewel! and, maiden pride, adieu!

No glory lives behind the back of such. And, Benedick, love on, I will requite thee;

Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand;
If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band:

For others fay, thou dost deserve; and I Believe it better than reportingly.

SCENE II. A Room in Leonato's House.

Enter D. Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, and Leonato.
D. Pe. I do but stay 'till your marriage be consum-

Exit.

mate, and then go I toward Arragon.

CLA. I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll youchfafe me.

D. PE. Nay, that would be as great a foyl in the new gloss of your marriage, as to shew a child his new coat, and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with Benedick for his company; for, from the crown of his head to the soal of his foot, he is all mirth: he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow-string, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him: he hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks, his tongue speaks.

BEN. Gallants, I am not as I have been. LEO. So fay I; methinks, you are fadder.

CLA. I hope, he be in love.

D. PE. Hang him, truant; there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touch'd with love: if he be fad, he wants money.

BEN. I have the tooth-ach.

D. PE. Draw it. BEN. Hang it!

CLA. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

D. PE. What? figh for the tooth-ach?

LEO. Where is but a humour, or a worm?

BEN. Well, Every one can master a grief, but he that has it.

CLA. Yet fay I, he is in love.

D. P.E. There is no appearance of fancy in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises; as, to be a Dutchman to-day, a Frenchman to-morrow; or in the shape of two countries at once, as, a German from the waste downward, all slops, and a Spa-

25 cannot master

0.

n-

niard from the hip upward, no doublet: unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it appear he is.

CLA. If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs: he brushes his hat o'morn-

ings; What should that bode?

D. PE. Hath any man seen him at the barber's?

CLA. No, but the barber's man hath been feen with him; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuff'd tennis-balls.

LEO. Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loss of a beard.

D. PE. Nay, he rubs himself with civet; Can you fmell him out by that?

CLA. That's as much as to fay, The fweet youth's

in love.

D. PE. The greatest note of it is his melancholy. CLA. And when was he wont to wash his face?

D. PE. Yea, or to paint himself? for the which, I hear what they say of him.

CLA. Nay, but his jesting spirit; which is now crept

into a lute-string, and now govern'd by stops.

D. PE. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him: Conclude, conclude, he is in love.

CLA. Nay, but I know who loves him.

D. PE. That would I know too; I warrant, one that knows him not.

CLA. Yes, and his ill conditions; and, in despight of all, dies for him.

D. PE. She shall be bury'd with her heels upwards.

BEN. Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ach.—
Old fignior, walk aside with me; I have study'd eight

<sup>30</sup> her face upwards

or nine wise words to fpeak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear.

Exeunt BENEDICK, and LEONATO.

D. PE. For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

CLA. 'Tis even so: Here and Margaret have by this played their parts with Beatrice; and then the two bears will not bite one another, when they meet.

Enter Don John.

D. Jo. My lord and brother, God fave you.

D. PE. Good den, brother.

D. Jo. If your leisure ferv'd, I would speak with you.

D. PE. In private?

D. Jo. If it please you: - yet count Claudio may hear; for what I would speak of, concerns him.

D. PE. What's the matter?

D. Jo. Means your lordship [to Cla.] to be marry'd to-morrow?

D. PE. You know, he does.

D. Jo. I know not that, when he knows what I know.

CLA. If there be any impediment, I pray you, discover it.

D. Jo. You may think, I love you not; let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest: For my brother, I think, he holds you well; and in dearness of heart hath holp to effect your ensuing marriage: surely, suit ill spent, and labour ill bestowed.

D. PE. Why, what's the matter?

D. Jo. I came hither to tell you; and, circumflances shorten'd, (for she hath been too long a'talking about) the lady is disloyal.

CLA. Who? Hero?

ıt

ht

D. Jo. Even she; Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.

CLA. Disloyal?

D. Jo. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness; I could say, she were worse; think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it: Wonder not 'till further warrant: go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber-window enter'd; even the night before her wedding-day: if you love her then, to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

CLA. May this be fo?
D. PE. I will not think it.

D. Jo. If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know: if you will follow me, I will shew you enough; and when you have seen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly.

CLA. If I fee any thing to-night, why I should not marry her; to-morrow, in the congregation, where I

should wed, there will I shame her.

D. PE. And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will

join with thee to difgrace her.

D. Jo. I will disparage her no farther, 'till you are my witnesses; bear it coldly but 'till midnight, and let the issue shew itself.

D. PE. O day untowardly turned!

CLA. O mischief strangely thwarting! D. Jo. O plague right well prevented!

So will you fay, when you have feen the fequel. [Exeunt.

## SCENE III. A Street.

Enter DOGBERRY, and VERGES, with the Watch. Dog. Are you good men and true?

VER. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suf-

fer falvation, body and foul.

Doc. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegeance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch. [ry.

VER. Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogber-Dog. First, who think you the most desartless man

to be constable?

1. W. Hugh Oatcake, fir, or George Seacoal; for they

can write and read.

Dog. Come hither, neighbour Seacoal: God hath bless'd you with a good name: to be a well-favour'd man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature.

2. W. Both which, master constable, -

Dog. You have; I knew it would be your answer: Well, for your favour, fir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseles and fix man for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lanthorn: This is your charge; You shall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

2. W. How if he will not fland?

Dog. Why then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

VER. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is

none of the prince's subjects.

Dog. True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects: You shall also make no noise in

the fireets; for, for the watch to babble and to talk, is most tolerable and not to be endured.

2. W. We will rather fleep than talk; we know what

belongs to a watch.

Dog. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman; for I cannot see how sleeping should offend: only, have a care that your bills be not stoln: — Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

2. W. How if they will not?

Dog. Why then, let them alone 'till they are fober; if they make you not then the better answer, you may say, they are not the men you took them for.

2. W. Well, fir.

Dog. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man; and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

2. W. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not

lay hands on him?

Dog. Truly, by your office, you may; but, I think, they that touch pitch will be defil'd: the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him shew himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

VER. You have been always call'd a merciful man,

partner.

Dog. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will; much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

VER. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must

call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

2. W. How if the nurse be asleep, and will not hear us? Doc. Why then, depart in peace, and let the child

wake her with crying: for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes, will never answer a calf when he bleats.

VER. 'Tis very true.

Dog. This is the end of the charge. You, conflable, are to present the prince's own person; if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.

VER. Nay, by 'r-lady, that, I think, he cannot. Dog. Five shillings to one on't, with any man that knows the statutes, he may stay him: marry, not without the prince be willing: for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

VER. By'r-lady, I think, it be fo.

Dog. Ha, ha, ha! Well, masters, good night: an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me: keep your fellows' counsels, and your own, and good night. Come, neighbour.

2. W. Well, masters, we hear our charge: let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all

to-bed.

Dog. One word more, honest neighbours: I pray you, watch about signior Leonato's door; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coyl tonight: Adieu; be vigitant, I beseech you.

[Exeunt Dogberry, and Verges. Enter Borachio, and Conrade.

BOR. What, Conrade,— 2.W. "Peace, stir not."

BOR. Conrade, I fay,-

CON. Here, man, I am at thy elbow.

BOR. Mass, and my elbow itch'd; I thought, there

would a fcab follow.

CON. I will owe thee an answer for that; and now

forward with thy tale.

BOR. Stand thee close then under this pent-house, for it drizzles rain; and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

2. W. " Some treason, masters; yet stand close."

BOR. Therefore know, I have earned of Don John a thousand ducats.

Con. Is it possible that any villany should be so dear?

BOR. Thou should'st rather ask, if it were possible any villany should be so rich: for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Con. I wonder at it.

Box. That shews, thou art unconfirm'd: Thou knowest, that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

CON. Yes, it is apparel. Bor. I mean, the fashion.

Con. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

BOR. Tush! I may as well say, the fool's the fool. But see'st thou not what a deform'd thief this fashion is?

1. W. "I know that Deform'd; he has been a vile" "thief this feven year; he goes up and down like" a gentleman: I remember his name."

BOR. Did'st thou not hear some body? Con. No; 'twas the vane on the house.

BOR. See'st thou not, I say, what a deform'd thief this fashion is? how giddily he turns about all the hot bloods, between fourteen and five and thirty?

fometimes fashioning them like *Pharach*'s foldiers in the reechy painting; fometime, like god *Bel*'s priests in the old church-window; fometime, like the shaven *Hercules* in the smirtcht worm-eaten tapestry, where his cod-piece seems as massy as his club?

CON. All this I fee; and fee, that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man: But art not thou thy-felf giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted

out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

Bor. Not so neither: but know that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero; she leans me out at her mistress' chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good-night,—I tell this tale vilely: I should first tell thee, how the prince, Claudio, and my master, planted, and placed, and possessed by my master Don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

CON. And thought they, Margaret was Hero?

Bor. Two of them did, the prince and Claudio, but the devil my master knew she was Margaret; and partly by his oaths, which sirft possess'd them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villany, which did confirm any slander that Don John had made, away went Claudio enrag'd; swore he would meet her, as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he had seen o'er night, and send her home again without a husband.

1. W. [ flarting out upon them.] We charge you in the prince's name, stand.

2. W. Call up the right master constable: We have

here recovered the most dangerous piece of lecnery that ever was known in the common-wealth.

1. W. And one Deform'd is one of them; I know

him, he wears a lock.

CON. Masters, masters,-

2. W. You'll be made bring Deform'd forth, I warrant you.

Con. Masters,-

1. III. Never speak, we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.

BOR. We are like to prove a goodly commodity,

being taken up of these men's bills.

Cone, we'll obey you. [Exeunt.

## SCENE IV. A Room in Leonato's House. Enter Hero, MARGARET, and URSULA.

HER. Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise.

URS. I will, lady.

HER. And bid her come hither.

URS. Well. [Exit URSULA. MAR. Troth, I think, your other rebato were better.

HER. No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this.
MAR. By my troth, 's not so good; and, I warrant,

your cousin will fay fo.

HER. My cousin's a fool, and thou art another;

I'll wear none but this.

MAR. I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner: and your gown's a most rare fashion, i' faith. I saw the dutches of Milan's

gown, that they praise fo.

HER. O, that exceeds, they fay.

MAR. By my troth, 's but a night-gown in respect of yours: Cloth o'gold, and cuts, and lac'd with filver; set with pearls, down sleeves, side sleeves, and skirts round, under-born with a blueish tinsel: but, for a fine, queint, graceful, and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't.

HER. God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is exceeding heavy!

MAR. 'Twill be heavier foon, by the weight of a man.

HER. Fie upon thee! art not asham'd?

Mar. Of what, lady? of speaking honourably? Is not marriage honourable in a beggar? Is not your lord honourable without marriage? I think, you would have me say, saving your reverence,—a husband: an bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I'll offend no body: Is there any harm in—the heavier for a husband? None, I think, an it be the right husband, and the right wise; otherwise, 'tis light, and not heavy; Ask my lady Beatrice else, here she comes.

Enter BEATRICE.

HER. Good morrow, coz.

BEA. Good morrow, fweet Hero.

HER. Why, how now! do you speak in the fick tune?

BEA. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

MAR. Clap's into - Light o' love; that goes without

a burden; do you fing it, and I'll dance it.

BEA. Yes, Light o'love, with your heels!—then if your husband have stables enough, you'll fee he shall lack no barns.

MAR. O illegitimate construction! I fcorn that with

my heels.

BEA. 'Tis almost five o'clock, cousin; 'tis time you were ready. By my troth, I am exceeding ill: hey ho!

MAR. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?
BEA. For the letter that begins them all, H.

MAR Well, an you be not turn'd Turk, there's no more failing by the star.

BEA. What means the fool, trow?

MAR. Nothing I; but God fend every one their heart's desire!

HER. These gloves the count fent me, they are an excellent perfume.

BEA. I am stuft, cousin, I cannot smell.

MAR. A maid, and fluft! there's goodly catching of cold!

BEA. O, God help me! God help me! How long have you profess'd apprehension?

MAR. Ever fince you left it; Doth not my wit be-

come me rarely?

BEA. It is not feen enough, you should wear it in

your cap. \_ By my troth, I am fick.

MAR. Get you some of this distill'd Carduus Benedictus, and lay it to your heart; it is the only thing for a qualm.

HER. There thou prick'st her with a thistle.

BEA. Benedictus! Why Benedictus? You have some moral in this Benedictus.

MAR. Moral? no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant, plain holy thiftle. You may think, perchance, that I think you are in love: nay, by 'r-lady, I am not such a fool to think what I list;

nor I list not to think what I can; nor, indeed, I cannot think, if I would think my heart out o'thinking,
that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or
that you can be in love: yet Benedick was such another, and now is he become a man: he swore, he
would never marry; and yet now, in despight of his
heart, he eats his meat without grudging: and how
you may be converted, I know not; but, methinks,
you look with your eyes as other women do.

BEA. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

MAR. Not a false gallop.

Re-enter URSULA.

URS. Madam, withdraw; the prince, the count, fignior Benedick, Don John, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church.

HER. Help to dress me, good coz, good Meg, good Ursula. [Exeunt.

## SCENE V. Another Room in the same.

Enter LEONATO, DOGBERRY, and VERGES.

LEO. What would you with me, honest neighbour? Dog. Marry, sir, I would have some considence with you, that decerns you nearly.

LEO. Brief, I pray you, for you see it is a busy

time with me.

Dog. Marry, this it is, fir: VER. Yes, in truth, it is, fir.

LEO. What is it, my good friends?

Dog. Goodman Verges, fir, speaks a little of the matter: an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt, as, God help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, honest, as the skin between his brows.

VER. Yes, I thank God, I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honester than I.

Dog. Comparisons are odorous, palabras, neigh-

bour Verges.

LEO. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dog. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor duke's officers; but, truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

LEO. All thy tediousness on me! ah!

Dog. Yea, an 'twere a thousand pound more than 'tis: for I hear as good exclamation on your worship, as of any man in the city; and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

VER. And fo am I.

LEO. I would fain know what you have to fay.

VER. Marry, fir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, have ta'en a couple of as arrant

knaves as any in Messina.

Dog. A good old man, fir; he will be talking; as they fay, When the age is in, the wit is out; God help us! it is a world to fee! \_\_ Well faid, i' faith, neighbour Verges: \_\_ well, God's a good man; An two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind: \_\_ An honest foul, i' faith, fir; by my troth, he is, as ever broke bread: but, God is to be worship'd; All men are not alike; alas, good neighbour!

LEO. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.

Dog. Gifts that God gives.

LEO. I must leave you.

Dog. One word, fir: our watch, fir, have, indeed, comprehended two aspitious persons, and we would have

them this morning examined before your worship.

LEO. Take their examination yourself, and bring it me; I am now in great haste, as may appear unto you.

Dog. It shall be suffigance.

LEO. Drink some wine ere you go: fare you well.

Enter a Messenger. b

Mef. My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

LEO. I'll wait upon them; I am ready.

Exeunt LEONATO, and Messenger.

Dog. Go, good partner, go, get you to Francis Seaceal, bid him bring his pen and ink-horn to the jail; we are now to examination these men.

VER. And we must do it wisely.

Doc. We will spare for no wit, I warrant you; here's that † shall draw some of them to a non-com: only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the jail. [Exeunt.

### ACT IV. SCENE I. A Church.

Enter D. Pedro, D. John, Leonato, Friar, Claudio, Benedick, Hero, and Beatrice.

LEO. Come, friar Francis, be brief; only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Fri. You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady? CLA. No. [her.

LEO. To be marry'd to her, friar; you come to marry

Fri. Lady, you come hither to be marry'd to this count?

HER. I do.

If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoyned, I charge you, on your fouls, to utter it.

CLA. Know you any, Hero?

HER. None, my lord.

Know you any, count?

LEO. I dare make his answer, none.

CLA. O, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do! not knowing what they do.

BEN. How now! interjections? Why then, some

be of laughing, as, ha, ha, ha!

CLA. Stand thee by, friar: \_ Father, by your leave, Will you with free and unconstrained foul Give me this maid your daughter?

LEO. As freely, fon, as God did give her me. CLA. And what have I to give you back, whose worth

May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

D. PE. Nothing, unless you render her again. [ness:\_ CLA. Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankful-There, Leonato, take her back again; Give not this rotten orange to your friend; She's but the fign and femblance of her honour: Behold, how like a maid she blushes here: O, what authority and shew of truth

Can cunning fin cover itself withal! Comes not that blood, as modest evidence To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear, All you that fee her, that she were a maid,

By these exterior shews? But she is none:

She knows the heat of a luxurious bed:
Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

LEO. What do you mean, my lord?

CLA. Not to be marry'd;

Not knit my foul to an approved wanton.

LEO. Dear, near my lord, if you in your own proof

Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth,

And made defeat of her virginity, [her, CLA. I know what you would fay; If I have known

You will fay, she did embrace me as a husband, And so extenuate the forehand sin:

No, Leonato,

I never tempted her with word too large;
But, as a brother to his fifter, fhew'd
Bashful fincerity, and comely love.

HER. And feem'd I ever otherwise to you?

CLA. Out on thy feeming! I will write against it: You feem to me as Dian in her orb; As chast as is the bud ere it be blown; But you are more intemperate in your blood Than Venus, or those pamper'd animals That rage in savage sensuality.

HER. Is my lord well, that he doth speak so wide?

LEO. Sweet prince, why speak not you?

D. PE. What should I speak?

I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a common stale.

LEO. Are these things spoken, or do I but dream? D. Jo. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.

BEN. This looks not like a nuptial.

HER. True, o God!

CLA. Leonato, Stand I here?

17 on thee feeming

Is this the prince? Is this the prince's brother? Is this face Hero's? Are our eyes our own?

LEO. All this is so; But what of this, my lord?
CLA. Let me but move one question to your daughter;

And, by that fatherly and kindly power That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

LEO. I charge thee do fo, as thou art my child.

HER. O God defend me! how am I beset! \_\_\_\_

What kind of catechising call you this?

CLA. To make you answer truly to your name. HER. Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name

With any just reproach?

CLA. Marry, that can Hero; Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue. What man was he talk'd with you yesternight Out at your window, betwixt twelve and one? Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.

Her. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord. D. Pe. Why, then are you no maiden. Leonato, I am forry you must hear; Upon mine honour, Myself, my brother, and this grieved count, Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night, Talk with a russian at her chamber-window; Who hath, indeed, most like a liberal villain, Confess'd the vile encounters they have had A thousand times in secret.

D. Jo. Fie, sie! \_\_ they are

Not to be nam'd, my lord, not to be spoke of;

There is not chastity enough in language,

Without offence, to utter them: \_\_ Thus, pretty lady,

I am forry for thy much misgovernment.

CLA. O Hero! what a Hero had'st thou been,

If half thy outward graces had been plac'd About thy thoughts, and counsels of thy heart! But, fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewel, Thou pure impiety, and impious purity! For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love; And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang, To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm, And never shall it more be gracious.

LEO. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me? [Hero fwoons.

BEA. Why, how now, cousin? wherefore fink you down? D. Jo. Come, let us go: these things, come thus to light, Smother her spirits up.

[Exeunt D. PEDRO, D. JOHN, and CLAUDIO.

BEN. How doth the lady?

BEA. Dead, I think; \_ Help, uncle; \_ Hero, why, Hero; \_ Uncle, \_ Signior Benedick, \_ Friar, \_

LEO. O fate, take not away thy heavy hand! Death is the fairest cover for her shame, That may be wish'd for.

BEA. How now, cousin Hero?

Fri. Have comfort, lady. Leo. Dost thou look up?

Fri. Yea; Wherefore should she not?

LEO. Wherefore? Why, doth not every earthly thing Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny The story that is printed in her blood? — Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes: For did I think thou would'st not quickly dye, Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames, Myself would, on the rear-ward of reproaches,

Strike at thy life. \_ Griev'd I, I had but one? Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame? O, one too much by thee! Why had I one? Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes? Why had I not, with charitable hand, Took up a beggar's issue at my gates; Who smeared thus, and mir'd with infamy, I might have faid, No part of it is mine, This shame derives itself from unknown loins? But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd, And mine that I was proud on; mine fo much, That I myself was to myself not mine, Valuing of her; why she, o, she, is fallen Into a pit of ink! that the wide fea Hath drops too few to wash her clean again; And falt too little, which may feason give To her foul tainted flesh!

BEN. Sir, fir, be patient: For my part, I am so attir'd in wonder, I know not what to say.

BEA. O, on my foul, my cousin is bely'd!
BEN. Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?
BEA. No, truly, not; although, until last night,

I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

Leo. Confirm'd, confirm'd! O, that is stronger made,
Which was before bar'd up with ribs of iron!
Would the two princes lye? and Claudio lye?
Who lov'd her so, that, speaking of her soulness,

Wash'd it with tears? Hence from her; let her dye.

Fri. Hear me a little;
For I have only been filent so long,
And given way unto this course of fortune,

By noting of the lady: I have mark'd
A thousand blushing apparitions
To start into her face; a thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness bear away those blushes;
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
To burn the errors that these princes hold
Against her maiden truth: Call me a fool;
Trust not my reading, nor my observation,
Which with experimental seal doth warrant
The tenour of my book; trust not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this sweet lady lye not guiltless here
Under some biting error.

LEO. Friar, it cannot be:
Thou feest, that all the grace, that she hath lest,
Is, that she will not add to her damnation
A sin of perjury; she not denies it:
Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse
That which appears in proper nakedness?

Fri. Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of?

HER. They know, that do accuse me; I know none:

If I know more of any man alive,

Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,

Let all my fins lack mercy! — O my father,

Prove you that any man with me convers'd

At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight

Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,

Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.

Fri. There is some strange misprision in the princes. BEN. Two of them have the very bent of honour; And if their wisdoms be misled in this, The practise of it lives in John the bastard,

Whose spirits toil in frame of villanies.

LEO. I know not; If they speak but truth of her, These hands shall tear her; if they wrong her honour, The proudest of them shall well hear of it. Time hath not yet so dry'd this blood of mine, Nor age so eat up my invention, Nor fortune made such havock of my means, Nor my bad life rest me so much of friends, But they shall sind, awak'd in such a kind, Both strength of limb, and policy of mind, Ability in means, and choice of friends, To quit me of them throughly.

Fri. Pause a while,
And let my counsel sway you in this case.
Your daughter here the princes left for dead;
Let her a while be secretly kept in,
And publish it, that she is dead indeed:
Maintain a mourning oftentation;
And on your family's old monument
Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial.

LEO. What shall become of this? What will this do? Fri. Marry, this, well carry'd, shall on her behalf Change slander to remorse; that is some good: But not for that dream I on this strange course, But on this travail look for greater birth. She dying, as it must be so maintain'd, Upon the instant that she was accus'd, Shall be lamented, pity'd, and excus'd, Of every hearer: For it so falls out, That what we have we prize not to the worth, Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd, and lost,

<sup>15</sup> princesse (left

Why, then we rack the value; then we find The virtue, that possession would not give us Whiles it was ours: - So will it fare with Claudio: When he shall hear she dy'd upon his words, The idea of her life shall sweetly creep Into his study of imagination; And every lovely organ of her life Shall come apparel'd in more precious habit, More moving-delicate, and full of life, Into the eye and prospect of his foul, Than when she liv'd indeed: then shall he mourn, (If ever love had interest in his liver) And wish he had not so accused her; No, though he thought his accusation true. Let this be fo, and doubt not but fuccess Will fashion the event in better shape Than I can lay it down in likelihood. But if all aim but this be level'd false, The supposition of the lady's death Will quench the wonder of her infamy: And, if it fort not well, you may conceal her (As best besits her wounded reputation) In some reclusive and religious life, Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

BEN: Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you. And though, you know, my inwardness and love Is very much unto the prince and Claudio, Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this As fecretly, and justly, as your soul Should with your body.

LEO. Being that, slas!

I flow in grief, the smallest twine may lead me.

Fri. 'Tis well confented; presently away;
For to strange fores strangely they strain the cure. \_
Come, lady, dye to live: this wedding-day,

Perhaps, is but prolong'd; have patience, and endure.

[Exeunt Friar, Hero, and Leonato.

BEN. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?

BEA. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

BEN. I will not desire that.

BEA. You have no reason, I do it freely.

BEN. Surely, I do believe your fair cousin is wronged. BEA. Ah, how much might the man deserve of me, that would right her!

BEA. A very even way, but no fuch friendship?

BEN. May a man do it?

BEA. It is a man's office, but not yours.

BEN. I do love nothing in the world fo well as you;

Is not that strange?

BEA. As strange as the thing I know not: It were as possible for me to say, I loved nothing so well as you: but believe me not, and yet I lye not; I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing: — I am forry for my cousin.

BEN. By my fword, Beatrice, thou lov'ft me.

BEA. Do not swear by it, and eat it.

BEN. I will swear by it, that you love me; and I will make him eat it, that says, I love not you.

BEA. Will you not eat your word?

BEN. With no fauce that can be devised to it: I protest, I love thee.

BEN. Why then, God forgive me! BEN. What offence, sweet Beatrice?

BEA. You have stayed me in a happy hour; I was

about to protest, I loved you.

BEN. And do it with all thy heart.

BEA. I love you with fo much of my heart, that none is left to protest.

BEN. Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

BEA. Kill Claudio.

BEN. Ha! not for the wide world.

BEA. You kill me to deny it: Farewel.

BEN. Tarry, fweet Beatrice.

BEA. I am gone, though I am here: — There is no love in you: — Nay, I pray you, let me go.

BEN. Beatrice,

BEA. In faith, I will go. BEN. We'll be friends first.

BEA. You dare easier be friends with me, than fight with mine enemy.

BEN. Is Claudio thine enemy?

BEA. Is he not approved in the height a villain, that hath flandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman?—O, that I were a man!—What, bear her in hand until they come to take hands; and then with publick accusation, uncover'd slander, unmitigated rancour,—O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

BEN. Hear me, Beatrice:

BEA. Talk with a man out at a window? — a proper faying!

BEN. Nay but, Beatrice;

BEA. Sweet Hero! \_ she is wrong'd, she is slandered, she is undone.

BEN. Beat -

BEA. Princes, and counts! Surely, a princely testi-

mony; a goodly count-confect; a sweet gallant, surely! O, that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into court'sies, valour into compliment; and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as Hercules, that only tells a lye, and swears it: — I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will dye a woman with grieving.

BEN. Tarry, fweet Beatrice: By this hand, I love

thee.

BEA. Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

BEN. Think you in your foul, the count Claudio

hath wrong'd Hero?

BEA. Yea, as fure as I have a thought, or a foul.

BEN. Enough, I am engag'd, I will challenge him; I will kiss your hand, and so leave you: By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account: As you hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort your cousin: I must say, she is dead; and so, farewel. [Exeunt.

### SCENE II. A Jail.

Enter Dogberry, Verges, and Sexton, in Gowns; and Watch, with Conrade, and Borachio.

Dog. Is our whole diffembly appear'd?

VER. O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton.

Sex. Which be the malefactors?

Dog. Marry, that am I, and my partner.

VER. Nay, that's certain; we have the exhibition to examine.

Sex. But which are the offenders that are to be examined? let them come before master constable.

Dog. Yea, marry, let them come before me. What is your name, friend?

BOR. Borachio.

Dog. Pray, write down - Borachio. \_ Yours, firrah?

CON. I am a gentleman, fir, and my name is Conrade.

Dog. Write down mafter gentleman Conrade. \_\_\_\_\_

CON. BOR. Yea, fir, we hope.

Dog. Write down—that they hope they serve God:—and write, God, first; for God desend but God should go before such villains!—Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves, and it will go near to be thought so shortly; How answer you for yourselves?

Con. Marry, fir, we fay, we are none.

Doc. A marvelous witty fellow, I affure you; but I will go about with him. \_ Come you hither, firrah; a word in your ear, fir; I fay to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

BOR. Sir, I fay to you, we are none.

Dog. Well, stand aside.\_'Fore God, they are both in a tale: \_ Have you writ down — that they are none?

Sex. Master constable, you go not the way to examine; you must call forth the watch that are their accusers.

Dog. Yea, marry, that's the eftest way: \_ Let the watch come forth: \_ Masters, I charge you in the prince's name accuse these men.

1. W. This man faid, fir, that Don John, the prince's

brother, was a villain.

Dog. Write down prince John a villain: Why

Dog. Write down—prince John a villain: Why, this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother - villain.

Box. Master constable,

Dog. Pray thee, fellow, peace; I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

Sex. What heard you him fay else?

2. W. Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John, for accusing the lady Hero wrongfully.

Dog. Flat burglary, as ever was committed.

VER. Yea, by th' mass, that it is.

Sex. What elfe, fellow?

1. W. And that count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to difgrace Hero before the whole affembly, and not marry her.

Dog. O villain! thou wilt be condemn'd into ever-

lasting redemption for this.

Sex. What elfe?

Sex. And this is more, masters, than you can deny: prince John is this morning secretly stoln away; Hero was in this manner accus'd, in this very manner refus'd, and upon the grief of this suddenly dy'd. \_ Master constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato's; I will go before, and shew him their examination.

[Exit Sexton.

Dog. Come, let them be opinion'd.

VER. Let them be in bands.

CON. Off, coxcomb!

Dog. God's my life! where's the fexton? let him write down—the prince's officer, coxcomb. \_ Come, bind them: \_ Thou naughty varlet!

Con. Away! you are an ass, you are an ass.

Dog. Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost thou

not fuspect my years?—O, that he were here to write me down—an ass!—but, masters, remember that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass:—No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be prov'd upon thee by good witness: I am a wise fellow; and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, a householder; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any is in Messina; and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses, and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handsome about him:—Bring him away. O, that I had been writ down—an ass!

[Exeunt.

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# ACT V. SCENE I. Before Leonato's House. Enter LEONATO, and ANTONIO.

ANT. If you go on thus, you will kill yourself; And 'tis not wisdom, thus to second grief Against yourself.

LEO. I pray thee, cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve: give not me counsel;
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear,
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine:
Bring me a father, that so lov'd his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him speak of patience;
Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
And let it answer every strain for strain;

As thus for thus, and fuch a grief for fuch, In every lineament, branch, shape and form: If fuch a one will fmile, and ftroak his beard; Bid forrow, wag; cry, hem! when he should groan; Patch grief with proverbs; make miffortune drunk With candle-wasters; bring him yet to me, And I of him will gather patience. But there is no fuch man: For, brother, men Can counfel, and speak comfort to that grief Which they themselves not feel; but, tasting it, Their counsel turns to passion, which before Would give preceptial medecine to rage, Fetter strong madness in a silken thread, Charm ach with air, and agony with words: No, no; 'tis all men's office to speak patience To those that wring under the load of forrow; But no man's virtue, nor fufficiency, To be fo moral, when he shall endure The like himself: therefore give me no counsel; My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

ANT. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leo. I pray thee, peace; I will be flesh and blood;

For there was never yet philosopher,

That could endure the tooth-ach patiently;

However they have writ the stile of gods,

And made a pish at chance and sufferance.

ANT. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself;

Make those, that do offend you, fuffer too.

LEO. There thou fpeak'st reason: nay, I will do so: My soul doth tell me, Hero is bely'd; And that shall Claudio know, so shall the prince, And all of them that thus dishonour her.

<sup>4</sup> And forrow, wagge, 26 a push at

ANT. Here comes the prince, and Claudio, hastily. Enter D. PEDRO, and CLAUDIO.

D. PE. Good den, good den.

CLA. Good day to both of you.

LEO. Hear you, my lords,-

-D. Pr. We have fome hafte, Leonato. [lord:-Leo. Some hafte, my lord!—well, fare you well, my Are you so hafty now?—well, all is one.

D. PE. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man. \*
ANT. If he could right himself with quarreling,

Some of us would lye low.

CLA. Who wrongs him, tit? [thou:-

LEO. Marry, thou dost wrong me, thou dissembler, Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword, I fear thee not.

CLA. Marry, beforew my hand, If it should give your age such cause of fear: In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.

Leo. Tush, tush, man, never sleer and jest at me; I speak not like a dotard, nor a fool; As, under priviledge of age, to brag What I have done being young, or what would do Were I not old: Know, Claudio, to thy head, Thou hast so wrong'd mine innocent child, and me, That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by; And, with grey hairs, and bruise of many days, Do challenge thee to trial of a man. I say, thou hast bely'd mine innocent child; Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart, And she lies bury'd with her ancestors:

O! in a tomb where never scandal slept, Save this of hers, fram'd by thy villany.

CLA. My villany?

LEO. Thine, Claudio, thine, I say. D. PE. You say not right, old man.

LEO. My lord, my lord,

I'll prove it on his body, if he dare; Despight his nice fence, and his active practice, His May of youth, and bloom of lustyhood.

CLA. Away, I will not have to do with you. [child, LEO. Can'ft thou so daffe me? Thou hast kill'd my

If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

ANT. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed: But that's no matter; let him kill one first,—
Win me, and wear me,—let him answer me:—
Come, follow me, boy; come, sir boy, follow me:
Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foyning sence;
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

LEO. Brother,

Ant. Content yourself: God knows, I lov'd my niece;
And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains;
That dare as well answer a man indeed,
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue:
Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milk-sops,—
Leo. Brother Antony,—

[yea,

ANT. Hold you content; What, man! I know them; And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple: Scambling, out-facing, fashion-mong'ring boys, That lye, and cog, and flout, deprave and slander, Go antickly, and shew outward hideousness, And speak off half a dozen dangerous words, How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst, And this is all.

LEO. But, brother Antony,

<sup>14</sup> fir boy, come follow 29 speake of halfe

ANT. Come, 'tis no matter;

Do not you meddle, let me deal in this. [tience-

D. PE. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your pa-My heart is forry for your daughter's death; But, on my honour, she was charg'd with nothing

But what was true, and very full of proof.

LEO. My lord, my lord,— D. PE. I will not hear you.

LEO. No?\_

Come, brother, away: \_ I will be heard:

ANT. And shall,

Or some of us will smart for it.

[Exeunt LEONATO, and ANTONIO.

D. PE. See, fee,

Here comes the man we went to feek.

Enter BENEDICK.

CLA. Now, fignior!

What news?

BEN. Good day, my lord. [to D. Pedro.

D. PE. Welcome fignior:

You are almost come to part almost a fray.

CLA. We had like to have had our two noses fnapt

off with two old men without teeth.

D. PE. Leonato, and his brother: What think'ft thou? had we fought, I doubt we should have been too young for them.

BEN. In a false quarrel there is no true valour.

I came to feek you both.

CLA. We have been up and down to feek thee; for we are high-proof melancholy, and would fain have it beaten away: Wilt thou use thy wit?

BEN. It is in my fcabbard; Shall I draw it?

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D. PE. Dost thou wear thy wit by thy fide?

CLA. Never any did fo, though very many have been befide their wit. I will bid thee draw, as we do the minstrels; draw, to pleasure us.

D. Pr. As I am an honest man, he looks pale:\_

Art thou fick, or angry?

CLA. What! courage, man! What, though care kill'd a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

BEN. Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, an you charge it against me; I pray you, choose another subject.

CLA. Nay, then give him another staff; this last

was broke cross.

D. PE. By this light, he changes more and more; I think, he be angry indeed.

CLA. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.

BEN. Shall I speak a word in your ear? CLA. God bless me from a challenge!

BEN. You are a villain; — I jest not; — I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare: Do me right, or I will protest your cowardice: You have kill'd a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you: Let me hear from you.

CLA. Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.

D. PE. What, a feast? a feast?

CLA. I' faith, I thank him; he hath bid me to a calves-head, and a cap-on; the which if I do not carve most curiously, say, my knife's naught. \_ Shall I not find a woodcock too?

D. Pr. I'll tell thee, how Beatrice prais'd thy wit the other day: I said, thou had'st a fine wit; True,

fays she, a fine little one; No, said I, a great wit; Right, says she, a great gross one; Nay, said I, a good wit; Just, said she, it hurts no body; Nay, said I, the gentleman is wise; Certain, said she, a wise gentleman; Nay, said I, he hath the tongues; That I believe, said she; for he swore a thing to me on monday night, which he forswore on tuesday morning; there's a double tongue, there's two tongues: Thus did she, an hour together, trans-shape thy particular virtues; yet, at last, she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the properest man in Italy.

CLA. For the which she wept heartily, and said,

she car'd not.

D. PE. Yea, that she did; but yet, for all that, an if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly: the old man's daughter told us all.

CLA. All, all; and moreover, God faw him when

he was hid in the garden.

D. PE. But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head?

CLA. Yea, and text underneath, Here dwells Bene-

dick the marry'd man.

BEN. Fare you well, boy; you know my mind; I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour: you break jests at braggarts do their blades, which, God be thanked, hurt not. — My lord, for your many courtesses I thank you; I must discontinue your company: your brother the bastard is sled from Messina; you have, among you, kill'd a sweet and innocent lady: For my lord Lack-beard there, he and I shall meet; and 'till then, peace be with him.

[Exit Benedick.

D. PE. He is in earnest.

CLA. In most profound earnest; and, I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

D. PE. And hath challeng'd thee?

· CLA. Most fincerely.

D. PE. What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit!

Enter Dogberry, Verges, and the Watch, with Conrade, and Borachio.

CLA. He is then a giant to an ape: but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.

D. PE. But, foft you, let be; pluck up my heart, and be fad: Did he not fay, my brother was fled?

Dog. Come you, fir; if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance: nay, an you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be look'd to.

D. Pr. How now, two of my brother's men bound!

Borachio one!

CLA. Hearken after their offence, my lord!

D. Pr. Officers, what offence have these men done? Dog. Marry, fir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanders; fixth and lastly, they have bely'd a lady; thirdly, they have verify'd unjust things; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

D. PE. First, I ask thee what they have done; thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence; fixth and lastly, why they are committed; and, to conclude, what you

lay to their charge.

CLA. Rightly reason'd, and in his own division; and, by my troth, there's one meaning well fuited.

D. PE. Who have you offended, masters, that you

<sup>11</sup> let me be,

are thus bound to your answer? this learned constable is too cunning to be understood: What's your offence?

Bor. Sweet prince, let me go no farther to mine answer; do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes: what your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light; who, in the night, overheard me confessing to this † man, how Don John your brother incensed me to slander the lady Hero; how you were brought into the orchard, and saw me court Margaret in Hero's garments; how you disgrac'd her, when you should marry her: my villany they have upon record; which I had rather seal with my death, than repeat over to my shame: the lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation; and, briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain.

D. PE. Runs not this speech like iron through your CLA. I have drunk poison, whiles he utter'd it.

D. PE. But did my brother fet thee on to this?

BOR. Yea, and pay'd me richly for the practice of it.

CLA. Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear

In the rare femblance that I lov'd it first.

Dog. Come, bring away the plaintiffs; by this time, our fexton hath reformed fignior Leonato of the matter: And, masters, do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass.

VER. Here, here comes mafter fignior Leonato, and

the fexton too.

Re-enter LEONATO, and ANTONIO; Sexton attending. LEO. Which is the villain? Let me see his eyes; That when I note another man like him, I may avoid him: Which of these is he?

Box. If you would know your wronger, look on me.

LEO. Art thou the flave, that with thy breath hast
Mine innocent child?

[kill'd]

Bor. Yea, even I alone.

Leo. No, not so, villain; thou bely'st thyself; Here stand a pair of honourable men, A third is sled, that had a hand in it: \_\_ I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death; Record it with your high and worthy deeds; 'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

CLA. I know not how to pray your patience, Yet I must speak: Choose your revenge yourself; Impose me to what penance your invention Can lay upon my sin: yet sin'd I not,

But in mistaking.

D. PE. By my foul, nor I; And yet, to fatisfy this good old man, I would bend under any heavy weight

That he'll enjoin me to.

LEO. I cannot bid you bid my daughter live, That were impossible; but, I pray you both, Possess the people in Messina here How innocent she dy'd: and, if your love Can labour ought in sad invention, Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb, And sing it to her bones; sing it to-night:—To-morrow morning come you to my house; And since you could not be my son-in-law, Be yet my nephew: my brother hath a daughter,

Almost the copy of my child that's dead, And she alone is heir to both of us; Give her the right you should have given her cousin, And so dies my revenge.

CLA. O noble fir, Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me! I do embrace your offer; and dispose For henceforth of poor Claudio.

LEO. To-morrow then I will expect your coming; To-night I take my leave. \_ This naughty man Shall face to face be brought to Margaret, Who, I believe, was packt in all this wrong, Hir'd to it by your brother.

Bor. No, by my foul, she was not; Nor knew not what she did, when she spoke to me: But always hath been just and virtuous, In any thing that I do know by her.

Dog. Moreover, fir, (which, indeed, is not under white and black) this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me as; I beseech you, let it be remember'd in his punishment: And also, the watch heard them talk of one Desorm'd: they say, he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it; and borrows money in God's name; the which he hath us'd so long, and never payed, that now men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing for God's sake: pray you, examine him upon that point.

LEO. I thank thee for thy care and honest pains. Dog. Your worship speaks like a most thankful and reverend youth; and I praise God for you.

LEO. There's \(\pi\) for thy pains.

Dog. God fave the foundation!

Lzo. Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thank thee.

Dog. I leave an arrant knave with your worship; which I beseech your worship to correct yourself, for the example of others. God keep your worship; I wish your worship well; God restore you to health: I humbly give you leave to depart; and if a merry meeting may be wish'd, God prohibit it. \_ Come, neighbour.

[Exeunt Dogberry, Verges, and Watch.

LEO. Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewel.

ANT. Farewel, my lords; we look for you to-morrow.

D. PE. We will not fail.

CLA. To-night I'll mourn with Hero.

[Exeunt D. PEDRO, and CLAUDIO.

LEO. Bring you these fellows on; we'll talk with Mar-How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow. [garet, [Exeunt.

#### SCENE II. A Room in the Same.

Enter BENEDICK, and MARGARET, meeting.

BEN. Pray thee, sweet mistress Margaret, deserve well at my hands, by helping me to the speech of Beatrice.

MAR. Will you then write me a fonnet in praise of

my beauty?

BEN. In so high a stile, Margaret, that no man living shall come over it; for, in most comely truth, thou deservest it.

MAR. To have no man come over me? why, shall I

always keep above stairs?

BEN. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth, it catches.

MAR. And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils, which

29 keep below staires

hit, but hurt not.

BEN. A most manly wit, Margaret, it will not hurt a woman; and so, I pray thee, call Beatrice: I give thee the bucklers.

MAR. Give us the fwords, we have bucklers of our own.

BEN. If you use them, Margaret, you must put in the pikes with a vice; and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

MAR. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who, I think, hath legs. [Exit MARGARET.

BEN. And therefore will come. \_

The god of love, that fits above,

[finging.

and knows me, and knows me, how pitiful I deserve,

I mean, in finging; but in loving,—Leander the good fwimmer, Troilus the first employer of pandars, and a whole book full of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse, why, they were never so truly turn'd over and over, as my poor self, in love: Marry, I cannot shew it in rime; I have try'd; I can find out no rime to lady, but bady, an innocent's rime; for scorn, horn, a hard rime; for school, fool, a babbling rime; very ominous endings: No, I was not born under a riming planet; nor I cannot woo in festival terms.

Enter BEATRICE.

Sweet Beatrice, would'st thou come when I call'd thee?

BEA. Yea, fignior, and depart when you bid me.

BEN. O, stay but 'till then !

BEA. Then, is fpoken; fare you well now: — and yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came for, which is,

with knowing what hath paff'd between you and Claudio.

BEN. Only foul words; and thereupon I will kis thee.
BEA. Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noysome; therefore

I will depart unkist.

BEN. Thou hast frighted the word out of his right fense, so forcible is thy wit: But I must tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge; and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me, for which of my bad parts did'st thou sirst fall in love with me?

BEA. For them all together; which maintain'd so politick a state of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of

my good parts did you first suffer love for me?

BEN. Suffer love; a good epithet! I do suffer love,

indeed, for I love thee against my will.

BEA. In spight of your heart, I think; alas, poor heart! If you spight it for my sake, I will spight it for yours; for I will never love that which my friend hates.

BEN. Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

BEA. It appears not in this confession; there's not one wise man among twenty, that will praise himself.

BEN. An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that liv'd in the time of good neighbours: if a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument, than the bell rings, and the widow weeps.

BEA. And how long is that, think you?

BEN. Question? Why, an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum: Therefore is it most expedient for the wise, (if Don Worm, his conscience, find no im-

pediment to the contrary) to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself: So much for praising myself, (who, I myself will bear witness, is praiseworthy) and now tell me, How doth your cousin?

BEA. Very ill.

BEN. And how do you?

BEA. Very ill too.

BEN. Serve God, love me, and mend: there will I leave you too, for here comes one in hafte.

Enter URSULA.

URS. Madam, you must come to your uncle: yon-der's old coil at home: it is proved my lady Hero hath been falsely accus'd, the prince and Claudio mightily abus'd; and Don John is the author of all, who is sled and gone: Will you come presently?

BEA. Will you go hear this news, fignior?

BEN. I will live in thy heart, dye in thy lap, and be bury'd in thy eyes; and, moreover, I will go with thee to thy uncle.

[Exeunt.

### SCENE III. A Church.

A stately Monument in the Front.

Enter, with Attendants, and Musick, D. PEDRO,

CLAUDIO, and Others, bearing Tapers. CLA. Is this the monument of Leonato?

Att. It is, my lord. of a Scrowl.

CLA. Done to death with fland rous tongues [reading out was the Hero that here lies: death, in guerdon of her wrongs, gives her fame which never dies:

fo the life, that dy'd with shame, lives in death with glorious fame.

19 uncles.

Hang thou there upon the tomb, [affixing it. Praising her when I am dumb. \_\_
Now, musick, found, and fing your folemn hymn.
Song.

Pardon, goddess of the night,
those that slew thy virgin knight;
for the which, with songs of wee,
round about her tomb they go:
Midnight, assist our moan,
help us to sigh and groan,
heavily, heavily:
graves, yawn, and yield your dead,
'till death be uttered,
heavily, heavily.

CLA. Now unto thy bones good night!
Yearly will I do this rite.

D. Pr. Good morrow, masters; put your torches out: The wolves have prey'd; and, look, the gentle day, Before the wheels of *Phæbus*, round about

Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey: Thanks to you all, and leave us; fare you well.

CLA. Good morrow, masters; each his several way. D. Pr. Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds; And then to Leonato's we will go.

CLA. And, Hymen, now with luckier issue speed's, Than this, for whom we render'd up this woe.

SCENE IV. A Room in Leonato's House.

Enter Leonato, Antonio, Benedick, Hero,
Beatrice, Ursula, Margaret, and Friar.

Fri. Did I not tell you she was innocent?

Leo. So are the prince and Claudio, who accus'd her,

Upon the error that you heard debated: But Margaret was in some fault for this; Although against her will, as it appears In the true course of all the question.

ANT. Well, I am glad that all things fort so well. BEN. And so am I, being else by faith enforc'd

To call young Claudio to a reck'ning for it.

LEO. Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all, Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves, And, when I send for you, come hither mask'd: The prince and Claudio promis'd by this hour To visit me; — You know your office, brother; You must be father to your brother's daughter, And give her to young Claudio.

ANT. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.

[Exeunt Ladies. Ben. Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think.

Fri. To do what, fignior?

BEN. To bind me, or undo me, one of them. — Signior Leonato, truth it is, good fignior, Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.

LEO. That eye my daughter lent her; \_'Tis most true. BEN. And I do with an eye of love requite her.

LEO. The fight whereof, I think, you had from me, From Claudio, and the prince; But what's your will?

BEN. Your answer, fir, is enigmatical:
But, for my will, my will is, your good will
May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd
I'the state of honourable marriage;
In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.

LEO. My heart is with your liking.

Fri. And my help.

Here comes the prince, and Claudio.

Enter D. PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and Attendants.

D. PE. Good morrow to this fair affembly.

LEO. Good morrow, prince; good morrow, Claudio, We here attend you; Are you yet determin'd To-day to marry with my brother's daughter?

CLA. I'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiope.

LEO. Call her forth, brother, here's the friar ready.

[Exit Antonio.

D. PE. Good morrow, Benedick: Why, what's the mat-That you have such a February face, [ter, So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness?

CLA. I think, he thinks upon the favage bull: \_\_ Tush, fear not, man, we'll tip thy horns with gold, And all Europa shall rejoyce at thee;

As once Europa did at lufty Jove,

When he would play the noble beast in love.

BEN. Bull Jove, fir, had an amiable low; And some such strange bull leapt your father's cow, And got a calf in that same noble feat,

Much like to you, for you have just his bleat. [ings.\_ CLA. For this I owe you: here comes other reck'n-Re-enter ANTONIO, with the Ladies mask'd.

Which is the lady I must seize upon?

ANT. This same is she, † and I do give you her. [face. CLA. Why, then she's mine: \_Sweet, let me see your LEO. No, that you shall not, 'till you take her hand

Before this friar, and swear to marry her.

CLA. Give me your hand before this holy friar; I am your husband, if you like of me. [wife:

HER. And when I liv'd, [unmasking] I was your other And when you lov'd, you were my other husband.

CLA. Another Hero?

HER. Nothing certainer:

One Hero dy'd defil'd; but I do live, And, furely as I live, I am a maid.

D. PE. The former Hero! Hero that is dead!

LEO. She dy'd, my lord, but whiles her flander liv'd.

Fri. All this amazement can I qualify; When, after that the holy rites are ended, I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death: Mean time let wonder feem familiar,

And to the chapel let us presently.

BEN. Soft and fair, friar: \_ Which is Beatrice?

BEA. I answer to that name; [unmasking] What is BEN. Do not you love me? [your will?

BEA. Why, no, no more than reason. [dio,

BEN. Why, then your uncle, and the prince, and Clau-Have been deceived; for they swore, you did.

BEA. Do not you love me?

BEN. Troth, no, no more than reason.

BEA. Why, then my cousin, Margaret, and Urfula, Are much deceiv'd; for they did swear, you did.

BEN. They swore, that you were almost fick for me. BEA. They swore, that you were well night dead for me.

BEN. 'Tis no such matter: Then, you do not love me?

BEA. No, truly, but in friendly recompence.

HER. Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.

CLA. And I'll be fworn upon't, that he loves her;

For here's a paper +, written in his hand, A halting fonnet of his own pure brain,

Fashion'd to Beatrice.

HER. And here's = another,

Writ in my cousin's hand, stoln from her pocket,

Containing her affection unto Benedick.

BEN. A miracle! here's our own hands against our hearts!—Come, I will have thee; but, by this light,

I take thee for pity.

BEA. I would not deny you; — but, by this good day, I yield upon great persuasion; and, partly, to save your life, for I was told, you were in a confumption.

BEN. Peace, I will stop your mouth. [kissing her. D. PE. How dost thou, Benedick the marry'd man?

BEN. I'll tell thee what, prince; a colledge of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour: Dost thou think, I care for a satire, or an epigram? No: if a man will be beaten with brains, he shall wear nothing handsome about him: In brief, since I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it: and therefore never flout at me for what I have said against it; for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion. For thy part, Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee; but, in that thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruis'd, and love my cousin.

CLA. I had well hop'd, thou would'ft have deny'd Beatrice, that I might have cudgel'd thee out of thy fingle life, to make thee a double dealer; which, out of question, thou wilt be, if my cousin do not look ex-

ceeding narrowly to thee.

BEN. Come, come, we are friends: — let's have a dance ere we are marry'd, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wives' heels.

LEO. We'll have dancing afterward.

BEN. First, o' my word; therefore, play, musick ...

9 Leon. Peace

Prince, thou art fad; get thee a wife, get thee a wife: there is no staff more reverend than one tipt with horn.

Enter a Messenger. c

Mes. My lord, your brother John is ta'en in flight, And brought with armed men back to Messina.

BEN. Think not on him 'till to-morrow; I'll devise thee brave punishments for him. — Strike up, pipers.

[Dance.

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LOVE'S

LABOUR'S

LOST.

## Persons represented.

King of Navarre.

Dumain,
Biron,
Longaville,
Boyet,
Mercade,
Lords attending the King.

Lords attending the Princes.

Don Adriano de Armado, a Fantastick.

Sir Nathaniel, a Curate.
Holofernes, a Schoolmaster.

Dull, a Constable.

Costard, a Clown.

Moth, Page to Armado.

a Forrester.

Princess of France.

Maria,
Catharine,
Rosaline,
Jaquenetta, a country Wench.

Divers other Attendants, Musicians, &c.

Scene, Navarre.

#### LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

# ACT I.

SCENE I. Navarre. Park of Some country Palace. Enter King, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN.

Kin. Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives, Live register'd upon our brazen tombs, And then grace us in the difgrace of death; When, spite of cormorant devouring time, The endeavour of this present breath may buy That honour, which shall bate his scythe's keen edge. And make us heirs of all eternity. Therefore, brave conquerors, - for fo you are, That war against your own affections, And the huge army of the world's desires,-Our late edict shall strongly stand in force: Navarre shall be the wonder of the world; Our court shall be a little academe, Still and contemplative in living art. You three, Biron, Dumain, and Longaville, Have fworn for three years' term to live with me,

My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes
That are recorded in this † scedule here:
Your oaths are past, and now subscribe your names;
That his own hand may strike his honour down,
That violates the smallest branch herein:
If you are arm'd to do, as sworn to do,
Subscribe to your deep oaths, and keep it too.

[fast]

Low. I am resolv'd: [fubscribes.]'tis but a three years'
The mind shall banquet, though the body pine:
Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bank'rout quite the wits.

DUM. My loving lord, Dumain is mortify'd; The grosser manner of these world's delights
He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves:
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and dye;
With all these living in philosophy. [fubscribes.

BIR. I can but fay their protestation over, So much, dear liege, I have already fworn, That is, To live and study here three years. But there are other first observances: As, not to fee a woman in that term; Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there. And, one day in a week to touch no food; And but one meal on every day beside; The which, I hope, is not enrolled there. And then, to fleep but three hours in the night, And not be feen to wink of all the day; (When I was wont to think no harm all night, And make a dark night too of half the day) Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there. O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep, Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep.

Kin. Your oath is pass'd to pass away from these.

Bir. Let me say, no, my liege, an if you please;
I only swore, to study with your grace,

And stay here in your court for three years' space.

Low. You swore to that, Biron, and to the rest.

Bir. By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in sest.

What is the end of study? let me know. [know. Kin. Why, that to know, which else we should not Bir. Things hid and bar'd, you mean, from common Kin. Ay, that is study's god-like recompence. [sense?

Bir. Come on then, I will fwear to study so, To know the thing I am forbid to know: As thus,—To study where I well may dine, When I to feast expressly am forbid;

Or, study where to meet some mistress fine,
When mistresses from common sense are hid:
Or, having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath,
Study to break it, and not break my troth.
If study's gain be thus, and this be so,
Study knows that which yet it doth not know:
Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say, no.

Kin. These be the stops that hinder study quite, And train our intellects to vain delight.

Bir. Why, all delights are vain; but that most vain Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain:
As, painfully to pore upon a book,

To feek the light of truth; while truth the while Doth falfly blind the eye-fight of his look:

Light, feeking light, doth light of light beguile: So, ere you find where light in darkness lies, Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes. Study me how to please the eye indeed,

By fixing it upon a fairer eye; Who dazling fo, that eye shall be his heed, And give him light that was it blinded by.

Study is like the heaven's glorious fun,

That will not be deep fearch'd with faucy looks; Small have continual plodders ever won, Save base authority from others' books.

These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixed flar,

Have no more profit of their shining nights,

Than those that walk and wot not what they are.

Too much to know, is, to know nought but same;

And every godfather can give a name.

Kin. How well he's read, to reason against reading!

Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding. [ing.

Low. He weeds the corn, and still lets grow the weed-

BIR. The spring is near, when green geese are a breed-

DUM. How follows that?
BIR. Fit in his place and time.

DUM. In reason nothing.

BIR. Something then in rime.

Kin. Biron is like an envious fneaping frost, That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

BIR. Well, fay, I am? why should proud summer boast,

Before the birds have any cause to fing? Why should I joy in an abortive birth?

At christmas I no more desire a rose,

Than wish a snow on May's new-fangl'd earth; But like of each thing that in season grows.

So you, to study now it is too late,

Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate.

Kin. Well, sit you out: go home, Biron; adieu.

3 it was 26 in any a- 28 v. Note.

BIR. No, my good lord; I have fworn to stay with you: And, though I have for barbarism spoke more,

Than for that angel knowledge you can fay,

Yet confident I'll keep what I have fwore,

And bide the penance of each three years' day.

Give me the paper, let me read the same;

And to the strict'st decrees I'll write my name.

Kin. How well this yielding rescues thee from shame!

BIR. [reads.] Item, That no woman shall come within a mile of my court: — Hath this been proclaimed?

LON. Four days ago.

BIR. Let's fee the penalty. [reads.] — on pain of losing her tongue. — Who devis'd this penalty?

LON. Marry, that did I.

BIR. Sweet lord, and why?

LON. To fright them hence with that dread penalty.

BIR. A dangerous law against gentility! [reads. Item, If any man be seen to talk with a woman within the term of three years, he shall endure such publick shame as the rest of the court can possibly devise. —

This article, my liege, yourself must break; For, well you know, here comes in embassy

The French king's daughter, with yourfelf to speak,

A maid of grace, and compleat majesty,

About furrender-up of Aquitain

To her decrepit, fick, and bed-rid father:

Therefore this article is made in vain,

Or vainly comes the admired princess hither.

Kin. What fay you, lords? why, this was quite forgot.

Bir. So study evermore is overshot;

While it doth study to have what it would, It doth forget to do the thing it should:

And when it hath the thing it hunteth most, 'Tis won, as towns with fire; so won, so lost.

Kin. We must of force dispense with this decree;

We must lie here on meer necessity.

BIR. Necessity will make us all forfworn

Three thousand times within this three years' space:

For every man with his affects is born;

Not by might master'd, but by special grace: If I break faith, this word shall speak for me, I am forfworn on meer necessity,

So to the laws at large I write my name:

[ Subscribes, and gives back the Paper.

And he that breaks them in the least degree, Stands in attainder of eternal shame:

Suggestions are to others, as to me; But, I believe, although I feem so loth, I am the last that will last keep his oath. But is there no quick recreation granted?

Kin. Ay, that there is: our court, you know, is haunted

With a refined traveller of Spain;

A man in all the world's new fashion planted, That hath a mint of phrases in his brain:

One, whom the musick of his own vain tongue Doth ravish, like enchanting harmony;

A man of compliments, whom right and wrong

Have chose as umpire of their mutiny: This child of fancy, that Armado hight,

For interim to our studies, shall relate,

In high-born words, the worth of many a knight From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate. How you delight, my lords, I know not, I; But, I protest, I love to hear him lie,

<sup>4</sup> She must

And I will use him for my minstrelfy.

BIR. Armado is a most illustrious wight,

A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight,

LON. Coftard the swain, and he, shall be our sport; And, so to study, three years is but short.

Enter Dull, with Costard, and a Letter.

DUL. Which is the duke's own person? BIR. This, † fellow; What would'st?

Dul. I myself reprehend his own person, for I am his grace's tharborough: but I would see his own person in sless and blood.

BIR. This is he.

Duz. Signior Arme, Arme, commends you: There's villany abroad; this † letter will tell you more.

Cos. Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.

Kin. A letter from the magnificent Armado.

BIR. How low soever the matter, I hope in God for high words,

Low. A high hope for a low having: God grant us

patience!

Bir. To hear? or forbear laughing?

LON. To hear meekly, fir, and to laugh moderately; or to forbear both.

BIR. Well, fir, be it as the stile shall give us cause to climb in the merriness.

Cos. The matter is to me, fir, as concerning Jaquenetta: The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.

BIR. In what manner?

Cos. In manner and form following, fir; all those three: I was feen with her in the mannor house, fitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park; which, put together, is, in manner

<sup>19</sup> low heaven. 21 forbeare hearing.

and form following. Now, fir, for the manner,—it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman: for the form,—in some form:

BIR. For the following, fir?

Cos. As it shall follow in my correction; And God defend the right!

Kin. Will you hear this letter with attention?

BIR. As we would hear an oracle.

Cos. Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the slesh.

Kin. [reads.] Great deputy, the welkin's vice-gerent, and fole dominator of Navarre, my foul's earth's God, and body's fostring patron,

Cos. Not a word of Coftard yet.

Kin. So it is,-

Cos. It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but so so.

Kin. Peace.

Cos. — be to me, and every man that dares not fight! Kin. No words.

Cos. - of other men's fecrets, I befeech you.

Kin. So it is, befieged with fable-colour'd melancholy, I did commend the black oppressing humour to the most wholsome physick of thy health-giving air; and, as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk. The time when? About the sixth hour; when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper. So much for the time when: Now for the ground which; which, I mean, I walkt upon: it is yeleped, thy park. Then for the place where; where, I mean, I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous event, that draweth from my snow-white

pen the ebon-colour'd ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest: But to the place where,—it standeth north-north-east and by east from the west corner of thy curious-knotted garden: There did I see that lowspirited swain, that base minnow of thy mirth,

Cos. Me.

Kin. that unletter'd small-knowing soul,

Cos. Me.

Kin. that shallow vasfal,

Cos. Still me.

Kin. which, as I remember, hight Costard,

Cos. O me!

Kin. forted and conforted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon, with — with — o, with — but with this I passion to say wherewith — Cos. With a wench.

Kin. with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. Him, I (as my ever-esteemed duty pricks me on) have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet grace's officer, Antony Dull; a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation.

Dul. Me, an't shall please you; I am Antony Dull. Kin. For Jaquenetta, (so is the weaker wessel called, which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain) I keep her as a wessel of thy law's fury; and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to trial.

Thine, in all compliments of devoted and heartburning heat of duty, Don Adriano de Armado.

Bir. This is not so well as I look'd for, but the best that ever I heard. [you to this? Kin. Ay, the best for the worst. But, firrah, what say

<sup>14</sup> Which with,

Cos. Sir, I confess the wench.

Kin. Did you hear the proclamation?

Cos. I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

Kin. It was proclaim'd a year's imprisonment to be

taken with a wench.

Cos. I was taken with none, fir; I was taken with a damosel.

Kin. Well, it was proclaim'd damosel.

Cos. This was no damosel neither, fir; she was a virgin.

Kin. It is so vary'd too; for it was proclaim'd, virgin. Cos. If it were, I deny her virginity; I was taken with a maid.

Kin. This maid will not ferve your turn, fir.

Cos. This maid will ferve my turn, fir.

Kin. Sir, I will pronounce your fentence; You shall fast a week with bran and water.

Cos. I had rather pray a month with mutton and

porridge.

Kin. And don Armado shall be your keeper. — My lord Biron, see him deliver'd o'er. — And go we, lords, to put in practice that

Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.

[Exeunt King, Lon. and Dum.

Bir. I'll lay my head to any good man's hat, These oaths and laws will prove an idle fcorn. — Sirrah, come on.

Cos. I suffer for the truth, sir: for true it is, I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl; and therefore, Welcome the sour cup of prosperity! Affliction may one day smile again; and, 'till then,

Sit thee down, forrow.

[Exeunt.

#### SCENE II. Another Part of the Same. Enter ARMADO, and MOTH.

ARM. Boy, what fign is it, when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

Mot. A great fign, fir, that he will look fad. [imp. ARM. Why, fadness is one and the self fame thing, dear

Mor. No, no; o lord, fir, no.

ARM. How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal?

Mor. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough fignior.

ARM. Why tough fignior? why tough fignior? Mor. Why tender juvenal? why tender juvenal?

ARM. I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent epitheton, appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate, tender.

Mor. And I, tough fignior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name, tough.

ARM. Pretty, and apt.

Mor. How mean you, fir? I pretty, and my faying apt? or I apt, and my faying pretty?

ARM. Thou pretty, because little.

Mor. Little pretty, because little: Wherefore apt?

ARM. And therefore apt, because quick.

Mor. Speak you this in my praise, master?

ARM. In thy condign praise.

Mor. I will praise an eel with the same praise.

ARM. What? that an eel is ingenious?

Mor. That an eel is quick.

ARM. I do fay, thou art quick in answers: Thou

heat'st my blood.

Mor. I am answer'd, sir.

ARM. I love not to be croft. [him."

Mor. "He speaks the meer contrary, crosses love not ARM. I have promised to study three years with the

Mor. You may do it in an hour, fir. [

ARM. Impossible.

Mor. How many is one thrice told? [fter.

ARM. I am ill at reck'ning, it fitteth the spirit of a tap-Mor. You are a gentleman, and a gamester, fir:

ARM. I confess both; they are both the varnish of a compleat man.

Mor. Then, I am fure, you know how much the gross sum of deux-ace amounts to.

ARM. It doth amount to one more than two.

Mor. Which the base vulgar do call, three.

ARM. True.

Mor. Why, fir, is this fuch a piece of fludy? Now here is three fludy'd, ere you'll thrice wink: and how easy it is, to put years to the word three, and fludy three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.

ARM. A most fine figure!

Mor. "To prove you a cypher."

ARM. I will hereupon confess, I am in love: and as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take desire prisoner; and ransom him to any French courtier for a new devis'd court'sy. I think scorn to sigh; methinks, I should out-swear Cupid. Comfort me, boy; What great men have been in love?

Mot. Hercules, master.

ARM. Most sweet Hercules! \_ More authority, dear boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Mor. Sampson, master: he was a man of good carriage, great carriage; for he carry'd the town-gates on

his back, like a porter: and he was in love.

ARM. O well-knit Sampson! strong-jointed Sampson! I do excel thee in my rapier, as much as thou did'st me in carrying gates. I am in love too. — Who was Sampson's love, my dear Moth?

Mor. A woman, master.

ARM. Of what complexion?

Mor. Of all the four, or the three, or the two; or one of the four.

ARM. Tell me precisely, of what complexion?

Mor. Of the sea-water green, sir.

ARM. Is that one of the four complexions?

Mor. As I have read, fir; and the best of them too.

ARM. Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers: but to have a love of that colour, methinks, Sampson had small reason for it. He, surely, affected her for her wit.

Mor. It was fo, fir; for she had a green wit.

ARM. My love is most immaculate white and red.

Mor. Most maculate thoughts, master, are mask'd under such colours.

ARM. Define, define, well-educated infant. [me!

Mor. My father's wit, and my mother's tongue, affist

ARM. Sweet invocation of a child; most pretty, and pa-Mor. If she be made of white and red, [thetical!

> Her faults will ne'er be known; For blushing cheeks by faults are bred, And fears by pale-white shown:

Then, if she fear, or be to blame, By this you shall not know; For still her cheeks possess the same, Which native she doth owe.

A dangerous rime, master, against the reason of white and red. [beggar?

ARM. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the king and the Mot. The world was very guilty of fuch a ballad fome three ages fince: but, I think, now 'tis not to be found; or, if it were, it would neither ferve for the writing, nor the tune.

ARM. I will have that subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression by some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl, that I took in the park with the strational hind, Costard; she deserves well. [master."

Mor. "To be whip'd; and yet a better love than my Arm. Sing, boy; my fpirit grows heavy in love. Mor. And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.

ARM. I fay, fing.

Mot. Forbear, 'till this company be past.

Enter Dull, Costard, and Jaquenetta.

Duz. Sir, the duke's pleasure is, that you keep Go-flard safe: and you must suffer him to take no delight, nor no penance; but a' must fast three days a week: For this damsel, I must keep her at the park; she is allow'd for the day-woman. Fare you well.

ARM. I do betray myself with blushing. \_ Maid.

JAQ. Man.

ARM. I will visit thee at the lodge.

JAQ. That's hereby.

ARM. I know where it is fituate.

JAQ. Lord, how wise you are!

ARM. I will tell thee wonders.

7AQ. With that face?

ARM. I love thee.

JAQ. So I heard you fay.

ARM. And so farewel.

JAQ. Fair weather after you!

Dul. Come, Jaquenetta, away.

[Exeunt Dull, and JAQUENETTA.

ARM. Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences, ere thou be pardoned.

Cos. Well, fir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomack.

ARM. Thou shalt be heavily punished.

Cos. I am more bound to you than your followers, for they are but lightly rewarded.

ARM. Take away this villain; shut him up. Mor. Come, you transgressing slave; away.

Cos. Let me not be pent up, fir; I will fast, being loofe.

Mor. No, fir; that were fast and loose: thou shalt to prison.

Cos. Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolution that I have seen, some shall see —

Mor. What shall some see?

Cos. Nay, nothing, master Moth, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be too filent in their words; and, therefore, I will say nothing: I thank God, I have as little patience as another man; and, therefore, I can be quiet. [Exeunt MOTH, and COSTARD.

ARM. I do affect the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is bases, doth tread. I shall be forsworn (which is a great

<sup>\*</sup> Clo. Come 15 fellowes,

argument of falshood) if I love: And how can that be true love, which is falsly attempted? Love is a familiar; love is a devil: there is no evil angel, but love. Yet Samp-son was so tempted; and he had an excellent strength: yet was Solomon so seduced; and he had a very good wit: Cupid's but-shaft is too hard for Hercules' club, and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second cause will not serve my turn; the passado he respects not, the duello he regards not: his disgrace is, to be called boy; but his glory is, to subdue men. Adieu, valour; rust, rapier; be still, drum; for your manager is in love; yea, he loveth. Assist me, some extemporal god of rime, for, I am sure, I shall turn sonneter. Devise, wit; write, pen; for I am for whole volumes in solio. [Exit.

### ACT II.

SCENE I. Another Part of the same: Tents pitch'd; a Pavilion, in the midst, at a Distance. Enter Princess of France, attended; BOYET, CATHARINE, ROSALINE, and MARIA.

Bor. Now, madam, summon up your dearest spirits: Consider who the king your father sends; To whom he sends; and what's his embassy: Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem; To parly with the sole inheritor Of all perfections that a man may owe, Matchless Navarre; the plea of no less weight Than Aquitain, a dowry for a queen. Be now as prodigal of all dear grace, As nature was in making graces dear,

When she did starve the general world beside,

And prodigally gave them all to you.

Pri. Good lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean, Needs not the painted flourish of your praise; Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye, Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues: I am less proud to hear you tell my worth, Than you much willing to be counted wise In fpending thus your wit in praise of mine. But now to task the tasker, - Good Boyet, You are not ignorant, all-telling fame Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow, 'Till painful study shall out-wear three years, No woman may approach his filent court: Therefore to us feemeth it a needful course, Before we enter his forbidden gates, To know his pleasure; and, in that behalf, Bold of your worthiness, we single you, As our best-moving fair sollicitor: Tell him, the daughter of the king of France, On ferious business, craving quick dispatch, Importunes personal conference with his grace. Haste, signify so much; while we attend, Like humble-visag'd fuitors, his high will. Bor. Proud of employment, willingly I go.

Pri. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so. —
Who are the votaries, my loving lords,

That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke?

I. L. Lord Longaville is one.

Pri. Know you the man?

MAR. I know him, madam; at a marriage feast,

Between lord Perigort and the beauteous heir Of Jaques Faulconbridge folémnized,
In Normandy saw I this Longaville:
A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd;
Well sitted in the arts, glorious in arms:
Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well:
The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss,
(If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil)
Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will;
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills
It should none spare that come within his power.

Pri. Some merry mocking lord, belike; is't so?

MAR. They say so most, that most his humours know.

Pri. Such short-liv'd wits do wither as they grow.

Who are the rest?

CAT. The young Dumain, a well-accomplish'd youth, Of all that virtue love for virtue lov'd:

Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill;

For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,

And shape to win grace though he had no wit:

I saw him at the duke Alenson's once;

And much too little, of that good I saw,

Is my report to his great worthiness.

Ros. Another of these students at that time Was there with him, if I have heard a truth; Biron they call him; but a merrier man, Within the limit of becoming mirth, I never spent an hour's talk withal: His eye begets occasion for his wit; For every object that the one doth catch, The other turns to a mirth-moving jest; Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor)

Delivers in fuch apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

Pri. God bless my ladies! are they all in love;
That every one her own hath garnished
With such bedecking ornaments of praise?

1. L. Here comes Boyet.

Re-enter BOYET.

Pri. Now, what admittance, lord?

Bor. Navarre had notice of your fair approach;

And he and his competitors in oath

Were all address'd to meet you, gentle lady,

Before I came: Marry, thus much I have learnt,—

He rather means to lodge you in the field,

(Like one that comes here to besiege his court)

Than seek a dispensation for his oath,

To let you enter his unpeopl'd house.

Here comes Navarre.

[Ladies mask.]

Enter King, attended; DUMAIN, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and Others.

Kin. Fair princes, welcome to the court of Navarre.

Pri. Fair, I give you back again; and, welcome,
I have not yet: the roof of this court is too high to
be yours; and welcome to the wide fields too base to
be mine.

Kin. You shall be welcome, madam, to my court. Pri. I will be welcome then; conduct me thither. Kin. Hear me, dear lady,—I have sworn an oath. Pri. Our lady help my lord! he'll be forsworn. Kin. Not for the world, fair madam, by my will. Pri. Why, will shall break it; will, and nothing else.

Kin. Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.

Pri. Were my lord fo, his ignorance were wise; Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance. I hear your grace hath fworn-out house-keeping: 'Tis deadly fin to keep that oath, my lord; Not fin to break it: But pardon me, I am too fudden bold; To teach a teacher ill beseemeth me.

Vouchfafe to read the + purpose of my coming, And fuddenly resolve me in my fuit.

Kin. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may. Pri. You will the fooner, that I were away; For you'll prove perjur'd, if you make me stay.

BIR. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once? CAT. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

BIR. I know, you did.

CAT. How needless was it then

To ask the question!

BIR. You must not be so quick. CAT. 'Tis long of you, that four me with fuch quef-

BIR. Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill tire.

CAT. Not 'till it leave the rider in the mire.

BIR. What time o' day?

CAT. The hour that fools should ask.

Bir. Now fair befall your mask!

CAT. Fair fall the face it covers! BIR. And fend you many lovers!

CAT. Amen; fo you be none.

Bir. Nay, then will I be gone. Kin. Madam, your father here + doth intimate The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;

Being but the one half of an entire fum,

Disbursed by my father in his wars. But fay that he, or we, (as neither have) Receiv'd that fum; yet there remains unpay'd A hundred thousand more; in furety of which, One part of Aquitain is bound to us, Although not valu'd to the money's worth. If then the king your father will restore But that one half which is unfatiffy'd, We will give up our right in Aquitain, And hold fair friendship with his majesty. But that, it feems, he little purposeth: For here † he doth demand, to have repay'd An hundred thousand crowns; and not demands, On payment of a hundred thousand crowns, To have his title live in Aquitain; Which we much rather had depart withal, And have the money by our father lent, Than Aquitain fo gelded as it is. Dear princess, were not his requests so far From reason's yielding, your fair felf should make A yielding, 'gainst some reason, in my breast, And go well fatiffy'd to France again.

Pri. You do the king my father too much wrong, And wrong the reputation of your name, In so unseeming to confess receipt Of that which hath so faithfully been pay'd.

Kin. I do protest, I never heard of it; And, if you prove it, I'll repay it back, Or yield up Aquitain.

Pri. We arrest your word: \_\_ Boyet, you can produce acquittances, For such a sum, from special officers

4 of the which 14 One pay-

Of Charles his father.

Kin. Satisfy me fo.

Bor. So please your grace, the packet is not come, Where that and other specialties are bound; To-morrow you shall have a fight of them.

Kin. It shall suffice me; at which interview,
All liberal reason I will yield unto.

Mean time, receive such welcome at my hand,
As honour, without breach of honour, may,
Make tender of to thy true worthiness:
You may not come, fair princess, in my gates;
But here without you shall be so received,
As you shall deem yourself lodged in my heart,
Though so deny'd fair harbour in my house.
Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewel.
To-morrow shall we visit you again.

Pri. Sweet health and fair desires confort your grace!
Kin. Thy own wish wish I thee in every place!

[Exeunt King, and his Train,

Bir. Lady, I will commend you to my heart.
Ros. Now, pray you, do my commendations;
I would be glad to fee it.

BIR. I would, you heard it groan.

Ros. Is the fool fick?

BIR. Sick at the heart.

Ros. Alack, let it blood.

Pro. Would that do it so

BIR. Would that do it good?
Ros. My physick fays, I.

BIR. Will you prick 't with your eye?

Ros. No, poynt, with my knife.

BIR. Now, God fave thy life!

Ros. And yours from long living!

20 v. Note.

BIR. I cannot stay, thanks-giving. [retiring. Dum. Sir, I pray you, a word; What lady is that same?

Bor. The heir of Alenson, Rosaline her name.

Dum. A gallant lady! \_ Monsieur, fare you well.

[Exit DUMAIN.

Low. I befeech you, a word; What is the in the white?

Bor. A woman fometimes, an you faw her in the light. Lon. Perchance, light in the light: I desire her name.

Bor. She hath but one for herself; to desire that, were a shame.

Lon. Pray you, fir, whose daughter?

Bor. Her mother's, I have heard.

Low. God's bleffing on your beard.

Bor. Good fir, be not offended:

She is an heir of Faulconbridge.

Low. Nay, my choler is ended.

She is a most sweet lady.

Bor. Not unlike, fir; that may be.

Exit LONGAVILLE.

BIR. What's her name in the cap?

Bor. Catherine, by good hap. BIR. Is she wedded, or no?

Bor. To her will, fir, or fo.

BIR. You are welcome, fir; adieu.

Bor. Farewel to me, fir, and welcome to you.

[Exit BIRON. Ladies unmask.

MAR. That last is Biron, the merry mad-cap lord; Not a word with him but a jest.

Bor. And every jest but a word.

Pri. It was well done of you, to take him at his word.

Bor. I was as willing to grapple, as he was to board.

CAT. Two hot sheeps, marry!

Bor. And wherefore not ships?

No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips.

CAT. You sheep, and I pasture; Shall that finish the jest? Bor. So you grant pasture for me. [offering to kiss her.

CAT. Not so, gentle beaft;

My lips are no common, though feveral they be.

Bor. Belonging to whom?
CAT. To my fortunes and me.

Pri. Good wits will be jangling: but, gentles, agree: This civil war of wits were much better used On Navarre and his bookmen; for here 'tis abused.

Bor. If my observation, (which very feldom lyes) By the heart's still rhetorick, disclosed with eyes, Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.

Pri. With what?

Bor. With that which we lovers intitle, affected.

Pri. Your reason?

Bor. Why, all his behaviours did make their retire To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire: His heart, like an agat, with your print impressed, Proud with his form, in his eye pride expressed; His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see, Did stumble with haste in his eye-sight to be; All senses to that sense did make their repair, To seel only looking on fairest of sair: Methought, all his senses were lock'd in his eye, Like jewels in chrystal for some prince to buy; [glassid, Who, tendring their own worth from where they were Did point you to buy them along as you passed. His face's own margent did quote such amazes, That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes: I'll give you Aquitain, and all that is his,

An you give him for my fake but one loving kifs.

Pri. Come, to our pavilion: Boyet is dispos'd -

Bor. But to speak that in words, which his eye hath I only have made a mouth of his eye, [disclos'd: By adding a tongue which I know will not lye. [fully.

MAR. Thou'rt an old love-monger, and speak'st skil-

CAT. He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns news of him.

Ros. Then was Venus like her mother; for her father is but grim.

Bor. Do you hear, my mad wenches?

Lad. No.

Bor. What then, do you fee?

Lad. Ay, our way to be gone.

Bor. You are too hard for me.

Exeunt.

## SCENE II. Another Part of the Same.

Enter ARMADO, and MOTH. [ing.

ARM. Warble, child; make passionate my sense of hear-Mot. Concolinel— [singing.

Mot. Concolinel— [finging. ARM. Sweet air!\_Go, tenderness of years; take † this key, give enlargement to the swain, bring him sessionately hither; I must employ him in a letter to my love.

Mor. Master, will you win your love with a French ARM. How meanest thou? brawling in French? [brawl?

Mor. No, my compleat master: but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet, humour it with turning up your eye-lids; sigh a note, and sing a note; sometime through the throat, as if you swallow'd love with singing love; sometime through the nose, as if you snuft up love by smelling love; with your hat pent-house-like o'er the shop of your eyes; with your arms

croff'd on your thin-belly doublet, like a rabbet on a fpit; or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting; and keep not too long in one tune, but a fnip and away: These are complements, these are humours: these betray nice wenches,—that would be betray'd without these; and make them men of note, (do you note me?) that are most affected to these.

ARM. How hast thou purchas'd this experience?

Mor. By my penny of observation.

ARM. But, o, but, o,-

Mor. - the hobby-horse is forgot.

ARM. Call'st thou my love, hobby-horse?

Mor. No, master; the hobby horse is but a colt, and your love, perhaps, a hackney. But have you forgot your love?

ARM. Almost I had.

Mor. Negligent student! learn her by heart.

ARM. By heart, and in heart, boy. [prove. Mor. And out of heart, master: all those three I will

ARM. What wilt thou prove?

Mor. A man, if I live; and this, by, in, and without, upon the inflant: By heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her; in heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her; and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

ARM. I am all these three. [at all.

Mor. And three times as much more, and yet nothing ARM. Fetch hither the swain; he must carry me a letter.

Mor. A message well sympathis'd; a horse to be embassador for an ass!

ARM. Ha, ha; what fayest thou?

Mor. Marry, fir, you must send the ass upon the

7 note men that 9 penne

horse, for he is very slow-gated: But I go.

ARM. The way is but short; away.

Mor. As fwift as lead, fir.

ARM. The meaning, pretty ingenious? Is not lead a metal, heavy, dull, and flow?

Mor. Minime, honest master; or rather, master, no.

ARM. I fay, lead is flow.

Mor. You are too swift, sir, to say so: Is that lead slow, which is sir'd from a gun?

ARM. Sweet smoke of rhetorick!

He reputes me a cannon; and the bullet, that's he: \_\_ I shoot thee at the swain.

Mor. Thump then, and I flee. [Exit.

ARM. A most acute juvenal; voluble, and free of grace! By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy face: Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place. My herald is return'd.

Re-enter MOTH, with COSTARD limping.

Mor. A wonder, master; here's a Costard broken in a shin.

ARM. Some enigma, fome riddle: come, thy Penvoy; begin.

Cos. No egma, no riddle, no l'envoy, no falve in the matter, fir: O, fir, plantan, a plain plantan; no

l'envoy, no l'envoy, no falve, fir, but a plantan!

ARM. By virtue, thou enforcest laughter; thy filly thought, my spleen; the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling: O, pardon me, my stars! doth the inconsiderate take salve for l'envoy, and the word, l'envoy, for a salve?

Mor. Do the wise think them other? is not l'envoy

a Salve?

ARM. No, page; it is an epilogue, or discourse, to make plain

Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been sain.

I will example it:

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee, Were still at odds, being but three.

There's the moral: Now the l'enwoy.

Mor. I will add the l'envoy; Say the moral again.

ARM. The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee, Were still at odds, being but three:

Mor. Until the goose came out of door, And stay'd the odds by adding four.

Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my Penvoy. The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,

Were still at odds, being but three:

ARM. Until the goose came out of door,

Staying the odds by adding four.

Mor. A good l'envoy, ending in the goofe; Would you desire more?

[flat:\_

Cos. The boy hath fold him a bargain, a goose, that's Sir, your penny-worth is good, an your goose be fat.—
To sell a bargain well, is as cunning as fast and loose:
Let me see a fat l'envoy; ay, that's a fat goose.

ARM. Come hither, come hither; How did this ar-

gument begin?

Mor. By faying that a Costard was broken in a shin. Then call'd you for the l'envoy.

Cos. True, and I for plantan; thus came your argument in:

Then the boy's fat l'envoy, the goose that you bought; And he ended the market. [in a shin?

ARM. But, tell me; how was there a Costard broken

Mor. I will tell you fenfibly.

Cos. Thou hast no feeling of it, Moth; I will speak that l'envoy:

I, Coftard, running out, that was fafely within, Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.

ARM. We will talk no more of this matter.

Cos. 'Till there be more matter in the shin.

ARM. Sirrah Costard, I will enfranchise thee.

Cos. O, marry me to one Frances; \_ I smell some

l'envoy, some goose, in this.

ARM. By my sweet soul, I mean, setting thee at liberty, enfreedoming thy person; thou wert immured, restrained, captivated, bound.

Cos. True, true; and now you will be my purga-

tion, and let me loose.

ARM. I give thee thy liberty, set thee from durance; and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this: Bear this † fignificant to the country maid Jaquenetta: there is † remuneration; for the best ward of mine honour, is, rewarding my dependants. \_ Moth, follow.

Mor. Like the fequel, I. \_ Signior Coftard, adieu. Cos. My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my incony few! \_

[Exeunt MOTH, and ARMADO.

Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration! o, that's the latin word for three farthings: Three farthings — remuneration. What's the price of this incle? A penny. No; I'll give you a remuneration: Why, it carries it. Remuneration! why, it is a fairer name than French-crown. I will never buy and fell out of this word.

Enter BIRON. [met.

BIR. O, my good knave Costard! exceedingly well Cos. Pray you, fir, how much carnation ribbon

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may a man buy for a remuneration?

BIR. What is a remuneration?

Cos. Marry, fir, half-penny farthing.

BIR. O, why then, three-farthing-worth of filk. Cos. I thank your worship; God be wi'you!

BIR. O, stay, slave; I must employ thee: As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave, Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

Cos. When would you have it done, fir?

BIR. O, this afternoon.

Cos. Well, I will do it, fir: fare you well.

BIR. O, thou knowest not what it is.

Cos. I shall know, fir, when I have done it.

BIR. Why, villain, thou must know first.

Cos. I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.

Bir. It must be done this afternoon: Hark, slave, it

is but this; -

The princes comes to hunt here in the park, And in her train there is a gentle lady;

When tongues speak sweetly then they name her name,

And Rosaline they call her: ask for her;

And to her white hand fee thou do commend

This † feal'd-up counsel. There's thy † guerdon; go. Cos. Guerdon, —O sweet guerdon! better than remuneration; eleven-pence farthing better: Most sweet guerdon! \_I will do it, sir, in print. \_Guerdon — Remuneration.

[Exit Costard.]

BIR. O! — And I, forfooth, in love! I, that have been A very bedel to a humorous figh; [love's whip, A critick; nay, a night-watch conflable;

A domineering pedant o'er the boy, Than whom no mortal fo magnificent! This whimp'ring, whining, purblind, wayward boy; This fignior Junio's giant-dwarf, dan Cupid; Regent of love-rimes, lord of folded arms, The anointed fovereign of fighs and groans, Liege of all loiterers and malecontents, Dread prince of plackets, king of cod-pieces, Sole imperator and great general Of trotting parators, O my little heart! And I to be a corporal of his file, And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop! What, mbat! I love? I fue? I feek a wife? A woman, that is like a German clock; Still a repairing; ever out of frame; And never going right, being a watch, But being watch'd that it may still go right? Nay, to be perjur'd, which is worst of all: And, among three, to love the worst of all; A whitely wanton, with a velvet brow, With two pitch balls fluck in her face for eyes: Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed, Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard: And I to figh for her! to watch for her! To pray for her! Go to; it is a plague Which Cupid will impose for my neglect Of his almighty dreadful little might. Well, I will love, write, figh, pray, fue, and groan; Some men must love my lady, and some Joan. [Exit.

## ACT III.

SCENE I. Another Part of the same. Enter the Princess, and her Train; a Forester;

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> This wimpled, 9 his fielde,

## BOYET, Catherine, ROSALINA, and MARIA.

Pri. Was that the king, that spur'd his horse so hard Against the steep uprising of the hill?

Bor. I know not; but, I think, it was not he.

Pri. Whoe'er he was, he show'd a mounting mind. Well, lords, to-day we shall have our dispatch; On saturday we will return to France. Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush, That we must stand and play the murtherer in?

For. Here by, upon the edge of yonder coppice; A stand, where you may make the fairest shoot.

Pri. I thank my beauty; I am fair that shoot, And thereupon thou speak'st, the fairest shoot.

For. Pardon me, madam, for I meant not fo.

Pri. What, what; first praise me, and again say, no?

O short-liv'd pride! Not fair? alack for woe!

For. Yes, madam, fair,

Pri. Nay, never paint me now;

Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow. Here, good my glass, take this † for telling true; Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

For. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit. Pri. See, fee, my beauty will be fav'd by merit.

O herefy in fair, fit for these days!

A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise. —
But come, the bow: — Now mercy goes to kill,
And shooting well is then accounted ill.

Thus will I save my credit in the shoot:
Not wounding, pity would not let me do't;
If wounding, then it was to shew my skill,
That more for praise, than purpose, meant to kill.

And, out of question, so it is sometimes; Glory grows guilty of detested crimes; When, for same's sake, for praise, an outward part, We bend to that the working of the heart: As I, for praise alone, now seek to spill The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.

Bor. Do not curst wives hold that self sov'reignty Only for praise' sake, when they strive to be

Lords o'er their lords?

Pri. Only for praise: and praise we may afford To any lady that subdues a lord.

Enter COSTARD.

Bor. Here comes a member of the common-wealth. Cos. God-dig-you-den all! Pray you, which is the head lady?

Pri. Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that

have no heads.

Cos. Which is the greatest lady, the highest?

Pri. The thickest, and the tallest. [truth.\_ Cos. The thickest, and the tallest! it is so; truth is An your waste, mistress, were as slender as my wit, One o' these maids' girdles for your waste should be sit. Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickest here.

Pri. What's your will, fir? what's your will?

Cos. I have a letter from monsieur Biron to one lady Rosaline.

Pri. O, thy letter, thy letter; he's a good friend of Stand afide, good bearer. \_ Boyet, you can carve; Break up this \(\diagraphi\) capon.

Bor. I am bound to serve. \_

This letter is mistook, it importeth none here; It is writ to faquenetta.

Pri. We will read it, I swear:

Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear. Bor. [reads.] By beaven, that thou art fair, is most infallible; true, that thou art beauteous; truth itself, that thou art lovely: More fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer than truth itself, have commiseration on thy heroical vassal! The magnanimous and most illustrate king Cophetua set eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar Zenelophon; and he it was that might rightly say, veni, vidi, vici; which to anatomize in the vulgar, (o base and obscure vulgar!) is, be came, saw, and overcame: He came, one; saw, two; overcame, three: Who came? the king; Why did be come? to see; Why did be see? to overcome: To whom came he? to the beggar; What saw he? the beggar; Who overcame he? the beggar: The conclusion is victory; On whose side? the king's: the captive is enrich'd; On whose fide? the beggar's: The catastrophe is a nuptial; On whose side? the king's; - no; on both in one, or one in both. I am the king; for so stands the comparison: thou the beggar; for so witnesfeth thy lowliness. Shall I command thy love? I may: Shall I enforce thy love? I could: Shall I entreat thy love? I will. What shalt thou exchange for rags? robes; For tittles? titles; For thyself? me. Thus, expecting thy reply, I prophane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy

> Thine, in the dearest design of industry, Don Adriano de Armado.

Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar 'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey; Submissive fall his princely feet before,

picture, and my heart on thy every part.

11 v. Note. 12 fee, two

And he from forage will incline to play: But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then? Food for his rage, repasture for his den.

Pri. What plume of feathers is he, that indited this letter?

What vane? what weather-cock? Did you ever hear better?

Bor. I am much deceived, but I remember the stile.

Pri. Else your memory is bad, going o'er it erewhile.

Bor. This Armadois a Spaniard, that keeps here incourt;

A phantasme, a monarcho; and one that makes sport

To the prince, and his book-mates.

Pri. Thou, fellow, a word: Who gave thee this letter?

Cos. I told you; my lord.

Pri. To whom should'st thou give it?

Cos. From my lord to my lady.

Pri. From which lord, to which lady?

Cos. From my lord Biron, a good master of mine,
To a lady of France, that he call'd Rosaline. [away. \_\_
Pri. Thou hast mistaken his letter. \_\_Come, lords,
Here, sweet, [to Ros.] put up \( \pm \) this; 'twill be thine
another day. [Exeunt Princes, and Train.

Bor. Who is the shooter? who is the shooter?

Ros. Shall I teach you to know?
Bor. Ay, my continent of beauty.
Ros. Why, she that bears the bow.

Finely put off!

Bor. My lady goes to kill horns; but, if thou marry, Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry. Finely put on!

Ros. Well then, I am the shooter.

Ros. If we choose by the horns, yourfelf; come not Finely put on, indeed!

Mar. You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she strikes

at the brow.

Bor. But she herself is hit lower: Have I hit her now? Ros. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that was a man when king Pippin of France was a little boy, as touching the hit it.

Bor. So I may answer thee with one as old, that was a woman when queen Guinover of Britain was a

little wench, as touching the hit it.

Ros. Thou can'ft not hit it, hit it, hit it,
Thou can'ft not hit it, my good man.

Bor. An I cannot, cannot, cannot, An I cannot, another can.

[Exeunt Ros. and Cat.

Cos. By my troth, most pleasant! how both did fit it! [it. Mar. A mark marvelous well shot; for they both did hit Bor. A mark! \_O, mark but that mark; A mark, fays my lady!

Let the mark have a prick in't, to mete at, if it may be.

MAR. Wide o' the bow hand! I' faith, your hand is out.

Cos. Indeed, a' must shoot nearer, or he'll ne'er hit

the clout. [is in.

Bor. An'if my hand be out, then, belike, your hand Cos. Then will she get the upshot by cleaving the pin.

MAR. Come, come, you talk greasily, your lips grow foul. [her to bowl.

Bor. I fear too much rubbing: Good night, my good owl.

[Exeunt Boy. and Mar.

Cos. By my foul, a fwain! a most simple clown!

Lord, lord! how the ladies and I have put him down!
O' my troth, most sweet jests! most incony vulgar wit!

When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were, so Armatho o't' one side,—O, a most dainty man! [fit. To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan!
To see him kis his hand! and how most sweetly a' will And his page o't'other side, that handful of wit! [swear!—Ah heavens, it is a most pathetical nit! [Shout within. Sola! sola!

#### SCENE II. The fame.

Enter Sir NATHANIEL, HOLOFERNES, and DULL. NAT. Very reverent sport, truly; and done in the testimony of a good conscience.

Hol. The deer was, as you know, in fanguis, blood: ripe as a pome-water; who now hangeth, like a jewel, in the ear of calo,—the sky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon falleth, like a crab, on the face of terra,—the foil, the land, the earth.

NAT. Truly, master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly vary'd, like a scholar at the least: But, sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, haud credo.

DUL. 'Twas not a haud credo, 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Most barbarous intimation! yet a kind of infinuation, as it were, in via, in way, of explication; facere, as it were, replication; or, rather, oftentare, to show, as it were, his inclination—after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or, rather, unlettered, or, ratherest, unconfirmed fashion,—to infert again my haud credo for a deer.

Dul. I faid, the deer was not a haud credo; 'twas a pricket. Hol. Twice fod simplicity, bis collus! O thou mon-

fter, ignorance, how deformed doft thou look!

NAT. Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not eat paper, as it were, he hath not drunk ink: his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal, only fensible in the duller parts:

And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be

For those parts which we taste, and feel, do fructify in us more than he.

For as it would ill become me, to be vain, indifcreet, or a fool;

So were there a patch fet on learning, to fee him in a fchool:

But, omne bene, fay I; being of an old father's mind, Many can brook the weather, that love not the wind.

Dul. You two are book-men; Can you tell by your wit, What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not five weeks old as yet?

Hol. Dictynna, goodman Dull; Dictynna, goodman Dull.

Dul. What is Dictynna?

Hol. A title to Phabe, to Luna, to the moon.

The moon was a month old, when Adam was no more; And raught not to five weeks, when he came to five score. The allusion holds in the exchange.

Duz.'Tis true, indeed; the collusion holds in the

exchange.

Hoz. God comfort thy capacity! I fay, the allusion

holds in the exchange.

Dul. And I say, the pollusion holds in the exchange, for the moon is never but a month old: and I say be-

<sup>10</sup> which we taste, and feeling, are for those parts that doe 21 v. Note.

fide, that 'twas a pricket that the princess kill'd.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer? and, to humour the ignorant, I have call'd the deer the princess kill'd, a pricket.

NAT. Perge, good master Holosernes, perge; so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility. [facility.

Hol. I will fomething affect the letter, for it argues The praiseful princes pierc'd and prick'd a pretty pleasing pricket;

Some fay, a fore; but not a fore, 'till now made fore with shooting:

The dogs did yell; put I to fore, then forel jumps from thicket:

Or pricket, fore, or else forel, the people fall a hooting. If fore be fore, then L to fore makes fifty fores; O fore L! Of one fore I an hundred make by adding but one more L.

NAT. A rare talent!

DUL. If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent.

Hoz. This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, sigures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions: these are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourish'd in the womb of pia mater, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion: But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

NAT. Sir, I praise the Lord for you, and so may my parishioners; for their sons are well tutor'd by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you: you are a good member of the common-wealth.

Hol. Mehercle, if their fons be ingenious, they shall want no instruction; if their daughters be capable, I

will put it to them. But, Vir sapit qui pauca loquitur: a soul seminine saluteth us.

Enter JAQUENETTA, and COSTARD.

Jaq. God give you good morrow, master parson!

Hoz. Master parson,—quast persone: And if one should be pierc'd, which is the one?

Cos. Marry, master school-master, he that is likest

to a hogshead.

Hol. Of piercing a hogshead! a good lustre of conceit in a turf of easth; fire enough for a slint, pearl enough for a swine: 'tis pretty, it is well.

JA2. Good master parson, be so good as read me this # letter; it was given me by Costard, and sent me

from don Armatho: I befeech you, read it.

Hol. Fauste, precor gelidâ quando pecus omne sub umbrâ Ruminat, and so forth. Ah good old Mantuan! I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice,

Chi non te vedi, ei non te pregia.

Old Mantuan! old Mantuan! who understandeth thee not, loves thee not. Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa. \_ Under pardon, sir, what are the contents? or, rather, as Horace says in his — What, my soul, verses?

NAT. Ay, fir, and very learned.

Hol. Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse; lege, domine. Nat. If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love? [reading.

Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed!
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove;
Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers

Study his biass leaves, and makes his book thine eyes;

Where all those pleasures live, that art would compre-If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;

Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend: All ignorant that foul, that fees thee without wonder;

(Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire)
Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful
thunder,

Which, not to anger bent, is musick, and fweet fire. Celestial as thou art, o, pardon, love, this wrong, That fings heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue!

Hol. You find not the apostrophes, and so miss the accent: let me supervise the canzonet. Here † are only numbers ratify'd; but, for the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poesy, caret. Ovidius Naso was the man: And why, indeed, Naso? but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of sancy, the jerks of invention. Imitari is nothing: so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the 'tired horse his rider. \_ But, damo-sella virgin, was this directed to you?

Jag. Ay, fir, from one mounsieur Biron, one of the

strange queen's lords.

Hol. I will overglance the superscript; To the snow-white hand of the beauteous Lady Rosaline. I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the person written unto; Your Ladiship's in all desired employment, Biron. Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries with the king; and here he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen's, which, accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried. Trip and go, my sweet; deliver this paper into the royal hand of the king; it may concern much: Stay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty; adieu.

<sup>12</sup> cangenet 17 imitarie 25 written 26 Sir Holofernes

Tlife!

JAQ. Good Coftard, go with me.\_Sir, God save your Cos. Have with thee, my girl. [Exeunt Cos. and JAQ. NAT. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously: and, as a certain father saith,—

Hol. Sir, tell not me of the father, I do fear colourable colours. But to return to the verses; Did they

please you, fir Nathaniel?

NAT. Marvelous well for the pen.

Hol. I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where if, before repast, it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my priviledge I have with the parents of the foresaid child or pupil, undertake your ben venuto; where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither savouring of poetry, wit, nor invention: I beseech your society.

NAT. And thank you too: for fociety, faith the text,

is the happiness of life.

Hol. And, certes, the text most infallibly concludes it. \_Sir, [to Dul.] I do invite you too; you shall not say me nay: pauca verba. \_ Away; the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. [Exeunt.

# ACT IV. SCENE I. A Grove in the same. Enter BIRON, with a Paper.

BIR. The king he is hunting the deer; I am courfing myself: they have pitch'd a toyl; I am toiling in a pitch; pitch, that desiles; desile, a foul word. Well, Set thee down, forrow! for so, they say, the sool said; and so say I, and I the sool: Well prov'd, wit! By the lord, this love is as mad as Ajax: it kills sheep; it kills me, I a sheep: Well prov'd again o' my side! I will not love: if I do, hang me; i' faith, I will not. O, but her eye, by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love: and it hath taught me to rime, and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rime, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already; the clown bore it, the fool sent it, the lady hath it: sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady. By the world, I would not care a pin, if the other three were in: Here comes one with a paper; God give him grace to groan!

Enter the King, with a Paper.

Kin. Ay me!

BIR. "Shot, by heaven!\_Proceed, sweet Cupid; thou"
"hast thump'd him with thy bird-bolt under the left"
"pap:\_I' faith, secrets." [ gets up into a Tree.

Kin. So sweet a kiss [reading.] the golden sun gives To those fresh morning drops upon the rose, [not As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smot

The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows:

Nor shines the filver moon one half so bright

Through the transparent bosom of the deep, As doth thy face through tears of mine give light;

Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep: No drop but as a coach doth carry thee,

So ridest thou triumphing in my woe;

Do but behold the tears that fwell in me, And they thy glory through my grief will show:

But do not love thyself; then thou wilt keep

My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.

O queen of queens, how far dost thou excel!

No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell. —

How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the paper;

Sweet leaves, shade † folly. Who is he comes here?

What, Longaville! and reading! listen, ear.

[flepping behind a Bush.

Bir. "Now, in thy likeness, one more fool, appear!"

Lon. Av me! I am forsworn.

[pers."

BIR. "Why, he comes in like a perjure, wearing pa-Kin. "In love, I hope; Sweet fellowship in shame!"

BIR. "One drunkard loves another of the name." LON. Am I the first that have been perjur'd so? [know:" BIR. "I could put thee in comfort; not by two, that I

"Thou mak'st the triumviry, the corner-cap of society,"
"The shape of love's Tyburn that hangs up simplicity."

Low. I fear, these stubborn lines lack power to move: \_\_\_\_\_\_ O fweet Maria, empress of my love! \_\_\_\_\_

These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.

BIR. "O, rimes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose;"

"Diffigure not his flop."

LON. This fame shall go. \_ [reads.

Did not the heavenly rhetorick of thine eye

('Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument)

Persuade my heart to this false perjury?

Vows, for thee broke, deserve not punishment.

A woman I forswore; but, I will prove,

Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee: My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;

Thy grace being gain'd, cures all difgrace in me. Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:

<sup>12</sup> Long. In 16 triumphery 22 shop

Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine, Exhal'st this vapour vow; in thee it is:

If broken then, it is no fault of mine; If by me broke, What fool is not fo wise,

To lose an oath to win a paradife? [ty;"

BIR. "This is the liver vein, which makes flesh a dei"A green goose, a goddess: pure, pure idolatry."

"God amend us, God amend! we're much out o'th'way."

Enter DUMAIN, with a Paper.

LON. By whom shall I send this? Company! stay.

[stepping behind a Tree.

BIR. "All hid, all hid, an old infant play:"

"Like a demi-god here fit I in the fky,"
"And wretched fools' fecrets heedfully o'er-eye."

"More facks to the mill! O heavens, I have my wish;"

"Dumain transform'd, four woodcocks in a dish!"

DUM. O most divine Kate!

BIR. "O most profane coxcomb!"

DUM. By heaven, the wonder of a mortal eye.

Bir. "By earth, she is not, corporal; there you lye."

DUM. Her amber hairs for foul hath amber quoted. BIR. "An amber-colour'd raven was well noted."

DUM. As upright as the cedar.

BIR. "Stoop, I fay;"
"Her shoulder is with child."

Dum. As fair as day.

BIR. "Ay, as fome days; but then no fun must shine."

DUM. O, that I had my wish!

LON. "And I had mine!"

Kin. "And mine too, good Lord!" [word?"

BIR. "Amen! fo I had mine: Is not that a good

DUM. I would forget her; but a fever she

Reigns in my blood, and will remember'd be.

BIR. "A fever in your blood! why, then incision"

"Would let her out in faucers; Sweet misprision!"

Dum. Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.

Bir. "Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit."

Dum. On a day, (alack the day!) [reads.

Love, whose month is ever May. Spy'd'a bloffom, paffing fair, Playing in the wanton air: Through the velvet leaves the wind. All unfeen, 'gan passage find; That the lover, fick to death, Wish'd himself the heaven's breath. Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow; Air, 'would I might triumph fo! But, alack, my hand is sworn Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn: Vow, alack, for youth unmeet; Youth fo apt to pluck a fweet. Do not call it fin in me. That I am forfworn for thee: Thou, for whom e'en Tove would swear. Juno but an Ethiope were; And deny himself for Jove, Turning mortal for thy love. \_\_

This will I fend; and fomething else more plain,
That shall express my true love's lasting pain.
O, would the king, Biron, and Longaville,
Were lovers too! ill, to example ill,
Would from my forehead pluck a perjur'd note;
For none offend, where all alike do dote.

LON. Dumain, [advancing.] thy love is far from charity,

<sup>11</sup> can 17 throne: 27 fasting

That in love's grief desir'st fociety: You may look pale, but I should blush, I know, To be o'er-heard, and taken napping fo. [is fuch; Kin. Come, fir, [advancing] you blush; as his, your case You chide at him, offending twice as much: You do not love Maria. Longaville Did never fonnet for her fake compile Nor never lay his wreathed arms athwart His loving bosom, to keep down his heart. I have been closely shrouded in this bush, And mark'd you both, and for you both did blush; I heard your guilty rimes, observ'd your fashion, Saw fighs reek from you, noted well your passion: Ay me! fays one; O Jove! the other cries; Her hairs were gold, cristal the other's eyes: You would for paradife break faith and troth; And Yove for your love would infringe an oath. What will Biron say, when that he shall hear A faith infringed, which fuch zeal did fwear? How will he fcorn? how will he fpend his wit? How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it? For all the wealth that ever I did fee, I would not have him know fo much by me. BIR. Now step I forth to whip hypocrify.

Coming from his Tree.

Ah, good my liege, I pray thee, pardon me:
Good heart, what grace hast thou, thus to reprove
These worms for loving, that art most in love?
Your eyes do make no coaches in your tears;
There is no certain princess that appears.
You'll not be perjur'd, 'tis a hateful thing.
Tush, none but minstrels like of sonneting.

But are you not asham'd? nay, are you not, All three of you, to be thus much o'er-shot? You found his mote; the king your mote did fee; But I a beam do find in each of three. O, what a scene of foolery have I seen, Of fighs, of groans, of forrow, and of teen! O me, with what first patience have I fat, To fee a king transformed to a gnat! To fee great Hercules whipping a gig, And profound Solomon to tune a jig, And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys, And cynic Timon laugh at idle toys! Where lies thy grief, o, tell me, good Dumain? And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain? And where my liege's? all about the breaft: A caudle, ho!

Kin. Too bitter is thy jest.

Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?

BIR. Not you by me, but I betray'd to you:
I, that am honest; I, that hold it sin
To break the vow I am engaged in;
I am betray'd, by keeping company
With vane-like men, of strange inconstancy.
When shall you see me write a thing in rime?
Or groan for Joan? or spend a minute's time
In pruning me? When shall you hear, that I
Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waste,
A leg, a limb?

Kin. Soft; Whither away so fast?

A true man, or a thief, that gallops so?

Bir. I post from love; good lover, let me go.

<sup>3</sup> Moth - Moth 12 Crittick 23 With men like

Enter JAQUENETTA, and COSTARD.

JAQ. God bless the king! [offering a Paper.

Kin. What present hast thou there?

Cos. Some certain treason.

Kin. What makes treason here?

Cos. Nay, it makes nothing, fir. Kin. If it mar nothing neither,

The treason, and you, go in peace away together.

JAQ. I beseech your grace, let this + letter be read; Our parson missoubts it, 'twas treason, he said.

Kin. Biron, read it over. \_ [giving him the Paper.

Where hadst thou it?

JAQ. Of Coftard.

Kin. Where hadft thou it?

Cos. Of dun Adramadio, dun Adramadio.

Biron tears the Paper.

Kin. How now! what is in you? why dost thou tear it?

BIR. A toy, my liege, a toy; your grace needs not fear it.

Low. It did move him to passion, and therefore let's hear it.

[gathers up the Pieces.]

hear it. [gathers up the Pieces. Dum. It is Biron's writing, and here  $\dagger$  is his name.

Bir. Ah you whoreson loggerhead, [to Cos.] you were born to do me shame. \_

Guilty, my liege, guilty; I confess, I confess.

Kin. What? [the mess:

BIR. That you three fools lack'd me fool to make up He +, he, +\_and + you, \_ and you, my liege, and I, Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.

O, difmiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.

Dum. Now the number is even.

BIR. True, true; we are four :\_

Will these turtles be gone?

Kin. Hence, firs; away.

Cos. Walk afide the true folk, and let the traitors stay.

[Exeunt Cos. and JAQ.

BIR. Sweet lords, sweet lovers, o let us embrace!
As true we are, as flesh and blood can be:

The fea will ebb and flow, heaven shew his face; Young blood doth not obey an old decree:

We cannot cross the cause why we were born; Therefore, of all hands must we be forsworn.

Kin. What, did these rent lines shew some love of thine? BIR. Did they? Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,

That, like a rude and favage man of Inde, At the first opening of the gorgeous east,

Bows not his vassal head; and, strooken blind, Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?

What peremptory eagle-fighted eye

Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,

That is not blinded by her majesty?

Kin. What zeal, what fury, hath inspir'd thee now?

My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon; She, an attending star, scarce seen a light. Bir. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Biron: O, but for my love, day would turn to night!

Of all complections the cull'd sovereignty

Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek;
Where several worthies make one dignity;

Where nothing wants, that want itself doth seek.

Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues,— Fie, painted rhetorick! o, she needs it not:

To things of fale a feller's praise belongs;

She passes praise, and praise too short doth blot. A wither'd hermit, sivescore winters worn,

<sup>13</sup> they, quoth you? Who 31 praise, then praise

Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye:
Beauty doth varnish age, as if new born,
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy.

O, 'tis the fun, that maketh all things shine!

Kin. By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.

BIR. Is ebony like her? o wood divine!

A wife of such wood were felicity.

O, who can give an oath? where is a book?

That I may fwear, beauty doth beauty lack,

If that she learn not of her eye to look:

No face is fair, that is not full so black.

Kin. O paradox! Black is the badge of hell,

The hue of dungeons, and the stole of night;

And beauty's crete becomes the heavens well.

BIR. Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light.

O, if in black my lady's brows be deckt,

It mourns, that painting, and usurping hair,
Should ravish doters with a false aspect;

And therefore is she born to make black fair.

Her favour turns the fashion of the days;
For native blood is counted painting now:

And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,
Paints itself black, to imitate her brow.

Dum. To look like her, are chimney-sweepers black.

Lon. And, since her time, are colliers counted bright.

Kin. And Ethiops of their sweet complection crack.

Dum. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.

Bir. Your mistresses dare never come in rain,
For fear their colours should be wash'd away.

Kin. 'Twere good, yours did; for, sir, to tell you plain,
I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day.

Bir. I'll prove her fair, or talk 'till dooms-day here.

6 word 13 Schoole of 14 creft be- 17 an u-

Kin. No devil will fright thee then so much as she. Dum. I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.

Lon. Look, here's † thy love; my foot and her sace see.

Bir. O, if the streets were paved with thine eyes,
Her seet were much too dainty for such tread!

Dum. O vile! then, as she goes, what upward lies
The street should see as she walk'd over head.

Kin. But what of this? Are we not all in love?

Bir. Nothing so sure; and thereby all forsworn.

Kin. Then leave this chat; and, good Biron, now prove
Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.

Dum. Ay, marry, there; some flattery for this evil.

Lon. O, some authority how to proceed;
Some tricks, some quillets, how to cheat the devil.

Dum. Some falve for perjury. BIR. O, 'tis more than need! Have at you then, affection's men at arms: Confider what you first did swear unto; -To fast, - to study, - and to see no woman; -Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth. Say, can you fast? your stomacks are too young; And abstinence engenders maladies. And where that you have vow'd to study, lords, In that each of you hath forfworn his book: Can you still dream, and pore, and thereon look? Why, universal plodding prisons up The nimble spirits in the arteries; As motion, and long-during action, tires The finewy vigour of the traveller. Now, for not looking on a woman's face, You have in that forfworn the use of eyes; And fludy too, the causer of your vow:

17 v. Note. 24 have for- 26 poyfons

For when would you, my liege, \_ or you, \_ or you, \_ In leaden contemplation, have found out Such fiery numbers, as the prompting eyes Of beauteous tutors have enrich'd you with? Other flow arts entirely keep the brain; And therefore finding barren practisers, Scarce shew a harvest of their heavy toil: But love, first learned in a lady's eyes, Lives not alone immured in the brain: But, with the motion of all elements, Courses as swift as thought in every power; And gives to every power a double power, Above their functions and their offices: It adds a precious feeing to the eye, A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind; A lover's ear will hear the lowest found, When the suspicious head of theft is stopt; Love's feeling is more foft, and fenfible, Than are the tender horns of cockl'd fnails; Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste: For valour, is not love a Hercules, Still climbing trees in the Hesperides? Subtle as Sphynx; as fweet, and musical, As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair; And, when love speaks, the voice of all the gods Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony. Never durst poet touch a pen to write, Until his ink were temper'd with love's fighs; O, then his lines would ravish savage ears, And plant in tyrants mild humility. From women's eyes this doctrine I derive: They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;

They are the books, the arts, the academes,
That shew, contain, and nourish all the world;
Else, none at all in ought proves excellent:
Then fools you were, these women to forswear;
Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.
For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love;
Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men;
Or for men's sake, the authors of these women;
Or women's sake, by whom we men are men;
Let us once lose our oaths to find ourselves,
Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths:
It is religion, to be thus forsworn:
For charity itself fulfils the law;
And who can sever love from charity?

And who can fever love from charity?

Kin. Saint Cupid, then! and, foldiers, to the field!

BIR. Advance your standards, and upon them, lords;

Pell mell, down with them! but be first advis'd, In conflict that you get the sun of them.

Low. Now to plain dealing; lay these glozes by: Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France?

Kin. And win them too: therefore let us devise Some entertainment for them in their tents.

BIR. First, from the park let us conduct them thither; Then, homeward, every man attach the hand Of his fair mistress: in the afternoon We will with some strange passime solace them, Such as the shortness of the time can shape; For revels, dances, masks, and merry hours, Fore-run fair love, strewing her way with slowers.

Kin. Away, away! no time shall be omitted, That will be time, and may by us be sitted.

BIR. Allons, allons !\_ Sow'd cockle reap'd no corn;

8 author 32 Alone, alone

And justice always whirls in equal measure:
Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn;
If so, our copper buys no better treasure. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. Another Part of the fame. Enter Sir NATHANIEL, HOLOFERNES, and DULL.

Hoz. Satis quod Sufficit.

NAT. I praise God for you, fir: your reasons at dinner have been sharp and sententious; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affection, audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy. I did converse this quondam day with a companion of the king's, who is intituled, nominated, or called, don Adriano de Armado.

Hol. Novi bominem tanquam te: His humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical: he is too piked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it.

his Tables.

NAT. A most singular and choice epithet. [pulling out Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity siner than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fanatical phantasms, such insociable and point-devise companions; such rackers of orthography, as to speak, dout, sine, when he should say, doubt; det, when he should pronounce, debt; d, e, b, t, not d, e, t: he clepeth a calf, cauf; half, hauf; neighbour, vocatur, nebour; neigh, abbreviated, ne: This is abhominable, (which he would call, abominable) it insinuateth me of insanie; Ne intelligis, domine? to make frantick, lunatick.

NAT. Laus deo, bone intelligo.

Hol. Bone? bone for bene: Priscian a little scratch'd: 'twill ferve.

Enter MOTH, COSTARD, and ARMADO.

NAT. Videsne quis venit?

Hol. Video, et gaudeo. ARM. Chirra!

Hol. Quare Chirra, not firrah?

ARM. Men of peace, well encounter'd.

Hoz. Most military fir, falutation.

Mor. "They have been at a great feast of lan-

Tto Moth.

" guages, and have stoln the scraps."

Cos. "O, they have liv'd long on the alms-basket" " of words! I marvel, thy mafter hath not eaten thee"

" for a word; for thou art not fo long by the head as," " honorificabilitudinitatibus: thou art easier fwallow'd"

"than a flap-dragon."

Mor. " Peace; the peal begins."

ARM. Monsieur, [to Hol.] are you not letter'd?

Mor. Yes, yes; he teaches boys the horn book: \_ What is a, b, spelt backward, with the horn on his head?

Hol. Ba, pueritia, with a horn added.

Mor. Ba, most filly sheep, with a horn : \_ You hear his learning.

Hol. Quis, quis, thou consonant?

Mor. The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I.

Hoz. I will repeat them; a, e, i,-

Mor. The sheep: the other two concludes it; o, u.

ARM. Now, by the falt wave of the Mediterraneum, a fweet touch, a quick venew of wit: fnip fnap, quick and home; it rejoiceth my intellect: true wit.

Mor. Offer'd by a child to an old man; which is, wit-

Bome boon for boon prescian 25 The last of

Hol. What is the figure? what is the figure?

Hoz. Thou disput'st like an infant: go, whip thy gig. Mor. Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamie circum circá; A gig of a cuckold's horn!

Cos. An I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy ginger-bread: hold, there † is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou halfpenny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion. O, an the heavens were so pleased, that thou wert but my bastard! what a joyful father would'st thou make me? Go to; thou hast it ad dung bill, at the singers' ends, as they say.

Hol. O, I finell false Latin; dunghil for unguem.

ARM. Arts-man, preambula; we will be fingl'd from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house on the top of the mountain?

Hoz. Or, mons, the hill.

ARM. At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.

Hoz. I do, fans question.

ARM. Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the princess at her pavilion, in the posteriors of this day; which the rude multitude call, the afternoon.

Hol. The posterior of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the afternoon: the word is well cull'd, chose; sweet and apt, I do

assure you, fir, I do assure.

ARM. Sir, the king is a noble gentleman; and my familiar, I do affure you, my very good friend: For what is inward between us, let it pass:—I do beseech thee, refrain thy courtesy; I beseech thee, apparel thy

head: - and among other importunate and most ferious defigns, - and of great import, indeed, too; but let that pass: - for I must tell thee, it will please his grace, (by the world) fometime to lean upon my poor shoulder; and with his royal finger, thus, dally with my excrement, with my mustachio: but, sweet heart, let that pass: By the world, I recount no fable; some certain special honours it pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado, a foldier, a man of travel, that hath feen the world: but let that pass. The very all of all is, - but, fweet heart, I do implore fecrefy, - that the king would have me present the princefs, fweet chuck, with some delightful oftentation, or show, or pageant, or antick, or firework: now, understanding that the curate, and your fweet felf, are good at fuch eruptions and fudden breakings-out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your affiftance.

Hol. Sir, you shall present before her the nine worthies.—Sir Nathaniel, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be render'd by our assistance,—at the king's command; and this most gallant, illustrate, and learned gentleman,—before the princes; I say, none so fit as to present the nine worthies.

[sent them?]

NAT. Where will you find men worthy enough to pre-Hol. Joshua, yourself; myself, or this gallant gentleman, Judas Maccabæus; this † swain, because of his great limb or joint, shall pass for Pompey the great; the page, Hercules.

ARM. Pardon, fir, error: he is not quantity enough for that worthy's thumb; he is not so big as the end of his club.

Hol. Shall I have audience? he shall present Hercules

<sup>19</sup> Sir Holofernes, 21 affistants 26 myselfe, and this

in minority: his enter and exit shall be, strangling a snake; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

Mor. An excellent device! so, if any of the audience hiss, you may cry, Well done, Hercules! now thou crushest the snake! that is the way to make an offence gracious; though few have the grace to do it.

ARM. For the rest of the worthies?

Hoz. I will play three myself.

Mor. Thrice-worthy gentleman!

ARM. Shall I tell you a thing?

Hoz. We attend. shirting a took some in sime said

ARM. We will have, if this fadge not, an antick. I befeech you, follow.

Hoz. Via, goodman Dull! thou hast spoken no word all this while.

Dul. Nor understood none neither, fir.

Hoz. Allons! we will employ thee.

Duz. I'll make one in a dance, or so: or I will play on the tabor to the worthies, and let them dance the hay.

Hoz. Most dull, honest Dull, to our sport, away.

## ACT V.

SCENE, Another Part of the same; before the Tents. Enter the Princess, CATHERINE, ROSALINE, and MARIA.

Pri. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart, If fairings come thus plentifully in; A lady wall'd about with diamonds:

Look † you, what I have from the loving king.

Ros. Madam, came nothing else along with that?

Pri. Nothing but this? yes, as much love in rime,

As would be cram'd up in a sheet of paper, Writ on both sides the leaf, margent and all; That he was sain to seal on Cupid's name.

Ros. That was the way to make his godhead wax;

For he hath been five thousand year a boy.

CAT. Ay, and a shrowd unhappy gallows too. [sister: Ros. You'll ne'er be friends with him; a' kill'd your CAT. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy;

And so she dy'd: had she been light, like you, Of such a merry, nimble-stirring spirit,

She might have been a grandame ere she dy'd:

And so may you; for a light heart lives long. [word? Ros. What's your dark meaning, mouse, of this light

CAT. A light condition in a beauty dark.

Ros. We need more light to find your meaning out. CAT. You'll mar the light by taking it in fnuff;

Therefore, I'll darkly end the argument.

Ros. Look, what you do, you do it still i'the dark. CAT. So do not you; for you are a light wench. Ros. Indeed, I weigh not you; and therefore light. CAT. You weigh me not,—O, that's you care not for Ros. Great reason; for, Past cure is still past care. [me. Pri. Well bandy'd both; a set of wit well play'd.

But, Rosaline, you have a favour too:

Who fent it? and what is 't?

Ros. I would, you knew:
An if my face were but as fair as yours,
My favour were as great; be witness † this.
Nay, I have verses too, I thank Biron:
The numbers true; and, were the numbring too,
I were the fairest goddess on the ground:
I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.

<sup>22</sup> past care, is still past cure

O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter!

Pri. Any thing like?

Ros. Much, in the letters; nothing, in the praise.

Pri. Beauteous as ink; a good conclusion.

CAT. Fair as a text B in a copy-book.

Ros. Ware pencils! How? let me not die your debter, My red dominical, my golden letter:

O, that your face were not fo full of O's!

CAT. A pox of that jest! and beshrew all shrows! Pri. But what was sent to you from fair Dumain?

CAT. Madam, this + glove.

Pri. Did he not fend you twain?

CAT. Yes, madam, that he did; and fent, moreover, Some thousand verses of a faithful lover:

A huge translation of hypocrify,

Vilely compil'd, profound simplicity.

MAR. This, and these + pearls, to me fent Longaville;

The letter is too long by half a mile.

Pri. I think no less; Dost thou not wish in heart,

The chain were longer, and the letter short?

MAR. Ay, or I would these hands might never part. Pri. We are wise girls, to mock our lovers for

Ros. They are worse fools, to purchase mocking so.

That same Biron I'll torture ere I go.

O, that I knew he were but in by the week! How I would make him fawn, and beg, and feek;

And wait the feason, and observe the times,

And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rimes; And shape his service all to my behests;

And make him proud to make me proud that jests: So, pageant-like, would I o'er-sway his state,

That he should be my fool, and I his fate.

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Pri. None are so surely caught, when they are catch'd, As wit turn'd fool: folly, in wisdom hatch'd, Hath wisdom's warrant, and the help of school, And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

Ros. The blood of youth burns not with fuch excess

As gravity's revolt to wantonness.

MAR. Folly in fools bears not so strong a note, As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote; Since all the power thereof it doth apply, To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

Enter BOYET.

Pri. Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.

Bor. O, I am stab'd with laughter! \_ Where's her

Pri. Thy news, Boyet? [grace?

Bor. Prepare, madame, prepare!\_

Arm, wenches, arm! \_\_encounters mounted are Against your peace: Love doth approach disguis'd, Armed in arguments; you'll be surpriz'd: Muster your wits; stand in your own defence; Or hide your heads like cowards, and sly hence.

Pri. Saint Dennis to faint Cupid! What are they, That charge their breath against us? fay, scout, say.

Bor. Under the cool shade of a sycamore, I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour: When, lo, to interrupt my purpos'd rest, Toward that shade I might behold addrest The king and his companions: warily I stole into a neighbour thicket by, And over-heard what you shall over-hear; That, by and by, disguis'd they will be here. Their herald is a pretty knavish page, That well by heart hath con'd his embassage:

Action, and accent, did they teach him there; Thus must thou speak, and thus thy body bear: And ever and anon they made a doubt, Presence majestical would put him out; For, quoth the king, an angel shalt thou see; Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously: The boy reply'd, An angel is not evil; I sould have fear'd her, had she been a devil. With that, all laugh'd, and clap'd him on the shoulder; Making the bold wag by their praises bolder. One rub'd his elbow thus; and fleer'd, and fwore, A better speech was never spoke before: Another, with his finger and his thumb, . Cry'd, Via! we will do't; come what will come: The third he caper'd, and cry'd, All goes well: The fourth turn'd on the toe; and down he fell: With that, they all did tumble on the ground; With fuch a zealous laughter, fo profound, That in this spleen ridiculous appears, To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.

Pri. But what, but what, come they to visit us? Bor. They do, they do; and are apparel'd thus, Like Muscovites, or Russians, as I guess. Their purpose is, to parle, to court, and dance: And every one his love-feat will advance Unto his several mistres; which they'll know By savours several, which they did bestow.

Pri. And will they so? the gallants shall be taskt: \_\_\_\_ For, ladies, we will every one be maskt; And not a man of them shall have the grace, Despight of suit, to see a lady's face. \_\_\_ Hold, Rosaline, this savour thou shalt wear; And then the king will court thee for his dear: Hold, take thou † this, my sweet, and give me thine; So shall Biron take me for Rosaline. — And change you favours too; so shall your loves Woo contrary, deceiv'd by these removes.

Ros. Come on then; wear the favours most in fight. CAT. But, in this changing, what is your intent? Pri. The effect of my intent is, to cross theirs:

They do it but in mocking merriment; And mock for mock is only my intent. Their feveral counfels they unbosom shall To loves mistook; and so be mock'd withal, Upon the next occasion that we meet, With visages display'd, to talk, and greet.

Ros. But shall we dance, if they desire us to't?

Pri. No, to the death we will not move a foot:

Nor to their pen'd speech render we no grace;

But, while 'tis spoke, each turn away her face.

Bor. Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's heart,

And quite divorce his memory from his part.

Pri. Therefore I do it; and, I make no doubt, The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out. There's no such sport, as sport by sport o'erthrown; To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own: So shall we stay, mocking intended game; And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame.

[Trumpets within.

Bor. The trumpet founds; be mask'd, the maskers come.

Flourish. Enter, in Russian Habits, and mask'd,

The King, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN;

with MOTH, Musick, and Attendants.

Moth advances.

Mot. All hail, the richest beauties on the earth!

Bor. Beauties no richer than rich taffata. Mor. A holy parcel of the fairest dames,

[the Ladies turn their Backs to him.

That ever turn'd their - backs - to mortal views!

BIR. "Their eyes, villain, their eyes."

Mor. That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views!

Bor. True; out, indeed.

Mot. Out of your favours, heavenly spirits, wouch safe Not to behold

BIR. "Once to behold, rogue."

Mot. Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes — with your sun-beamed eyes —

Bor. They will not answer to that epithet; You were best call it, daughter-beamed eyes.

Mor. "They do not mark me, and that brings me out."
BIR. "Is this your perfectness? be gone, you rogue."

Moth withdraws.

Ros. What would these strangers? know their minds, If they do speak our language, 'tis our will [Boyet: That some plain man recount their purposes: Know what they would.

Bor. What would you with the princess?

BIR. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

Ros. What would they, fay they?

Bor. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

Ros. Why, that they have; and bid them so be gone.

Bor. She fays, you have it, and you may be gone.

Kin. Say to her, we have measur'd many miles,

To tread a measure with her on this grass.

Bor. They fay, that they have measur'd many a mile,

To tread a measure with you on this grass.

Ros. It is not so: Ask them, how many inches
Is in one mile: if they have measur'd many,

The measure then of one is eas'ly told.

Bor. If, to come hither, you have measur'd miles, And many miles; the princess bids you tell, How many inches doth fill up one mile.

BIR. Tell her, we measure them by weary steps.

Bor. She hears herfelf.

Ros. How many weary steps, [advancing. Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,

Are number'd in the travel of one mile?

BIR. We number nothing that we fpend for you; Our duty is so rich, so infinite, That we may do it still without accompt.

Vouchsafe to shew the sun-shine of your face,

That we, like favages, may worship it.

Ros. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.

Kin. Blessed are clouds, that do as such clouds do!

Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to shine
(Those clouds remov'd) upon our wat'ry eyne.

Ros. O vain petitioner! beg a greater matter; Thou now request'st but moon-shine in the water.

Kin. Then in our measure do but vouchsafe one change: Thou bid'st me beg; this begging is not strange. Ros. Play, musick, then: Nay, you must do it soon.

[Musick; and they make ready, as to dance.

Not yet; no dance: thus change I like the moon.

Kin. Will you not dance? How come you thus estrang'd?

Ros. You took the moon at full; but now she's chang'd.

Kin. The musick plays; vouchsafe some motion to it.

Ros. Our ears vouchsafe it.

23 requests 31 v. Note.

Kin. But your legs should do it.

Ros. Since you are strangers, and come here by chance, We'll not be nice: take hands; — we will not dance.

Kin. Why take we hands then?
Ros. Only to part friends:

Court'fy, fweet hearts; \_ and fo the measure ends.

Kin. More measure of this measure; be not nice.

Ros. We can afford no more at fuch a price. [ny? Kin. Prize yourselves then; What buys your compa-

Ros. Your absence only. Kin. That can never be.

Ros. Then cannot we be bought: And so adieu;

Twice to your visor, and half once to you!

Kin. If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.

Ros. In private then.

Kin. I am best pleas'd with that. [converse apart. Bir. White-handed mistress, one sweetword with thee.

Pri. Honey, and milk, and fugar; there is three.

BIR. Nay, then, two treys, (an if you grow so nice) Metheglin, wort, and malmsey; \_ Well run, dice! \_ There's half a dozen sweets.

Pri. Seventh sweet, adieu!

Since you can cog, I'll play no more with you.

BIR. One word in fecret. Pri. Let it not be fweet. BIR. Thou griev'ft my gall.

Pri. Gall? bitter.

BIR. Therefore meet. [converse apart.

Dum. Will you vouchfafe with me to change a word?

MAR. Name it. Dum. Fair lady,—

MAR. Say you so? Fair lord,-

Take that for your fair lady.

Dum. Please it you,

As much in private, and I'll bid adieu. [converse apart. CAT. What, was your visor made without a tongue? Low. I know the reason, lady, why you ask. CAT. O, for your reason! quickly, fir; I long. Low. You have a double tongue within your mask,

And would afford my speechless visor half.

CAT. Veal, quoth the Dutchman; \_ Is not veal a calf?

Lon. A calf, fair lady?
CAT. No, a fair lord calf.
Lon. Let's part the word.

CAT. No, I'll not be your half:

Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox.

Low. Look, how you but yourfelf in these sharp mocks; Will you give horns, chast lady? do not so.

CAT. Then die a calf, before your horns do grow. Low. One word in private with you, ere I die.

CAT. Bleat foftly then, the butcher hears you cry.

[converse apart.

Bor. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen As is the razor's edge invisible,

Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen; Above the sense of sense: so sensible

Seemeth their conference; their conceits have wings, Fleeter than arrows, wind, thought, swifter things. [off.

Ros. Not one word more, my maids; break off, break [breaking from the King.

Bir. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure pure fcoff!

Kin. Adieu, mad wenches; you have simple wits.

Pri. Twenty adieu's, my frozen Muscowites. \_\_ [Exeunt King, and his Lords; MOTH, Mus. and Att.

4 v. Note. 26 arrows, bullets, wind,

Are these the breed of wits fo wonder'd at? [out. Box. Tapers they are, with your fweet breaths puft Ros. Well-liking wits they have; gross, gross; fat, fat.

Pri. O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout!

Will they not, think you, hang themselves to-night?
Or ever, but in visors, shew their faces?

This pert Biron was out of count'nance quite. Ros. O, they were all in lamentable cases!

The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.

Pri. Biron did swear himself out of all suit.

MAR. Dumain was at my service, and his sword:

No point, quoth I; my servant straight was mute.

CAT. Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his heart;

And trow you what he call'd me?

Pri. Qualm, perhaps. CAT. Yes, in good faith.

Pri. Go, fickness as thou art!

Ros. Well, better wits have worn plain statute caps.

But will you hear? the king is my love fworn.

Pri. And quick Biron hath plighted faith to me. CAT. And Longaville was for my fervice born.

MAR. Dumain is mine as fure as bark on tree. Bor. Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear:

Immediately they will again be here In their own shapes; for it can never be, They will digest this harsh indignity.

Pri. Will they return?

Bor. They will, they will, God knows; And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows: Therefore, change favours; and, when they repair,

Blow like fweet roses in this fummer air.

Pri. How blow? how blow? speak to be understood.

Bor. Fair ladies, maskt, are roses in their bud; Dismaskt, their damask sweet commixture shown, Are angels 'vailing clouds, or roses blown.

Pri. Avaunt, perplexity! What shall we do, If they return in their own shapes to woo?

Ros. Good madam, if by me you'll be advis'd, Let's mock them still, as well known, as disguis'd: Let us complain to them, what fools were here, Disguis'd like *Muscovites*, in shapeless gear; And wonder, what they were; and to what end Their shallow shows, and prologue vilely pen'd, And their rough carriage so ridiculous, Should be presented at our tent to us.

Bor. Ladies, withdraw; the gallants are at hand.

Pri. Whip to our tents, as roes run o'er the land.

[Exeunt Princess, CAT. Ros. and MAR.

Re-enter, in their proper Habits, the King, attended;
DUMAIN, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and Others.
Kin. Fair fir, God fave you! Where's the princess?
Bor. Gone to her tent: Please it your majesty,
Command me any service to her thither;

Kin. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word. Bor. I will; and so will she, I know, my lord.

BIR. This fellow pecks up wit, as pidgeons pease;
And utters it again, when God doth please:
He is wit's pedlar; and retails his wares

At wakes, and wassels, meetings, markets, fairs; And we that fell by gross, the Lord doth know, Have not the grace to grace it with such show. This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve; Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve:

<sup>15</sup> runs ore land

A' can carve too, and lisp: Why, this is he
That kist his hand away in courtesy;
This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,
That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honourable terms: nay, he can sing
A mean most meanly; and, in ushering,
Mend him who can: the ladies call him, sweet;
The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet:
This is the slower that smiles on every one,
To shew his teeth as white as whale his bone:
And consciences, that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due of honey-tongu'd Boyet.

Kin. A blifter on his sweet tongue, with my heart,

That put Armado's page out of his part!

Re-enter the Princess, Boyer ushering her, MARIA, CATHERINE, ROSALINE, and Attendants.

BIR. See, where it comes! Behaviour, what wert thou, 'Till this man fhew'd thee? and what art thou now?

Kin. All hail, fweet madam, and fair time of day!

Pri. Fair, in all hail, is foul, as I conceive.

Kin. Construe my speeches better, if you may.

Pri. Then wish me better, I will give you leave. Kin. We came to visit you; and purpose now

To lead you to our court: vouchfafe it then.

Pri. This field shall hold me; and so hold your vow:

Nor God, nor I, delights in perjur'd men.

Kin. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke; The virtue of your eye must break my oath. [spoke;

Pri. You nick-name virtue; vice you should have

For virtue's office never breaks men's troth. Now, by my maiden honour, yet as pure

As the unfully'd lilly, I protest,

<sup>18</sup> this mad man

A world of torments though I should endure, I would not yield to be your house's guest: So much I hate a breaking cause to be Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.

Kin. O, you have liv'd in desolation here, Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame. Pri. Not so, my lord, it is not so, I swear, We have had passimes here, and pleasant game;

A mess of Russians left us but of late. Kin. How, madam? Russians?

Pri. Ay, in truth, my lord; Trim gallants, full of courtship, and of state.

Ros. Madam, fpeak true: \_ It is not fo, my lord; My lady, (to the manner of the days)
In courtefy, gives undeserving praise.
We four, indeed, confronted were with four
In Russian habit: here they stay'd an hour,
And talk'd apace; but in that hour, my lord,
They did not bless us with one happy word.
I dare not call them fools; but this I think,
When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.

BIR. This jest is dry to me. — Fair gentle sweet, Your wit makes wise things foolish: when we greet With eyes best seeing heaven's fiery eye, By light we lose light: Your capacity Is of that nature, that, to your huge store,

Wise things feem foolish, and rich things but poor.

Ros. This proves you wise, and rich: for, in my eye,

BIR. I am a fool, and full of poverty.

Ros. But that you take what doth to you belong, It were a fault to fnatch words from my tongue.

BIR. O, I am yours, and all that I possess.

Ros. All the fool mine?

BIR. I cannot give you less.

Ros. Which of the visors was it, that you wore?

BIR. Where? when? what visor? why demand you this?

Ros. There, then, that visor; that superfluous case, That hid the worse, and shew'd the better face. [right."

Kin. "We are descry'd; they'll mock us now down-

DVM. "Let us confess, and turn it to a jest."

Pri. Amaz'd, my lord? Why looks your highness fad?

Ros. Help!hold his brows!he'll fwoon! Whylook you Sea-fick, I think, coming from Muscowy. [pale?\_

Bir. Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury.

Can any face of brass hold longer out? \_\_ Here stand I, lady: dart thy skill at me,

Bruise me with fcorn, confound me with a flout,

Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance,

Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit; And I will wish thee never more to dance,

Nor never more in Russian habit wait. O, never will I trust to speeches pen'd,

Nor to the motion of a school-boy's tongue;

Nor never come in visor to my friend;

Nor woo in rime, like a blind harper's fong :

Taffata phrases, filken terms precise,

Three-pil'd hyperboles, spruce affectation,

Figures pedantical; these fummer flies

Have blown me full of maggot oftentation:

I do forswear them: and I here protest,

By this white glove, (how white the hand, God knows)

Henceforth my wooing mind shall be exprest

In russet yeas, and honest kersey noes: And, to begin, wench,—so God help me, la!— My love to thee is found, fans crack or flaw.

Ros. Sans, fans, I pray you.

BIR. Yet I have a trick

Of the old rage: \_ bear with me, I am fick; I'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us fee, \_ Write, Lord have mercy on us, on those \(\psi\) three; They are infected, in their hearts it lies, They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes: These lords are visited; you are not free, For the Lord's tokens on you do I fee.

Pri. No, they are free that gave these tokens to us. Bir. Our states are forfeit, seek not to undo us.

Ros. It is not so; For how can this be true, That you stand forfeit, being those that sue?

BIR. Peace; for I will not have to do with you.

Ros. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

BIR. Speak for yourselves, my wit is at an end.

[to his Friends, retiring.

Kin. Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude transgref-Some fair excuse.

Pri. The fairest is confession.

Were you not here, but even now, difguis'd?

Kin. Madam, I was.

Pri. And were you well advis'd?

Kin. I was, fair madam.

Pri. When you then were here,

What did you whisper in your lady's ear?

Kin. That more than all the world I did respect her.

Pri. When she shall challenge this, you will reject her.

Kin. Upon mine honour, no. Pri. Peace, peace, forbear;

Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear.

Kin. Despise me, when I break this oath of mine.

Pri. I will; and therefore keep it: \_\_ Rosaline,

What did the Russian whisper in your ear?

Ros. Madam, he fwore, that he did love me dear As precious eye-fight; and did value me Above this world: adding thereto, moreover, That he would wed me, or elfe die my lover.

Pri. God give thee joy of him! the noble lord

Most honourably doth uphold his word.

Kin. What mean you, madam? by my life, my troth,

I never fwore this lady fuch an oath.

Ros. By heaven, you did; and to confirm it plain, You gave me this †: but take it, fir, again.

Kin. My faith, and this, the princess I did give;

I knew her by this † jewel on her sleeve.

Pri. Pardon me, fir, this jewel did she wear; And lord Biron, I thank him, is my dear: \_\_\_\_ What; will you have me, or your pearl again?

Bir. Neither of either; I remit both twain. \_\_
I fee the trick on 't, \_\_ Here was a confent,
Knowing aforehand of our mersiment,
To dash it like a christmas comedy:
Some carry-tale, some please-man, some zany,
Some mumble-news, some trencher knight, some Dick, \_\_
That smiles his cheek in years; and knows the trick
To make my lady laugh, when she's dispos'd, \_\_
Told our intents before: which once disclos'd,
The ladies did change favours; and then we,
Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she.
Now, to our perjury to add more terror,
We are again forsworn; in will, and error.
Much upon this it is: \_\_ And might not you \_\_ [to Boy.

<sup>23</sup> some slight Zany,

Forestal our sport, to make us thus untrue?

Do not you know my lady's foot by the squire?

And laugh upon the apple of her eye?

And stand between her back, sir, and the fire;

Holding a trencher, jesting merrily? You put our page out: Go, you are allow'd; Die when you will, a smock shall be your shrowd. You leer upon me, do you? there's an eye, Wounds like a leaden sword.

Bor. Full merrily

Hath this brave manage, this career, been run.

BIR. Lo, he is tilting straight!—Peace; I have done.—

Enter Costard.

Welcome, pure wit! thou partest a fair fray.

Cos. O lord, fir, they would know,

Whether the three worthies shall come in, or no.

BIR. What, are there but three? Cos. No, fir; but it is vara fine,

For every one pursents three.

BIR. And three times thrice is nine.

Cos. Not so, sir; under correction, sir; I hope, it is not so:

You cannot beg us, fir, I affure you, fir; we know what we know:

I hope, fir, three times thrice, fir,-

BIR. Is not nine.

Cos. Under correction, fir, we know whereuntil it doth amount.

Bir. By Jove, I always took three threes for nine. Cos. O lord, fir, it were pity you should get your living by reck'ning, fir.

BIR. How much is it?

<sup>11</sup> manager,

Cos. O lord, fir, the parties themselves, the actors, fir, will shew whereuntil it doth amount: for mine own part, I am, as they say, but to parfect one man in one poor man; Pompion the great, sir.

BIR. Art thou one of the worthies?

Cos. It pleased them, to think me worthy of Pompey the great: for mine own part, I know not the degree of the worthy; but I am to stand for him.

BIR. Go, bid them prepare.

Cos. We will turn it finely off, fir, we will take some care. [Exit Costard.

Kin. Biron, they will shame us; let them not approach.

Bir. We are shame-proof, my lord: and 'tis some policy,

To have one show worse than the king's and his compa
Kin. I say, they shall not come.

[ny.

Pri. Nay, my good lord, let me o'er-rule you now; That sport most pleases, that doth least know how: When zeal strives to content, and the contents Dies in the zeal of that which it presents, There form confounded makes most form in mirth; When great things labouring perish in their birth.

BIR. A right description of our sport, my lord.

Enter ARMADO.

ARM. Anointed, I implore fo much expence of thy royal fweet breath as will utter a brace of words.

converses apart with the King, and delivers him a Paper.

Pri. Doth this man serve God?

BIR. Why ask you?

Pri. He speaks not like a man of God's making.

ARM. That is all one, my fair sweet honey monarch: for, I protest, the school-master is exceeding fantastical; too too vain, too too vain: But we will put it, as they

fay, to fortuna della guerra. I wish you the peace of mind, most royal couplement! [Exit Armado.

Kin. Here is like to be a good presence of worthies: He presents Hector of Troy; the swain, Pompey the great; the parish curate, Alexander; Armado's page, Hercules; the pedant, Judas Machabeus:

And if these four worthies in their first shew thrive, These four will change habits, and present the other five.

BIR. There is five in the first shew. Kin. You are deceiv'd, 'tis not so.

BIR. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest, the fool, and the boy:

A bare throw at novem; and the whole world again Cannot pick out five fuch, take each one in his vein.

[Seats brought forth.

Kin. The ship is under fail, and here she comes amain.

Pageant of the nine Worthies.

Flourish. Enter, arm'd and accouter'd, his Scutcheon born before him, Costard for Pompey.

\* Cos. I Pompey am, -

BIR. You lie, you are not he.

\* Cos. I Pompey am,-

Bor. With libbard's head on knee. [with thee. Bir. Well faid, old mocker; I must needs be friends

\* Cos. I Pompey am, Pompey furnam'd the big, -Dum. The great.

Cos. It is great, fir; \_\* Pompey furnam'd the great;

\* That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make my foe to sweat: [chance;

\* And, travelling along this coast, I here am come by

\* And lay my + arms before the legs of this sweet lass of France. [does his Obeijance to the Princess.

delaguar, 13 Novum,

If your ladyship would fay, thanks, Pompey, I had done.

Pri. Great thanks, great Pompey.

Cos. Tis not fo much worth; but, I hope, I was perfect: I made a little fault in, great. [retires.

BIR. My hat to a half-penny, Pompey proves the best worthy. [Flourish.

\* NAT. When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander; [might:

\* By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering

\* My 'scutcheon plain declares, that I am Alisander; — Bor. Your nose says, no, you are not; for it stands too right.

EIR. Your nose smells, no, in his, most tender-smelling knight. [fander.

Pri. The conqueror is difmay'd: Proceed, good Ali-

\* NAT. When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander;

Bor. Most true, 'tis right; you were so, Alisander.

BIR. Pompey the great,-

Cos. Your fervant, and Costard. [advancing. Bir. Take away the conqueror, take away Alisander.

Cos. O, fir, [to Nath.] you have overthrown Alisander the conqueror! You will be scrap'd out of the painted cloth for this: your lion, that holds his polax sitting on a close-stool, will be given to A-jax; he will be the ninth worthy. A conqueror, and afeard to speak! run away for shame, Alisander. [Nath. retires.] There, an't shall please you! a foolish mild man; an honest man, look you, and soon dash'd! He is a marvelous good neighbour, in sooth; and a very good bowler: but, for Alisander,—alas! you see, how 'tis; a little o'er-parted: But there are worthies a

coming, will speak their mind in some other sort. [Flourish. Pri. Stand aside, good Pompey.

Enter, arm'd &c. Holofernes for Judas, and Moth for Hercules.

\* Hol. Great Hercules is presented by this imp,

- \* Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed canus;
- \* And, when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,
- \* Thus did he strangle serpents in his manus:

  \* Quoniam he seemeth in minority,
- \* Ergo I come with this apology. \_\_ Keep fome state in thy exit, and vanish.

[Moth does bis Obeisance, and retires.

\* Judas I am, — Dum. A Judas!

Hol. Not Iscariot, fir. \_

\* Judas I am, ycleped Machabeus; Dum. Judas Machabeus clipt, is plain Judas.

BIR. A kiffing traitor: How art thou prov'd Judas?

\* Hol. Judas I am,

DUM. The more shame for you, Judas.

HoL. What mean you, fir?

Bor. To make Judas hang himself. Hoz. Begin, sir; you are my elder.

BIR. Well follow'd; Judas was hang'd on an elder.

Hoz. I will not be put out of countenance.

BIR. Because thou hast no face.

Hoz. What is this?

Bor. A cithern head.

DUM. The head of a bodkin. BIR. A death's face in a ring.

LON. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.

Bor. The pummel of Casar's faulchion.

DUM. The carv'd-bone face on a flask.

BIR. Saint George's half-cheek in a brooch.

DUM. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.

BIR. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer: And now, forward; for we have put thee in countenance.

Hoz. You have put me out of contenance.

BIR. False; we have given thee faces.

Hol. But you have out-fac'd them all.

BIR. An thou wert a lion, we would do fo.

Bor. Therefore, as he is, an ass, let him go. \_ And so, adieu, sweet Jude! Nay, why dost thou stay?

Dum. For the latter end of his name. [away.

BIR. For the ass to the Jude; give it him: \_ Jud-as, Hol. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

Bor. A light for monfieur Judas; it grows dark, he may stumble. [Holosernes retires.

Pri. Alas, poor Machabeus; how hath he been baited! Flourish. Enter, arm'd &c. ARMADO for Hector.

BIR. Hidethy head, Achilles; here comes Hector in arms. Dum. Though my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.

Kin. Hector was but a Trojan in respect of this.

Bor. But is this Hector?

Kin. I think, Hector was not fo clean-timber'd.

LON. His leg is too big for Hector's.

Dum. More calf, certain.

Bor. No, he is best endu'd in the small.

BIR. This cannot be Hector.

Dum. He's a god, or a painter; for he makes faces.

\* ARM. The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,

\* Gave Hector a gift,-

DUM. Gift! a nutmeg.

BIR. A lemon.

Lon. Stuck with cloves.

Dum. No, cloven.

\* The arminetent Many of

\* The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,

\* Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion;

\* A man fo breath'd, that, certain, he would fight, yea,

\* From morn 'till night, out of his pavilion.

\* I am that flower,-

DUM. That mint.

LON. That columbine.

ARM. Sweet lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.

Low. I must rather give it the rein; for it runs against Hestor.

DUM. Ay, and Hector's a grey-hound.

ARM. The sweet war-man is dead and rotten; sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried: when he breath'd, he was a man — But I will forward with my device; — sweet royalty, bestow on me the sense of hearing.

[Biron steps to Costard, and whispers him.

Pri. Speak, brave Hector; we are much delighted.

ARM. I do adore thy fweet grace's slipper.

Bor. "Loves her by the foot."
Dum. "He may not by the yard."

\* ARM. This Hedor far furmounted Hannibal,-

Cos. The party is gone, fellow Helter, she is gone; she is two months on her way.

ARM. What meanest thou?

Cos. 'Faith, unless you play the honest Trojan, the poor wench is cast away: she's quick; the child brags in her belly already; 'tis yours.

A gift 27 v. Note.

ARM. Dost thou infamonize me among potentates? thou shalt die.

Cos. Then shall Hector be whip'd, for Jaquenetta that is quick by him; and hang'd, for Pompey that is dead by him.

DUM. Most rare Pompey! Bor. Renown'd Pompey!

BIR. Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey; Pompey the huge!

DUM. Hector trembles.

BIR. Pompey is mov'd: \_ More Ates, more Ates; stir them on, stir them on!

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

BIR. Ay, if a' have no more man's blood in his belly than will sup a flea.

ARM. By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

Cos. I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man; I'll slash, I'll do it by the sword: \_I pray you, let me borrow my arms again.

DUM. Room for the incenf'd worthies.

Cos. I'll do it in my shirt. [stripping. Dum. Most resolute Pompey!

Mot. Master, [coming up to Arm. and whispering him.] let me take you a button-hole lower: Do you not see, Pompey is uncasing for the combat? What mean you? you will lose your reputation.

ARM. Gentlemen and foldiers, pardon me, I will not combat in my shirt. [challenge.

DUM. You may not deny it; Pompey hath made the ARM. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

Bir. What reason have you for't?

ARM. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt; I go woolward for penance.

Mor. True, [to the Lords, aside.] and it was enjoin'd him in Rome for want of linnen: since when, I'll be sworn, he wore none, but a dish-clout of Jaquenetta's; and that a' wears next his heart for a favour.

Enter MERCADE.

MER. God fave you, madam!

Pri. Welcome, good Mercade;

But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.

MER. I am forry, madam, for the news I bring; 'Tis heavy on my tongue: The king your father

Pri. Dead, for my life.

MER. Even so: my tale is told.

BIR. Worthies, away; the scene begins to cloud.

ARM. For mine own part, I breath free breath: I

have seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion, and I will right myself like a soldier.

[Exeunt Worthies, their Trumpets, and Retinue. How fares your majesty?

Kin. How fares your majesty?

Pri. Boyet, prepare; I will away to-night.

Kin. Madam, not so; I do beseech you, stay.

Pri. Prepare, I fay. — I thank you, gracious lords, For all your fair endeavours; and intreat, Out of a new-fad foul, that you vouchfafe, In your rich wisdom, to excuse, or hide, The liberal opposition of our fpirits:

If over-boldly we have born ourselves
In the converse of breath, your gentleness
Was guilty of it. — Farewel, worthy lord!
A heavy heart bears not an humble tongue:
Excuse me so, coming too short of thanks
For my great suit so easily obtain'd.

Kin. The extream parts of time extreamly forms

10 is heavy in

All causes to the purpose of his speed;
And often, at his very loose, decides
That which long process could not arbitrate:
And though the mourning brow of progeny
Forbid the smiling courtesy of love
The holy suit which fain it would convince;
Yet, since love's argument was first on foot,
Let not the cloud of forrow justle it
From what it purpos'd; since, to wail friends lost,
Is not by much so wholesome, prositable,
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

Pri. I understand you not, my griefs are deaf. BIR. Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief; And by these badges understand the king. For your fair fakes have we neglected time, Play'd foul play with our oaths; your beauty, ladies, Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humours Even to the opposed end of our intents: And what in us hath feem'd ridiculous,-As love is full of unbefitting strains; All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain; Form'd by the eye, and, therefore, like the eye, Full of strange shapes, of habits, and of forms, Varying in subjects as the eye doth rowl To every vary'd object in his glance: Which party-coated presence of loofe love, Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes, 'T hath misbecom'd our oaths and gravities, Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults, Suggested us to make them: Therefore, ladies, Our love being yours, the error that love makes Is likewise yours: we to ourselves prove false,

<sup>12</sup> are double. 23 straying 28 Have mis-

By being once false for ever to be true To those that make us both, fair ladies, you; And even that falshood, in itself a fin, Thus purifies itself, and turns to grace.

Pri. We have receiv'd your letters, full of love; Your favours, the embassadors of love; And, in our maiden council, rated them At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy, As bombast and as lining to the time:
But more devout than this, in our respects, Have we not been; and therefore met your loves In their own fashion, like a merriment.

DUM. Our letters, madam, shew'd much more than jest.

LON. So did our looks.

Ros. We did not quote them fo.

Kin. Now, at the latest minute of the hour,

Grant us your loves.

Pri. A time, methinks, too short
To make a world-without-end bargain in:
No, no, my lord, your grace is perjur'd much,
Full of dear guiltines; and, therefore, this,—
If for my love (as there is no such cause)
You will do ought, this shall you do for me:
Your oath I will not trust: but go with speed
To some forlorn and naked hermitage,
Remote from all the pleasures of the world;
There stay, until the twelve celestial signs
Have brought about their annual reckoning:
If this austere insociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds,
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,

But that it bear this trial, and last love;
Then, at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge me, challenge by these deserts,
And, by this virgin palm, now kissing thine,
I will be thine: and, 'till that instant, shut
My woeful self up in a mourning house;
Raining the tears of lamentation,
For the remembrance of my father's death.
If this thou do deny, let our hands part,
Neither intitl'd in the other's heart.

Kin. If this, or more than this, I would deny,
To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,
The sudden hand of death close up mine eye!
Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast.
Dum. But what to me, my love? but what to me?

CAT. A wife! A beard, fair health, and honesty; With threefold love I wish you all these three.

Dum. O, shall I say, I thank you, gentle wise?

CAT. Not so, my lord; a twelvementh and a day
I'll mark no words that smooth-fac'd wooers say:

Come when the king doth to my lady come,
Then, if I have much love, I'll give you some.

DUM. I'll serve thee true and faithfully 'till then. CAT. Yet swear not, lest you be forsworn again.

LON. What fays Maria?

MAR. At the twelvemonth's end,

I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.

Lon. I'll flay with patience; but the time is long.

MAR. The liker you; few taller are so young.

BIR. Studies my lady? mistress, look on me,

Behold the window of my heart, mine eye, What humble suit attends thy answer there;

3 challenge me by 14 v. Note.

Impose some service on me for thy love.

Ros. Oft have I heard of you, my lord Biron,
Before I saw you: and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks;
Full of comparisons, and wounding flouts;
Which you on all estates will execute,
That lie within the mercy of your wit:
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,
And, therewithal, to win me, if you please,
(Without the which I am not to be won)
You shall this twelvemonth term from day to day
Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,
With all the sierce endeavour of your wit,
To ensorce the pained impotent to smile.

BIR. To move wild laughter in the throat of death?

It cannot be; it is impossible:

Mirth cannot move a foul in agony.

Ros. Why, that's the way to choak a gibing spirit, Whose influence is begot of that loose grace Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools; A jest's prosperity lives in the ear Of him that hears it, never in the tongue Of him that makes it: then, if sickly ears, Deast with the clamours of their own dear groans, Will hear your idle scorns, continue then, And I will have you, and that fault withal; But, if they will not, throw away that spirit, And I shall find you empty of that fault, Right joyful of your reformation.

BIR. A twelvemonth? well, befall what will befall,

I'll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital.

Pri. Ay, sweet my lord; and so I take my leave. [breaking Converse with the King, and curtsying.

Kin. No, madam; we will bring you on your way. Bir. Our wooing doth not end like an old play;

Jack hath not Gill: these ladies' courtefy Might well have made our sport a comedy.

Kin. Come, fir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day, And then 'twill end.

BIR. That's too long for a play.

Enter ARMADO.

ARM. Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me. [to the King.

Pri. Was not that Hector?

DUM. The worthy knight of Troy.

ARM. I will kifs thy royal finger, and take leave: I am a votary; I have vow'd to Jaquenetta, to hold the plough for her sweet love three year. But, most esteemed greatness, will you hear the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled, in praise of the owl and the cuckoo? it should have followed in the end of our shew.

Kin. Call them forth quickly, we will do fo.

ARM. Hola, approach! \_\_\_\_\_ [Musick.

Enter Holo. Nath. Moth, Cost. and Others.

This † fide [forming them in two Bands.] is Hiems, winter; this † Ver, the spring; the one maintained by the owl, the other by the cuckoo. \_ Ver, begin.

Song.

Spr. When daizies py'd, and violets blue,
and lady-smocks all filver-white,
and cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
do paint the meadows with delight,
the cuckoo then, on every tree,

29 v. Note.

mocks marry'd men; for thus fings be, Cuckoo; cuckoo, cuckoo, O word of fear,

enckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear unpleasing to a marry'd ear!

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws, and merry larks are plowmen's clocks, when turtles tread, and rooks, and daws, and maidens bleach their summer smocks, the cuckoo then, on every tree, &c.

Win. When iscless hang by the wall,
and Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
and Tom bears logs into the hall,
and milk comes frozen home in pail,
when blood is nipt, and ways be fowl,
then nightly sings the staring owl,
To = who;

tu-whit, to-who, a merry note; while greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow, and coughing drowns the parson's saw, and birds sit brooding in the snow, and Marrian's nose looks red and raw, when roasted crabs his in the bowl, then nightly sings the staring owl, &c.

ARM. The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo. You, that † way; we, this † way. [Exeunt.